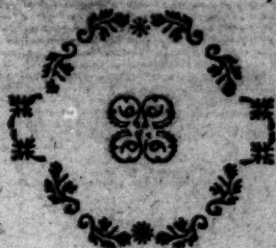


MISCELLANEOUS

A N D

FUGITIVE PIECES. 16

VOLUME THE FIRST.



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MISCELLANEOUS

AND

RUSSIAN PICTURES.

VOLUME THE FIRST.



LONDON:

Printed for T. Davies, in Pall-mall, near the
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A THIRD VOLUME OF

MISCELLANEOUS

AND

FUGITIVE PIECES

IS IN THE PRESS,

AND

WILL BE PUBLISHED VERY SPEEDILY.

ORIGIN OF EVIL

A REVIEW OF
A FREE ENQUIRY
INTO THE
NATURE and ORIGIN of EVIL.

J. Johnson

THIS is a Treatise consisting of Six Letters upon a very difficult and important Question, which I am afraid this Author's Endeavours will not free from the Perplexity, which has intangled the Speculatists of all Ages, and which must always continue while *we see but in part*. He calls it a *Free Enquiry*, and indeed his *Freedom* is, I think, greater than his *Modesty*. Though he is far from the contemptible Arrogance, or the impious Licentiousness of *Bolingbroke*, yet he decides too easily upon Questions out of the reach of human Determination, with too little Consideration of mortal Weakness, and with too much Vivacity for the necessary Caution.

In the first Letter *on Evil in general*, he observes, that 'it is the Solution of this important Question, ' *whence came Evil*, alone, that can ascertain the ' moral Characteristic of God, without which there ' is an End of all Distinction between Good and

B

' Evil.'

‘ Evil.’ Yet he begins this Enquiry by this Declaration: ‘ That there is a Supreme Being, infinitely powerful, wise and benevolent, the great Creator and Preserver of all Things, is a Truth so clearly demonstrated, that it shall be here taken for granted.’ What is this but to say, that we have already Reason to grant the Existence of those Attributes of God, which the present Enquiry is designed to prove? The present Enquiry is then surely made to no Purpose. The Attributes to the Demonstration of which the Solution of this great Question is necessary, have been demonstrated without any Solution, or by means of the Solution of some former Writer.

He rejects the *Manichean* System, but imputes to it an Absurdity, from which, amidst all its Absurdities, it seems to be free, and adopts the System of Mr. *Pope*. ‘ That Pain is no Evil, if asserted with Regard to the Individuals who suffer it, is downright Nonsense; but if considered as it affects the universal System, is an undoubted Truth, and means only that there is no more Pain in it than what is Necessary to the Production of Happiness. How many soever of these Evils then force themselves into the Creation, so long as the Good preponderates, it is a Work well worthy of infinite Wisdom and Benevolence; and, notwithstanding the Imperfections of its Parts, the Whole is most undoubtedly Perfect.’ And in the former Part of the Letter, he gives the Principle of his System in these Words: ‘ Omnipotence cannot work Contradictions, it can only effect all possible Things. But so little are we acquainted with the whole System of Nature, that we know not what are possible, and what are not: But if we may judge from that constant Mixture of Pain with Pleasure, and Inconveniency with Advantage, which we must observe in every Thing around us, we have Reason

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* Reason to conclude, that to endue created Beings
 * with Perfection, that is, to produce Good ex-
 * clusive of Evil, is one of those Impossibilities which
 * even infinite Power cannot accomplish.

This is elegant and acute, but will by no means calm Discontent, or silence Curiosity; for whether Evil can be wholly separated from Good or not, it is plain that they may be mixed in various Degrees, and as far as human Eyes can judge, the Degree of Evil might have been less without any Impediment to Good.

The second Letter *on the Evils of Imperfection*, is little more than a Paraphrase of *Pope's* Epistles, or yet less than a Paraphrase, a mere Translation of Poetry into Prose. This is surely to attack Difficulty with very disproportionate Abilities, to cut the *Gordian* Knot with very blunt Instruments. When we are told of the Insufficiency of former Solutions, why is one of the latest, which no Man can have forgotten, given us again? I am told, that this Pamphlet is not the Effort of Hunger: What can it be then but the Product of Vanity? and yet how can Vanity be gratified by Plagiarism, or Transcription? When this Speculatist finds himself prompted to another Performance, let him consider whether he is about to disburthen his Mind, or employ his Fingers; and if I might venture to offer him a Subject, I should wish that he would solve this Question, Why he that has nothing to write, should desire to be a Writer?

Yet is not this Letter without some Sentiments, which though not new, are of great Importance, and may be read with Pleasure in the thousandth Repetition.

“ Whatever we enjoy is purely a free Gift from our Creator; but that we enjoy no more, can never sure be deemed an Injury, or a just Reason to question his infinite Benevolence. All our Happiness is

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owing to his Goodness ; but that it is no greater, ~~is~~ owing only to ourselves ; that is, to our not having any inherent Right to any Happiness, or even to any Existence at all. This is no more to be imputed to God, than the Wants of a Beggar to the Person who has relieved him : That he had something was owing to his Benefactor ; but that he had no more, only to his own original Poverty."

Thus far he speaks what every Man must approve, and what every wise Man has said before him. He then gives us the System of Subordination, not invented, for it was known I think to the *Arabian* Metaphysicians, but adopted by *Pope* ; and from him borrowed by the diligent Researches of this great Investigator.

" No System can possibly be formed, even in Imagination, without a Subordination of Parts. Every animal Body must have different Members, subservient to each other ; every Picture must be composed of various Colours, and of Light and Shade ; all Harmony must be formed of Trebles, Tenors, and Basses ; every beautiful and useful Edifice must consist of higher and lower, more and less magnificent Apartments. This is in the very Essence of all created Things, and therefore cannot be prevented by any Means whatever, unless by not creating them at all."

These Instances are used instead of *Pope's Oak* and *Weeds*, or *Jupiter* and his *Satellites* ; but neither *Pope*, nor this Writer, have much contributed to solve the Difficulty. Perfection or Imperfection of unconscious Beings has no meaning as referred to themselves ; the *Bass* and the *Treble* are equally perfect ; the mean and magnificent Apartments feel no Pleasure or Pain from the Comparison. *Pope* might ask the *Weed*, why it was less than the *Oak*, but the *Weed* would never ask the Question for itself. The *Bass* and *Treble* differ only to the Hearer, Meanness
and

and Magnificence only to the Inhabitant. There is no Evil but must inhere in a conscious Being, or be referred to it; that is, Evil must be felt before it is Evil. Yet even on this Subject many Questions might be offered which human Understanding has not yet answered, and which the present Haile of this Extract will not suffer me to dilate.

He proceeds to an humble Detail of *Pope's* Opinion: "The Universe is a System whose very Essence consists in Subordination; a Scale of Beings descending by insensible Degrees from infinite Perfection to absolute Nothing: In which, though we may justly expect to find Perfection in the Whole, could we possibly comprehend it; yet would it be the highest Absurdity to hope for it in all its Parts, because the Beauty and Happiness of the Whole depend altogether on the just Inferiority of its Parts, that is, on the comparative Imperfections of the several Beings of which it is composed."

"It would have been no more an Instance of God's Wisdom to have created no Beings but of the highest and most perfect Order, than it would be of a Painter's Art to cover his whole Piece with one single Colour, the most Beautiful he could compose. Had he confined himself to such, nothing could have existed but Demi-gods, or Archangels, and then all inferior Orders must have been void and uninhabited: But as it is surely more agreeable to infinite Benevolence, that all these should be filled up with Beings capable of enjoying Happiness themselves, and contributing to that of others, they must necessarily be filled with inferior Beings, that is, with such as are less perfect, but from whose Existence, notwithstanding that less Perfection, more Felicity upon the Whole accrues to the Universe, than if no such had been created. It is moreover highly probable, that there is such a Connection between all Ranks and Orders by subordinate Degrees, that they

6. ORIGIN OF EVIL.

mutually support each others Existence, and every one in its Place is absolutely necessary towards sustaining the whole vast and magnificent Fabrick."

"Our Pretences for Complaint could be of this only, that we are not so high in the Scale of Existence as our ignorant Ambition may desire; a Pretence which must eternally subsist; because, were we ever so much higher, there would be still room for infinite Power to exalt us; and since no Link in the Chain can be broke, the same Reason for Disquiet must remain to those who succeed to that Chasm, which must be occasioned by our Preferment. A Man can have no Reason to repine that he is not an Angel; nor a Horse that he is not a Man; much less, that in their several Stations they possess not the Faculties of another; for this would be an insufferable Misfortune."

This Doctrine of the regular Subordination of Beings, the Scale of Existence, and the Chain of Nature, I have often considered, but always left the Inquiry in Doubt and Uncertainty.

That every Being not infinite, compared with Infinity, must be imperfect, is evident to Intuition; that whatever is imperfect must have a certain Line which it cannot pass, is equally certain. But the Reason which determined this Limit, and for which such Being was suffered to advance thus far and no farther, we shall never be able to discern. Our Discoverers tell us, the Creator has made Beings of all Orders, and that therefore one of them must be such as Man. But this System seems to be established on a Concession, which, if it be refused, cannot be extorted.

Every Reason which can be brought to prove, that there are Beings of every possible Sort, will prove that there is the greatest Number possible of every Sort of Beings; but this with respect to Man we know, if we know any Thing, not to be true.

It

It does not appear even to the Imagination, that of three Orders of Being, the first and the third receive any Advantage from the Imperfection of the second, or that indeed they may not equally exist, though the second had never been, or should cease to be, and why should that be concluded necessary, which cannot be proved even to be useful?

The Scale of Existence from Infinity to Nothing, cannot possibly have Being. The highest Being not infinite must be, as has been often observed, at an infinite Distance below Infinity. *Cheyne*, who, with the Desire inherent in Mathematicians to reduce every thing to mathematical Images, considers all Existence as a *Cone*, allows that the Basis is at an infinite Distance from the Body. And in this Distance between finite and infinite, there will be Room for ever for an infinite Series of indefinable Existence.

Between the lowest positive Existence and Nothing, wherever we suppose positive Existence to cease, is another Chasm infinitely deep; where there is Room again for endless Orders of subordinate Nature, continued for ever and for ever, and yet infinitely superior to Non-existence.

To these Meditations Humanity is unequal. But yet we may ask, not of our Maker, but of each other, since on the one side Creation, wherever it stops, must stop infinitely below Infinity, and on the other infinitely above Nothing, what Necessity there is that it should proceed so far either Way, that Beings so high or so low should ever have existed. We may ask; but I believe no created Wisdom can give an adequate Answer.

Nor is this all. In the Scale, wherever it begins or ends, are infinite Vacuities. At whatever distance we suppose the next Order of Beings to be above Man, there is Room for an intermediate Order of Beings between them; and if for one Order then for infinite Orders; since every Thing that admits

of more or less, and consequently all the Parts of that which admits them, may be infinitely divided. So that, as far as we can judge, there may be Room in the Vacuity between any two Steps of the Scale, or between any two Points of the Cone of Being for infinite Exertion of infinite Power.

Thus it appears how little Reason those who repose their Reason upon the Scale of Being have to triumph over them who recur to any other Expedient of Solution, and what Difficulties arise on every Side to repress the Rebellions of presumptuous Decision. *Qui pauca considerat, facile pronunciat.* In our Passage through the boundless Ocean of Disquisition we often take Fogs for Land, and after having long toiled to approach them find, instead of Repose and Harbours, new Storms of Objection and Fluctuations of Uncertainty.

We are next entertained with *Pope's* Alleviations of those Evils which we are doomed to suffer.

‘ Poverty, or the Want of Riches, is generally
 ‘ compensated by having more Hopes, and fewer
 ‘ Fears, by a greater Share of Health, and a more
 ‘ exquisite Relish of the smallest Enjoyments, than
 ‘ those who possess them are usually blessed with.
 ‘ The Want of Taste and Genius, with all the
 ‘ Pleasures that arise from them, are commonly re-
 ‘ compensated by a more useful Kind of common
 ‘ Sense, together with a wonderful Delight, as well
 ‘ as Success, in the busy Pursuits of a scrambling
 ‘ World. The Sufferings of the Sick are greatly
 ‘ relieved by many trifling Gratifications impercepti-
 ‘ ble to others, and sometimes almost repaid by the
 ‘ inconceivable Transports occasioned by the Return
 ‘ of Health and Vigour. Folly cannot be very
 ‘ grievous, because imperceptible; and I doubt not
 ‘ but there is some Truth in that Rant of a mad
 ‘ Poet, that there is a Pleasure in being mad, which
 ‘ none but Madmen know. Ignorance, or the
 ‘ Want

‘ Want of Knowledge and Literature, the appointed Lot of all born to Poverty, and the Drudgeries of Life, is the only Opiate capable of insuling that Insensibility which can enable them to endure the Miseries of the one, and the Fatigues of the other. It is a Cordial administered by the gracious Hand of Providence; of which they ought never to be deprived by an ill-judged and improper Education. It is the Basis of all Subordination, the Support of Society, and the Privilege of Individuals: and I have ever thought it a most remarkable Instance of the divine Wisdom, that whereas in all Animals, whose Individuals rise little above the Rest of their Species, Knowledge is instinctive; in Man, whose Individuals are so widely different, it is acquired by Education; by which Means the Prince and the Labourer, the Philosopher and the Peasant, are in some Measure fitted for their respective Situations.’

Much of these Positions is perhaps true, and the whole Paragraph might well pass without Censure, were not Objections necessary to the Establishment of Knowledge. *Poverty* is very gently paraphrased by *want of Riches*. In that Sense almost every Man may in his own Opinion be poor. But there is another Poverty which is *want of Competence*, of all that can soften the Miseries of Life, of all that can diversify Attention, or delight Imagination. There is yet another Poverty which is *want of Necessaries*, a species of Poverty which no Care of the Publick, no Charity of Particulars, can preserve many from feeling openly, and many secretly.

That Hope and Fear are inseparably or very frequently connected with Poverty, and Riches, my Surveys of Life have not informed me. The milder Degrees of Poverty are sometimes supported by Hope, but the more severe often sink down in motionless Despondence. Life must be seen before it can be known. This Author and *Pope* perhaps
never

never saw the Miseries which they imagine thus easy to be borne. The Poor indeed are insensible of many little Vexations which sometimes imbitter the Possessions and pollute the Enjoyments of the Rich. They are not pained by casual Incivility, or mortified by the Mutilation of a Compliment; but this Happiness is like that of a Malefactor who ceases to feel the Cords that bind him when the Pincers are tearing his Flesh.

That Want of Taste for one Enjoyment is supplied by the Pleasures of some other, may be fairly allowed. But the Compensations of Sickness I have never found near to Equivalence, and the Transports of Recovery only prove the Intenseness of the Pain.

With Folly no Man is willing to confess himself very intimately acquainted, and therefore its Pains and Pleasures are kept secret. But what the Author says of its Happiness seems applicable only to Fatuity, or gross Dulness; for that Inferiority of Understanding which makes one Man without any other Reason the Slave, or Tool, or Property of another, which makes him sometimes useless, and sometimes ridiculous, is often felt with very quick Sensibility. On the Happiness of Madmen, as the Case is not very frequent, it is not necessary to raise a Disquisition, but I cannot forbear to observe, that I never yet knew Disorders of Mind encrease Felicity: every Madman is either arrogant and irascible, or gloomy and suspicious, or possessed by some Passion or Notion destructive to his Quiet. He has always Discontent in his Look, and Malignity in his Bosom. And, if he had the Power of Choice, he would soon repent who should resign his Reason to secure his Peace.

Concerning the Portion of Ignorance necessary to make the Condition of the lower Classes of Mankind safe to the Public and tolerable to themselves,
both

both Morals and Policy exact a nicer Enquiry than will be very soon or very easily made. There is undoubtedly a Degree of Knowledge which will direct a Man to refer all to Providence, and to acquiesce in the Condition with which omniscient Goodness has determined to allot him; to consider this World as a Phantom that must soon glide from before his Eyes, and the Distresses and Vexations that encompass him, as Dust scattered in his Path, as a Blast that chills him for a Moment, and passes off for ever.

Such Wisdom, arising from the Comparison of a Part with the Whole of our Existence, those that want it most cannot possibly obtain from Philosophy; nor unless the Method of Education, and the general Tenour of Life are changed, will very easily receive it from Religion. The Bulk of Mankind is not likely to be very wise or very good: And I know not whether there are not many States of Life, in which all Knowledge, less than the highest Wisdom, will produce Discontent and Danger. I believe it may be sometimes found, that a *little Learning* is to a poor Man a *dangerous Thing*. But such is the Condition of Humanity, that we easily see, or quickly feel the Wrong, but cannot always distinguish the Right. Whatever Knowledge is superfluous, in irremediable Poverty, is hurtful, but the Difficulty is to determine when Poverty is irremediable, and at what point Superfluity begins. Gross Ignorance every Man has found equally dangerous with perverted Knowledge. Men left wholly to their Appetites and their Instincts, with little Sense of moral or religious Obligation, and with very faint Distinctions of Right and Wrong, can never be safely employed or confidently trusted: They can be honest only by Obstinacy, and diligent only by Compulsion or Caprice. Some Instruction, therefore, is necessary, and much perhaps may be dangerous.

Though

Though it should be granted that those who are *born to Poverty and Drudgery* should not be *deprived* by an *improper Education* of the *Opiate of Ignorance*; even this Concession will not be of much Use to direct our Practice, unless it be determined who are those that are *born to Poverty*. To entail irreversibile Poverty upon Generation after Generation, only because the Ancestor happened to be poor, is in itself cruel, if not unjust, and is wholly contrary to the Maxims of a commercial Nation, which always suppose and promote a Rotation of Property, and offer every Individual a Chance of mending his Condition by his Diligence. Those who communicate Literature to the Son of a poor Man, consider him as one not born to Poverty, but to the Necessity of deriving a better Fortune from himself. In this Attempt, as in others, many fail, and many succeed. Those that fail will feel their Misery more acutely; but since Poverty is now confessed to be such a Calamity as cannot be borne without the Opiate of Insensibility, I hope the Happiness of those, whom Education enables to escape from it, may turn the Balance against that Exacerbation which the others suffer.

I am always afraid of determining on the Side of Envy or Cruelty. The Privileges of Education may sometimes be improperly bestowed, but I shall always fear to withhold them, lest I should be yielding to the Suggestions of Pride, while I persuade myself that I am following the Maxims of Policy; and under the Appearance of salutary Restraints, should be indulging the Lust of Dominion, and that Malevolence which delights in seeing others depressed.

Pope's Doctrine is at last exhibited in a Comparison, which, like other Proofs of the same Kind, is better adapted to delight the Fancy than convince the Reason.

Thus

‘ Thus the Universe resembles a large and well-regulated Family, in which all the Officers and Servants, and even the domestic Animals, are subservient to each other in a proper Subordination : Each enjoys the Privileges and Perquisites peculiar to his Place, and at the same Time contributes by that just Subordination to the Magnificence and Happiness of the Whole.’

The Magnificence of a House is of Use or Pleasure always to the Master, and sometimes to the domestics. But the Magnificence of the Universe adds nothing to the Supreme Being ; for any Part of its Inhabitants with which human Knowledge is acquainted, an Universe much less spacious or splendid would have been sufficient ; and of Happiness it does not appear that any is communicated from the Beings of a lower World to those of a higher.

The Enquiry after the Cause of *natural Evil* is continued in the third Letter, in which, as in the former, there is Mixture of borrowed Truth, and native Folly, of some Notions just and trite, with others uncommon and ridiculous.

His Opinion of the Value and Importance of Happiness is certainly just, and I shall insert it, not that it will give any Information to any Reader, but it may serve to shew how the most common Notion may be swelled in Sound, and diffused in Bulk, till it shall perhaps astonish the Author himself.

‘ Happiness is the only Thing of real Value in Existence ; neither Riches, nor Power, nor Wisdom, nor Learning, nor Strength, nor Beauty, nor Virtue, nor Religion, nor even Life itself, being of any Importance, but as they contribute to its Production. All these are in themselves neither good nor evil : Happiness alone is their great End, and they are desirable only as they tend to promote it.’

Success

Success produces Confidence. After this Discovery of the Value of Happiness, he proceeds without any Distrust of himself, to tell us what has been hid from all former Enquirers.

‘ The true Solution of this important Question, so long and so vainly searched for by the Philosophers of all Ages and all Countries, I take to be at last no more than this, that these real Evils proceed from the same Source as those imaginary ones of Imperfection before treated of, namely, from that Subordination, without which no created System can subsist; all Subordination implying Imperfection, all Imperfection Evil, and all Evil some kind of Inconveniency or Suffering: So that there must be particular Inconveniencies and Sufferings annexed to every particular Rank of created Beings by the Circumstances of Things, and their Modes of Existence.

‘ God indeed might have made us quite other Creatures, and placed us in a World quite differently constituted; but then we had been no longer Men, and whatever Beings had occupied our Stations in the universal System, they must have been liable to the same Inconveniencies.’

In all this there is nothing that can silence the Enquiries of Curiosity, or calm the Perturbations of Doubt. Whether Subordination implies Imperfection may be disputed. The Means respecting themselves, may be as perfect as the End. The Weed as a Weed is no less perfect than the Oak as an Oak. That *Imperfection implies Evil, and Evil Suffering*, is by no Means evident. Imperfection may imply privative Evil, or the Absence of some Good, but this Privation produces no Suffering, but by the Help of Knowledge. An Infant at the Breast is yet an imperfect Man, but there is no Reason for Belief that he is unhappy by his Immaturity, unless some positive Pain be superadded.

When

When this Author presumes to speak of the Universe, I would advise him a little to distrust his own Faculties, however large and comprehensive. Many Words easily understood on common Occasion, become uncertain and figurative when applied to the Works of Omnipotence. Subordination in human Affairs is well understood; but when it is attributed to the universal System, its Meaning grows less certain, like the petty Distinctions of Locality, which are of good Use upon our own Globe, but have no Meaning with Regard to infinite Space, in which nothing is *high* or *low*.

That if Man, by Exaltation to a higher Nature, were exempted from the Evils which he now suffers, some other Being must suffer them; that if Man were not Man, some other Being must be Man, is a Position arising from his established Notion of the Scale of Being. A Notion to which *Pope* has given some Importance by adopting it, and of which I have therefore endeavoured to shew the Uncertainty and Inconsistency. This Scale of Being I have demonstrated to be raised by presumptuous Imagination, to rest on nothing at the Bottom, to lean on nothing at the Top, and to have Vacuities from Step to Step through which any Order of Being may sink into Nihilicity without any Inconvenience, so far as we can judge, to the next Rank above or below it. We are therefore little enlightened by a Writer who tells us that any Being in the State of Man must suffer what Man suffers, when the only Question that requires to be resolved is, Why any Being is in this State?

Of Poverty and Labour he gives just and elegant Representations, which yet do not remove the Difficulty of the first and fundamental Question, though supposing the present State of Man necessary, they may supply some Motives to Content.

' Poverty is what all could not possibly have been
 ' exempted from, not only by reason of the fluctu-
 ' ating Nature of human Possessions, but because
 ' the World could not subsist without it; for had all
 ' been rich, none could have submitted to the Com-
 ' mands of another, or the necessary Drudgeries of
 ' Life; thence all Governments must have been dis-
 ' solved, Arts neglected, and Lands uncultivated,
 ' and so an universal Penury have overwhelmed all,
 ' instead of now and then pinching a few. Hence,
 ' by the by, appears the great Excellence of Cha-
 ' rity, by which Men are enabled by a particular
 ' Distribution of the Blessings and Enjoyments of
 ' Life, on proper Occasions, to prevent that Po-
 ' verty which by a general one Omnipotence itself
 ' could never have prevented: So that, by inforcing
 ' this Duty, God as it were demands our Assistance
 ' to promote universal Happiness, and to shut out
 ' Misery at every Door, where it strives to intrude
 ' itself.

' Labour, indeed, God might easily have ex-
 ' cused us from, since at his Command, the Earth
 ' would readily have poured forth all her Treasures
 ' without our inconsiderable Assistance: But if the
 ' severest Labour cannot sufficiently subdue the Ma-
 ' lignity of human Nature, what Plots and Machi-
 ' nations, what Wars, Rapine and Devastation,
 ' what Profligacy and Licentiousness must have been
 ' the Consequences of universal Idleness! so that
 ' Labour ought only to be looked upon as a Task
 ' kindly imposed upon us by our indulgent Creator,
 ' necessary to preserve our Health, our Safety, and
 ' our Innocence.'

I am afraid that *the latter End of his Common-
 wealth forgets the Beginning.* If God could easily have
 excused us from Labour, I do not comprehend why he
 could not possibly have exempted all from Poverty. For
 Poverty, in its easier and more tolerable Degree, is
 little

little more than Necessity of Labour; and in its more severe and deplorable State, little more than Inability for Labour. To be poor is to work for others, or to want the Succour of others without Work. And the same exuberant Fertility which would make Work unnecessary, might make Poverty impossible.

Surely a Man who seems not completely Master of his own Opinion, should have spoken more cautiously of Omnipotence, nor have presumed to say what it could perform, or what it could prevent. I am in doubt whether those who stand highest in the Scale of Being speak thus confidently of the Dispositions of their Maker:

For Fools rush in, where Angels fear to tread.

Of our Inquietudes of Mind his Account is still less reasonable. Whilst Men are injured, they must be inflamed with Anger; and whilst they see Cruelties, they must be melted with Pity; whilst they perceive Danger they must be sensible of Fear. This is to give a Reason for all Evil, by shewing that one Evil produces another. If there is Danger there ought to be Fear; but if Fear is an Evil, why should there be Danger? His Vindication of Pain is of the same Kind. Pain is useful to alarm us, that we may shun greater Evils, but those greater Evils must be presupposed that the Fitness of Pain may appear.

Treating on Death, he has expressed the known and true Doctrine with Spriteliness of Fancy, and Neatness of Diction. I shall therefore insert it. There are Truths which, as they are always necessary, do not grow stale by Repetition.

Death, the last and most dreadful of all Evils, is so far from being one, that it is the infallible Cure for all others.

*To die, is landing on some silent Shore,
Where Billows never beat, nor Tempests roar.
Ere well we feel the friendly Stroke, 'tis o'er.*

GARTH.

For, abstracted from the Sickness and Sufferings usually attending it, it is no more than the Expiration of that Term of Life God was pleased to bestow on us, without any Claim or Merit on our Part. But was it an Evil ever so great, it could not be remedied but by one much greater, which is by living for ever; by which Means our Wick- edness, unrestrained by the Prospect of a future State, would grow so insupportable, our Sufferings so intolerable by Perseverance, and our Pleasures so tiresome by Repetition, that no Being in the Universe could be so compleatly miserable as a Species of immortal Men. We have no Reason, therefore, to look upon Death as an Evil, or to fear it as Punishment, even without any Supposition of a future Life: but if we consider it as a Passage to a more perfect State, or a Remove only in an eternal Succession of still-improving States (for which we have the strongest Reasons) it will then appear a new Favour from the divine Munificence; and a Man must be as absurd to repine at dying, as a Traveller would be, who proposed to himself a delightful Tour through various unknown Countries, to lament that he cannot take up his Residence at the first dirty Inn which he meets at on the Road.

The Instability of Human Life, or of the Changes of its successive Periods, of which we so frequently complain, are no more than the necessary Progress of it to this necessary Conclusion; and are so far from being Evils deserving these Complaints, that they are the Source of our greatest Pleasures, as they

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' they are the Source of all Novelty, from which
 ' our greatest Pleasures are ever derived. The con-
 ' tinual Succession of Seasons in the Human Life,
 ' by daily presenting to us new Scenes, render it
 ' agreeable, and like those of the Year, afford us
 ' Delights by their Change, which the choicest of
 ' them could not give us by their Continuance. In
 ' the Spring of Life, the Gilding of the Sun-shine,
 ' the Verdure of the Fields, and the variegated
 ' Paintings of the Sky, are so exquisite in the Eyes
 ' of Infants at their first looking abroad into a new
 ' World, as nothing perhaps afterwards can equal.
 ' The Heat and Vigour of the succeeding Summer
 ' of Youth ripens for us new Pleasures, the bloom-
 ' ing Maid, the nightly Revel, and the jovial
 ' Chace: the serene Autumn of complete Manhood
 ' feasts us with the golden Harvests of our worldly
 ' Pursuits: nor is the hoary Winter of old Age
 ' destitute of its peculiar Comforts and Enjoyments,
 ' of which the Recollection and Relation of those
 ' past are perhaps none of the least; and at last
 ' Death opens to us a new Prospect, from whence
 ' we shall probably look back upon the Diversions
 ' and Occupations of this World with the same
 ' Contempt we do now on our Tops and Hobby-
 ' Horses, and with the same Surprise, that they
 ' could ever so much entertain or engage us.'

I would not willingly detract from the Beauty of
 this Paragraph; and in Gratitude to him who has
 so well inculcated such important Truths, I will
 venture to admonish him, since the chief Comfort of
 the old is the Recollection of the past, so to employ
 his Time and his Thoughts, that when the Imbec-
 cility of Age shall come upon him, he may be able
 to recreate its Languors by the Remembrance of
 Hours spent, not in presumptuous Derisions, but
 modest Inquiries, not in dogmatical Limitations of
 Omnipotence, but in humble Acquiescence and fer-

vent Adoration. Old Age will shew him that much of the Book now before us has no other Use than to perplex the Scrupulous, and to shake the Weak, to encourage impious Presumption, or stimulate idle Curiosity.

Having thus dispatched the Consideration of particular Evils, he comes at last to a general Reason for which *Evil* may be said to be *our Good*. He is of Opinion that there is some inconceivable Benefit in Pain abstractedly considered; that Pain however inflicted, or wherever felt, communicates some Good to the general System of Being, and that every Animal is some way or other the better for the Pain of every other Animal. This Opinion he carries so far as to suppose that there passes some Principle of Union through all animal Life, as Attraction is communicated to all corporeal Nature; and that the Evils suffered on this Globe, may by some inconceivable Means contribute to the Felicity of the Inhabitants of the remotest Planet.

How the Origin of Evil is brought nearer to Human Conception by any *inconceivable* Means, I am not able to discover. We believed that the present System of Creation was right, though we could not explain the Adaptation of one Part to the other, or for the whole Succession of Causes and Consequences. Where has this Enquirer added to the little Knowledge that we had before. He has told us of the Benefits of Evil, which no Man feels, and Relations between distant Parts of the Universe, which he cannot himself conceive. There was Enough in this Question inconceivable before, and we have little Advantage from a new inconceivable Solution.

I do not mean to reproach this Author for not knowing what is equally hidden from Learning and from Ignorance. The Shame is to impose Words for Ideas upon ourselves or others. To imagine that

that we are going forward when we are only turning round. To think that there is any Difference between him that gives no Reason, and him that gives a Reason, which by his own Confession cannot be conceived.

But that he may not be thought to conceive nothing but Things inconceivable, he has at last thought on a Way by which human Sufferings may produce good Effects. He imagines that as we have not only Animals for Food, but choose some for our Diversion, the same Privilege may be allowed to some Beings above us, *who may deceive, torment, or destroy us for the Ends only of their own Pleasure or Utility.* This he again finds impossible to be conceived, *but that Impossibility lessens not the Probability of the Conjecture, which by Analogy is so strongly confirmed.*

I cannot resist the Temptation of contemplating this Analogy, which I think he might have carried further very much to the Advantage of his Argument. He might have shewn that these *Hunters whose game is Man* have many Sports analagous to our own. As we drown Whelps and Kittens, they amuse themselves now and then with sinking a Ship, and stand round the Fields of *Blenheim* or the Walls of *Prague*, as we encircle a Cock-pit. As we shoot a Bird flying, they take a Man in the midst of his Business or Pleasure, and knock him down with an Apoplexy. Some of them, perhaps, are Virtuosi, and delight in the Operations of an Asthma, as a human Philosopher in the Effects of the Air Pump. To swell a Man with a Tympany is as good Sport as to blow a Frog. Many a merry Bout have these frolic Beings at the Vicissitudes of an Ague, and good Sport it is to see a Man tumble with an Epilepsy, and revive and tumble again, and all this he knows not why. As they are wiser and more powerful than we, they have more exquisite Diversions, for we have no way of procuring any Sport so brisk and so lasting

as the Paroxysms of the Gout and Stone which undoubtedly must make high Mirth, especially if the Play be a little diversified with the Blunders and Puzzles of the Blind and Deaf. We know not how far their Sphere of Observation may extend. Perhaps now and then a merry Being may place himself in such a Situation as to enjoy at once all the Varieties of an epidemical Disease, or amuse his Leisure with the Tossings and Contortions of every possible Pain exhibited together.

One Sport the merry Malice of these Beings has found Means of enjoying to which we have nothing equal or similar. They now and then catch a Mortal proud of his Parts, and flattered either by the Submission of those who court his Kindness, or the Notice of those who suffer him to court theirs. A Head thus prepared for the Reception of false Opinions, and the Projection of vain Designs, they easily fill with idle Notions, till in Time they make their Plaything an Author: their first Diversion commonly begins with an Ode or an Epistle, then rises perhaps to a political Irony, and is at last brought to its Height, by a Treatise of Philosophy. Then begins the poor Animal to entangle himself in Sophisms, and flounder in Absurdity, to talk confidently of the Scale of Being, and to give Solutions which himself confesses impossible to be understood. Sometimes, however, it happens that their Pleasure is without much Mischief. The Author feels no Pain, but while they are wondering at the Extravagance of his Opinion, and pointing him out to one another as a new Example of human Folly, he is enjoying his own Applause, and that of his Companions, and perhaps is elevated with the Hope of standing at the Head of a new Sect.

Many of the Books which now crowd the World, may be justly suspected to be written for the Sake of some invisible Order of Beings, for surely they are
of

of no Use to any of the corporeal Inhabitants of the World. Of the Productions of the last bounteous Year, how many can be said to serve any Purpose of Use or Pleasure? The only End of writing is to enable the Readers better to enjoy Life, or better to endure it: and how will either of those be put more in our Power by him who tells us, that we are Puppets, of which some Creature not much wiser than ourselves manages the Wires. That a Set of Beings unseen and unheard, are hovering about us, trying Experiments upon our Sensibility, putting us in Agonies to see our Limbs quiver, torturing us to Madness, that they may laugh at our Vagaries, sometimes obstructing the Bile, that they may see how a Man looks when he is yellow; sometimes breaking a Traveller's Bones to try how he will get Home; sometimes wasting a Man to a Skeleton, and sometimes killing him fat for the greater Elegance of his Hide.

This is an Account of natural Evil which though, like the Rest, not quite new, is very entertaining, though I know not how much it may contribute to Patience. The only Reason why we should contemplate Evil is, that we may bear it better; and I am afraid nothing is much more placidly endured, for the Sake of making others Sport.

The first Pages of the fourth Letter are such as incline me both to hope and wish that I shall find Nothing to blame in the succeeding Part. He offers a Criterion of Action, an Account of Virtue and Vice, for which I have often contended, and which must be embraced by all who are willing to know why they act, or why they forbear, to give any Reason of their Conduct to themselves or others.

* In order to find out the true Origin of moral
* Evil, it will be necessary, in the first Place, to en-
* quire into its Nature and Essence; or what it is
* that constitutes one Action evil, and another good.

Various have been the Opinions of various Authors on this Criterion of Virtue; and this Variety has rendered that doubtful, which must otherwise have been clear and manifest to the meanest Capacity. Some indeed have denied that there is any such Thing, because different Ages and Nations have entertained different Sentiments concerning it: but this is just as reasonable as to assert, that there are neither Sun, Moon, nor Stars, because Astronomers have supported different Systems of the Motions and Magnitudes of these celestial Bodies. Some have placed it in Conformity to Truth, some to the Fitness of Things, and others to the Will of God. But all this is merely superficial: they resolve us not why Truth, or the Fitness of Things, are either eligible or obligatory, or why God should require us to act in one Manner rather than another. The true Reason of which can possibly be no other than this, because some Actions produce Happiness, and others Misery: so that all moral Good and Evil are nothing more than the Production of natural. This alone it is that makes Truth preferable to Falshood, this that determines the Fitness of Things, and this that induces God to command some Actions, and forbid others. They who extol the Truth, Beauty, and Harmony of Virtue, exclusive of its Consequences, deal but in pompous Nonsense; and they who would persuade us, that Good and Evil are things indifferent, depending wholly on the Will of God, do but confound the Nature of Things, as well as all our Notions of God himself, by representing him capable of willing Contradictions; that is, that we should be, and be happy, and at the same Time that we should torment and destroy each other; for Injuries cannot be made Benefits, Pain cannot be made Pleasure, and consequently Vice cannot be made Virtue by any Power whatever. It is
the

the Consequences, therefore, of all human Actions
 that must stamp their Value. So far as the general
 Practice of any Action tends to produce Good,
 and introduce Happiness into the World, so far we
 may pronounce it virtuous; so much Evil as it oc-
 casions, such is the Degree of Vice it contains. I
 say the general Practice, because we must always
 remember in judging by this Rule, to apply it only
 to the general Species of Actions, and not to parti-
 cular Actions; for the infinite Wisdom of God,
 desirous to set Bounds to the destructive Conse-
 quences which must otherwise have followed from
 the universal Depravity of Mankind, has so wonder-
 fully contrived the Nature of Things, that our most
 vicious Actions may sometimes accidentally and
 collaterally produce Good. Thus, for Instance,
 Robbery may disperse useless Hoards to the Benefit
 of the Public; Adultery may bring Heirs and good
 Humour too into many Families, where they would
 otherwise have been wanting; and Murder free
 the World from Tyrants and Oppressors. Luxury
 maintains its Thousands, and Vanity its ten Thou-
 sands. Superstition and arbitrary Power contribute
 to the Grandeur of many Nations, and the Liber-
 ties of others are preserved by the perpetual Con-
 tentions of Avarice, Knavery, Selfishness, and Am-
 bition: and thus the Worst of Vices, and the
 Worst of Men are often compelled by Providence
 to serve the most beneficial Purposes, contrary to
 their own malevolent Tendencies and Inclinations;
 and thus private Vices become public Benefits by
 the Force only of accidental Circumstances. But
 this impeaches not the Truth of the Criterion of
 Virtue before mentioned, the only solid Foundation
 on which any true System of Ethicks can be built,
 the only plain, simple, and uniform Rule by which
 we can pass any Judgment on our Actions; but
 by this we may be enabled, not only to determine
 which

“ which are good, and which are evil, but almost
“ mathematically to demonstrate the Proportion of
“ Virtue or Vice which belongs to each, by com-
“ paring them with the Degrees of Happiness or
“ Misery which they occasion. But though the
“ Production of Happiness is the Essence of Virtue,
“ it is by no Means the End: the great End is the
“ Probation of Mankind, or the giving them an
“ Opportunity of exalting or degrading themselves
“ in another State by their Behaviour in the present.
“ And thus indeed it answers two most important
“ Purposes; those are, the Conservation of our
“ Happiness, and the Test of our Obedience; for
“ had not such a Test seemed necessary to God’s in-
“ finite Wisdom, and productive of universal Good,
“ he would never have permitted the Happiness of
“ Men, even in this Life, to have depended on so
“ precarious a Tenure, as their mutual good Beha-
“ viour to each other. For it is observable, that he
“ who best knows our Formation, has trusted no
“ one thing of Importance to our Reason or Virtue:
“ he trusts only to our Appetites for the Support of
“ the Individual, and the Continuance of our Spe-
“ cies; to our Vanity or Compassion, for our Boun-
“ ty to others; and to our Fears, for the Preserva-
“ tion of ourselves; often to our Vices for the Sup-
“ port of Government, and sometimes to our Follies
“ for the Preservation of our Religion. But since
“ some Test of our Obedience was necessary, no-
“ thing sure could have been commanded for that
“ End so fit and proper, and at the same Time so
“ useful, as the Practice of Virtue: nothing have
“ been so justly rewarded with Happiness, as the
“ Production of Happiness in conformity to the
“ Will of God. It is this Conformity alone which
“ adds Merit to Virtue, and constitutes the essential
“ Difference between Morality and Religion. Mo-
“ rality obliges Men to live honestly and soberly,
“ because

because such Behaviour is most conducive to the
 Publick Happiness, and consequently to their own;
 Religion, to pursue the same Course, because Con-
 formable to the Will of their Creator. Morality
 induces them to embrace Virtue from prudential
 Considerations: Religion from those of Gratitude
 and Obedience. Morality therefore, entirely ab-
 stracted from Religion, can have nothing meri-
 torious in it; it being but Wisdom, Prudence, or
 good Œconomy, which, like Health, Beauty, or
 Riches, are rather Obligations conferred upon us
 by God, than Merits in us towards him; for
 though we may be justly punished for injuring
 ourselves, we can claim no Reward for Self-pre-
 servation; as Suicide deserves Punishment and In-
 famy, but a Man deserves no Reward or Honours
 for not being guilty of it. This I take to be the
 Meaning of all those Passages in our Scriptures in
 which Works are represented to have no Merit
 without Faith; that is, not without believing in
 historical Facts, in Creeds, and Articles; but
 without being done in pursuance of our Belief in
 God, and in Obedience to his Commands. And
 now, having mentioned Scripture, I cannot omit
 observing, that the Christian is the only reli-
 gious or moral Institution in the World, that ever
 set in a right Light these two material Points,
 the Essence and the End of Virtue; that ever
 founded the one in the Production of Happiness,
 that is, in universal Benevolence, or, in their
 Language, Charity to all Men; the other, in the
 Probation of Man, and his Obedience to his Cre-
 ator. Sublime and magnificent as was the Philo-
 sophy of the Antients, all their moral Systems
 were deficient in these two important Articles.
 They were all built on the sandy Foundations of
 the innate Beauty of Virtue, or Enthusiastick
 Patriotism; and their great Point in View was the
 con-

contemptible Reward of human Glory; Foundations which were by no means able to support the magnificent Structures which they erected upon them; for the Beauty of Virtue, independent of its Effects, is unmeaning Nonsense; Patriotism, which injures Mankind in general for the Sake of a particular Country, is but a more extended Selfishness, and really criminal; and all human Glory but a mean and ridiculous Delusion. The whole Affair then of Religion and Morality, the Subject of so many thousand Volumes, is, in short, no more than this: The Supreme Being, infinitely good, as well as powerful, desirous to diffuse Happiness by all possible Means, has created innumerable Ranks and Orders of Beings, all subservient to each other by proper Subordination. One of these is occupied by Man, a Creature endued with such a certain Degree of Knowledge, Reason, and Free-will, as is suitable to his Situation, and placed for a Time on this Globe as in a School of Probation and Education. Here he has an Opportunity given him of improving or debasing his Nature, in such a Manner as to render himself fit for a Rank of higher Perfection and Happiness, or to degrade himself to a State of greater Imperfection and Misery; necessary indeed towards carrying on the Business of the Universe, but very grievous and burthenfome to those Individuals, who, by their own Misconduct, are obliged to submit to it. The Test of this his Behaviour, is doing Good, that is, co-operating with his Creator, as far as his narrow Sphere of Action will permit, in the Production of Happiness. And thus the Happiness and Misery of a future State will be the just Reward or Punishment of promoting or preventing Happiness in this. So artificially by this Means is the Nature of all human Virtue and Vice contrived, that their Rewards and Punishments are woven as

it

‘ it were in their very Essence; their immediate
 ‘ Effects give us a Foretaste of their future, and their
 ‘ Fruits in the present Life are the proper Samples
 ‘ of what they must unavoidably produce in another.
 ‘ We have Reason given us to distinguish these Con-
 ‘ sequences, and regulate our Conduct; and, lest
 ‘ that should neglect its Post, Conscience also is ap-
 ‘ pointed as an instinctive Kind of Monitor, per-
 ‘ petually to remind us both of our Interest and our
 ‘ Duty.’

Si sic omnia dixisset! To this Account of the
 Essence of Vice and Virtue, it is only necessary to
 add, that the Consequences of human Actions being
 sometimes uncertain, and sometimes remote, it is not
 possible in many Cases for most Men, nor in all Cases
 for any Man to determine what Actions will ulti-
 mately produce Happiness, and therefore it was proper
 that *Revelation* should lay down a Rule to be followed
 invariably in Opposition to Appearances, and in every
 Change of Circumstances, by which we may be cer-
 tain to promote the general Felicity, and be set free
 from the dangerous Temptation of *of doing Evil that
 Good may come.*

Because it may easily happen, and in Effect will
 happen very frequently, that our own private Hap-
 piness may be promoted by an Act injurious to others,
 when yet no Man can be obliged by Nature to pre-
 fer ultimately the Happiness of others to his own;
 therefore, to the Instructions of infinite Wisdom
 it was necessary that infinite Power should add penal
 Sanctions. That every Man to whom those In-
 structions shall be imparted may know, that he can
 never ultimately injure himself by benefiting others,
 or ultimately by injuring others benefit himself; but
 that however the Lot of the Good and Bad may be
 huddled together in the seeming Confusion of our
 present State, the Time shall undoubtedly come,
 when the most Virtuous will be most Happy.

I am

I am sorry that the remaining Part of this Letter is not equal to the First. The Author has indeed engaged in a Disquisition in which we need not wonder if he fails, in the Solution of Questions on which Philosophers have employed their Abilities from the earliest Times,

And found no End, in wand'ring Mazes lost.

He denies that Man was created *perfect*, because the System requires Subordination, and because the Power of losing his Perfection, of *rendering himself wicked and miserable is the highest Imperfection imaginable*. Besides, the regular Gradations of the Scale of Being required somewhere *such a Creature as Man with all his Infirmities about him, and the total Removal of those would be altering his Nature, and when he became perfect he must cease to be Man.*

I have already spent some Considerations on the *Scale of Being*, of which yet I am obliged to renew the Mention whenever a new Argument is made to rest upon it; and I must therefore again remark, that Consequences cannot have greater Certainty than the Postulate from which they are drawn, and that no System can be more hypothetical than this, and perhaps no Hypothesis more absurd.

He again deceives himself with respect to the Perfection with which *Man* is held to be originally vested. *That Man came perfect, that is, indued with all possible Perfection, out of the Hands of his Creator, is a false Notion, derived from the Philosophers.—The universal System required Subordination, and consequently comparative Imperfection. That Man was ever indued with all possible Perfection, that is, with all Perfection of which the Idea is not contradictory or destructive of itself, is undoubtedly false.* But it can hardly be called a *false Notion*, because no Man ever thought it, nor can it be derived from the *Philosophers*; for without pretending to guess what Philosophers he
may

may mean, it is very safe to affirm, that no Philosopher ever said it. Of those who now maintain that *Man* was once perfect, who may very easily be found, let the Author enquire whether *Man* was ever omniscient, whether he was ever omnipotent, whether he ever had even the lower Power of Archangels or Angels. Their Answers will soon inform him, that the supposed Perfection of *Man* was not absolute, but respective, that he was perfect in a Sense consistent enough with Subordination, perfect, not as compared with different Beings, but with himself in his present Degeneracy; not perfect as an Angel, but perfect as Man.

From this Perfection, whatever it was, he thinks it necessary that Man should be debarred, because Pain is necessary to the Good of the Universe; and the Pain of one Order of Beings extending its salutary Influence to innumerable Orders above and below, it was necessary that Man should suffer; but because it is not suitable to Justice that Pain should be inflicted on Innocence, it was necessary that Man should be criminal.

This is given as a satisfactory Account of the Original of moral Evil, which amounts only to this, that God created Beings whose Guilt he foreknew, in order that he might have proper Objects of Pain, because the Pain of Part is, no Man knows how or why, necessary to the Felicity of the Whole.

The Perfection which Man once had, may be so easily conceived, that without any unusual Strain of Imagination we can figure its Revival. All the Duties to God or Man that we neglected we may fancy performed, all the Crimes that are committed we may conceive forborn. Man will then be restored to his moral Perfections, and into what Head can it enter that by this Change the universal System would be shaken, or the Condition of any Order of Beings altered for the worse.

He

He comes in the fifth Letter to political, and in the Sixth to religious Evils. Of political Evil, if we suppose the Origin of moral Evil discovered, the Account is by no Means difficult: Polity being only the Conduct of immoral Men in public Affairs. The Evils of each particular Kind of Government are very clearly and elegantly displayed, and from their secondary Causes very rationally deduced, but the first Cause lies still in its antient Obscurity. There is in this Letter nothing new, nor any Thing eminently instructive; one of his practical Deductions, that *from Government Evils cannot be eradicated, and their Excess only can be prevented*, has been always allowed; the Question upon which all Dissension arises is, when that Excess begins, at what Point Men shall cease to bear, and attempt to remedy.

Another of his Precepts, though not new, well deserves to be transcribed, because it cannot be too frequently impressed.

‘What has here been said of their Imperfections and Abuses, is by no Means intended as a Defence of them: Every wise Man ought to redress them to the utmost of his Power; which can be effected by one Method only; that is, by a Reformation of Manners: For as all political Evils derive their Original from moral, these can never be removed, until those are first amended. He, therefore, who strictly adheres to Virtue and Sobriety in his Conduct, and inforces them by his Example, does more real Service to a State, than he who displaces a Minister, or dethrones a Tyrant; this gives but a temporary Relief, but that exterminates the Cause of the Disease. No immoral Man then can possibly be a true Patriot; and all those who profess outrageous Zeal for the Liberty and Prosperity of their Country, and at the same Time infringe her Laws, affront her Religion, and debauch her People, are but despicable

‘Quacks,

“ Quacks, by Fraud or Ignorance increasing the Disorders they pretend to remedy.”

Of Religion he has said nothing but what he has learned, or might have learned from the Divines; that it is not universal, because it must be received upon Conviction, and successively received by those whom Conviction reached; that its Evidences and Sanctions are not irresistible, because it was intended to induce, not to compel; and that it is obscure, because we want Faculties to comprehend it. What he means by his Assertion, that it wants Policy, I do not well understand; he does not mean to deny that a good Christian will be a good Governor or a good Subject; and he has before justly observed, that the good Man only is a Patriot.

Religion has been, he says, corrupted by the Wickedness of those to whom it was communicated, and has lost Part of its Efficacy by its Connection with temporal Interest and human Passion.

He justly observes, that from all this, no Conclusion can be drawn against the divine Original of Christianity, since the Objections arise not from the Nature of the Revelation, but of him to whom it is communicated.

All this is known, and all this is true; but why, we have not yet discovered. Our Author, if I understand him right, pursues the Argument thus: The Religion of Man produces Evils, because the Morality of Man is imperfect; his Morality is imperfect, that he may be justly a Subject of Punishment: He is made subject to Punishment, because the Pain of Part is necessary to the Happiness of the Whole; Pain is necessary to Happiness no Mortal can tell why or how.

Thus, after having clambered with great Labour from one Step of Argumentation to another, instead of rising into the Light of Knowledge, we are devolved back into dark Ignorance; and all our Effort

ends in Belief, that for the Evils of Life there is some good Reason, and in Confession, that the Reason cannot be found. This is all that has been produced by the Revival of *Chrysippus's* Untractableness of Matter, and the *Arabian* Scale of Existence. A System has been raised, which is so ready to fall to Pieces of itself, that no great Praise can be derived from its Destruction. To object is always easy, and it has been well observed by a late Writer, that * *the Hand which cannot build a Hovel, may demolish a Temple.*

* New Practice of Physic.

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INTRODUCTION

TO THE

Political State of Great-Britain.

Written in the Year 1756.

THE present System of *English* Politics may properly be said to have taken rise in the Reign of *Queen Elizabeth*. At this Time the Protestant Religion was established; which naturally allied us to the reformed State, and made all the Popish Powers our Enemies.

We began in the same Reign to extend our Trade, by which we made it necessary to ourselves to watch the commercial Progress of our Neighbours; and, if not to incommode and obstruct their Traffick, to hinder them from impairing ours.

We then likewise settled Colonies in *America*, which was become the great Scene of *European* Ambition; for, seeing with what Treasures the *Spaniards* were annually enriched from *Mexico* and *Peru*, every Nation imagined, that an *American* Conquest or Plantation would certainly fill the Mother Country with Gold and Silver. This produced a large Extent of very distant Dominions, of which we, at this Time, neither knew nor foresaw the Advantage or Incumbrance: We seem to have snatched them

into our Hands, upon no very just Principles of Policy, only because every State, according to a Prejudice of long Continuance, concludes itself more powerful as its Territories become larger.

The Discoveries of new Regions, which were then every Day made, the Profit of remote Traffick, and the Necessity of long Voyages, produced, in a few Years, a great Multiplication of Shipping. The Sea was considered as the wealthy Element; and, by Degrees, a new Kind of Sovereignty arose, called Naval Dominion.

As the chief Trade of the World, so the chief maritime Power was at first in the Hands of the *Portuguese* and *Spaniards*, who, by a Compact, to which the Consent of other Princes was not asked, had divided the newly-discovered Countries between them; but the Crown of *Portugal* having fallen to the King of *Spain*, or being seized by him, he was Master of the Ships of the two Nations, with which he kept all the Coasts of *Europe* in Alarm, till the *Armada*, which he had raised at a vast Expence for the Conquest of *England*, was destroyed, which put a Stop, and almost an End, to the naval Power of the *Spaniards*.

At this Time the *Dutch*, who were oppressed by the *Spaniards*, and feared yet greater Evils than they felt, resolved no longer to endure the Insolence of their Masters: They therefore revolted; and after a Struggle, in which they were assisted by the Money and Forces of *Elizabeth*, erected an independent and powerful Commonwealth.

When the Inhabitants of the Low-Countries had formed their System of Government, and some Remission of the War gave them Leisure to form Schemes of future Prosperity, they easily perceived, that as their Territories were narrow, and their Numbers small, they could preserve themselves only by that Power which is the Consequence of Wealth;
and

and that, by a People whose Country produced only the Necessaries of Life, Wealth was not to be acquired, but from foreign Dominions, and by the Transportation of the Products of one Country into another.

From this Necessity, thus justly estimated, arose a Plan of Commerce, which was for many Years prosecuted with Industry and Success, perhaps never seen in the World before, and by which the poor Tenants of mudwalled Villages and impassable Bogs, erected themselves into high and mighty States, who put the greatest Monarchs at Defiance, whose Alliance was courted by the proudest, and whose Power was dreaded by the fiercest Nation. By the Establishment of this State there arose to *England* a new Ally, and a new Rival.

At this Time, which seems to be the Period destined for the Change of the Face of *Europe*, *France* began first to rise into Power; and, from defending her own Provinces with Difficulty and fluctuating Success, to threaten her Neighbours with Incroachments and Devastations. *Henry* the Fourth having, after a long Struggle, obtained the Crown, found it easy to govern Nobles exhausted and wearied with a long Civil War, and having composed the Disputes between the Protestants and Papists, so as to obtain at least a Truce for both Parties, was at Leisure to accumulate Treasure, and raise Forces which he purposed to have employed in a Design of settling for ever the Balance of *Europe*. Of this great Scheme he lived not to see the Vanity, or to feel the Disappointment; for he was murdered in the Midst of his mighty Preparations.

The *French*, however, were in this Reign taught to know their own Power; and the great Designs of a King, whose Wisdom they had so long experienced, even though they were not brought to actual Experiment, disposed them to consider them-

selves as Masters of the Destiny of their Neighbours; and, from that Time, he that shall nicely examine their Schemes and Conduct, will, I believe, find that they began to take an Air of Superiority to which they had never pretended before; and that they have been always employed more or less openly upon Schemes of Dominion, though with frequent Interruptions from domestic Troubles, and with those Intermissions which human Counsels must always suffer, as Men intrusted with great Affairs are dissipated in Youth, and languid in Age, are embarrassed by Competitors, or, without any external Reason, change their Minds.

France was now no longer in dread of Insults and Invasions from *England*. She was not only able to maintain her own Territories, but prepared, on all Occasions, to invade others; and we had now a Neighbour whose Interest it was to be an Enemy, and who has disturbed us, from that Time to this, with open Hostility or secret Machinations.

Such was the State of *England* and its Neighbours, when *Elizabeth* left the Crown to *James* of *Scotland*. It has not, I think, been frequently observed by Historians at how critical a Time the Union of the two Kingdoms happened. Had *England* and *Scotland* continued separate Kingdoms, when *France* was established in the full Possession of her natural Power, the *Scots*, in Continuance of the League, which it would now have been more than ever their Interest to observe, would, upon every Instigation of the *French* Court, have raised an Army with *French* Money, and harrassed us with an Invasion, in which they would have thought themselves successful, whatever Numbers they might have left behind them. To a People warlike and indigent, an IncurSION into a rich Country is never hurtful. The Pay of *France*, and the Plunder of the Northern Counties, would always have tempted them to hazard their Lives, and

and we should have been under a Necessity of keeping a Line of Garrisons along our Border.

This Trouble, however, we escaped by the Accession of King *James*; but it is uncertain, whether his natural Disposition did not injure us more than this accidental Condition happened to benefit us. He was a Man of great theoretical Knowledge, but of no practical Wisdom; he was very well able to discern the true Interest of himself, his Kingdom, and his Posterity, but sacrificed it, upon all Occasions, to his present Pleasure or his present Ease; so conscious of his own Knowledge and Abilities, that he would not suffer a Minister to govern, and so lax of Attention, and timorous of Opposition, that he was not able to govern for himself. With this Character *James* quietly saw the *Dutch* invade our Commerce; the *French* grew every Day stronger and stronger, and the Protestant Interest, of which he boasted himself the Head, was oppressed on every Side, while he writ, and hunted, and dispatched Ambassadors, who, when their Master's Weakness was once known, were treated in foreign Courts with very little Ceremony. *James*, however, took Care to be flattered at Home, and was neither angry nor ashamed at the Appearance that he made in other Countries.

Thus *England* grew weaker, or, what is in political Estimation the same Thing, saw her Neighbours grow stronger, without receiving proportionable Additions to her own Power. Not that the Mischief was so great as it is generally conceived or represented; for, I believe, it may be made to appear, that the Wealth of the Nation was, in this Reign, very much increased, though that of the Crown was lessened. Our Reputation for War was impaired; but Commerce seems to have been carried on with great Industry and Vigour, and nothing was wanting, but that we should have defended

ourselves from the Incroachments of our Neighbours,

The Inclination to plant Colonies in *America* still continued, and this being the only Project in which Men of Adventure and Enterprize could exert their Qualities in a pacific Reign, Multitudes, who were discontented with their Condition in their native Country, and such Multitudes there will always be, sought Relief, or at least a Change in the Western Regions, where they settled in the Northern Part of the Continent, at a Distance from the *Spaniards*, at that Time almost the only Nation that had any Power or Will to obstruct us.

Such was the Condition of this Country when the unhappy *Charles* inherited the Crown. He had seen the Errors of his Father, without being able to prevent them, and, when he began his Reign, endeavoured to raise the Nation to its former Dignity. The *French* Papists had begun a new War upon the Protestants: *Charles* sent a Fleet to invade *Rhee* and relieve *Rochele*, but his Attempts were defeated, and the Protestants were subdued. The *Dutch*, grown wealthy and strong, claimed the Right of Fishing in the *British* Seas: This Claim the King, who saw the increasing Power of the States of *Holland*, resolved to contest. But for this End it was necessary to build a Fleet, and a Fleet could not be built without Expence: He was advised to levy Ship-money, which gave Occasion to the Civil War, of which the Events and Conclusion are too well known.

While the Inhabitants of this Island were embroiled among themselves, the Power of *France* and *Holland* was every Day increasing. The *Dutch* had overcome the Difficulties of their infant Commonwealth; and as they still retained their Vigour and Industry, from rich grew continually richer, and from powerful more powerful. They extended their Traffick, and had not yet admitted Luxury; so that they

they had the Means and the Will to accumulate Wealth without any Incitement to spend it. The *French*, who wanted nothing to make them Powerful, but a prudent Regulation of their Revenues, and a proper Use of their natural Advantages, by the successive Care of skilful Ministers became every Day stronger, and more conscious of their Strength.

About this Time it was, that the *French* first began to turn their Thoughts to Traffick and Navigation, and to desire like other Nations an *American* Territory. All the fruitful and valuable Parts of the Western World were already either occupied or claimed, and nothing remained for *France* but the Leavings of other Navigators, for she was not yet haughty enough to seize what the neighbouring Powers had already appropriated.

The *French* therefore contented themselves with sending a Colony to *Canada*, a cold uncomfortable uninviting Region, from which nothing but Furs and Fish were to be had, and where the new Inhabitants could only pass a laborious and necessitous Life in perpetual Regret of the Deliciousness and Plenty of their native Country.

Notwithstanding the Opinion which our Countrymen have been taught to entertain of the Comprehension and Foresight of *French* Politicians, I am not able to persuade myself, that when this Colony was first planted, it was thought of much Value, even by those that encouraged it; there was probably nothing more intended than to provide a Drain into which the Waste of an exuberant Nation might be thrown, a Place where those who could do no Good might live without the Power of doing Mischief. Some new Advantage they undoubtedly saw, or imagined themselves to see, and what more was necessary to the Establishment of the Colony was supplied by natural Inclination to Experiments, and that Impatience

tience of doing nothing, to which Mankind perhaps owe much of what is imagined to be effected by more splendid Motives.

In this Region of desolate Sterility they settled themselves, upon whatever Principle; and as they have from that Time had the Happiness of a Government by which no Interest has been neglected, nor any Part of their Subjects overlooked, they have, by continual Encouragement and Assistance from *France*, been perpetually enlarging their Bounds and increasing their Numbers.

These were at first, like other Nations who invaded *America*, inclined to consider the Neighbourhood of the Natives, as troublesome and dangerous, and are charged with having destroyed great Numbers: but they are now grown wiser, if not honester, and instead of endeavouring to frighten the *Indians* away, they invite them to Intermarriage and Cohabitation, and allure them by all practicable Methods to become the Subjects of the King of *France*.

If the *Spaniards*, when they first took Possession of the newly-discovered World, instead of destroying the Inhabitants by Thousands, had either had the Unanimity or the Policy to have conciliated them by kind Treatment, and to have united them gradually to their own People, such an Accession might have been made to the Power of the King of *Spain*, as would have made him far the greatest Monarch that ever yet ruled in the Globe; but the Opportunity was lost by Foolishness and Cruelty, and now can never be recovered.

When the Parliament had finally prevailed over our King and the Army over the Parliament, the Interest of the two Commonwealths of *England* and *Holland* soon appeared to be opposite, and a new Government declared War against the *Dutch*. In this Contest was exerted the utmost Power of the

two Nations, and the *Dutch* were finally defeated, yet not with such Evidence of Superiority as left us much Reason to boast our Victory; they were obliged however to solicit Peace, which was granted them on easy Conditions, and *Cromwell*, who was now possessed of the Supreme Power, was left at Leisure to pursue other Designs.

The *European* Powers had not yet ceased to look with Envy on the *Spanish* Acquisitions in *America*, and therefore *Cromwell* thought that, if he gained any Part of these celebrated Regions, he should exalt his own Reputation and enrich the Country. He therefore quarreled with the *Spaniards* upon some such Subject of Contention, as he that is resolved upon Hostility may always find, and sent *Penn* and *Venables* into the Western Seas. They first landed in *Hispaniola*, whence they were driven off with no great Reputation to themselves; and that they might not return without having done something, they afterwards invaded *Jamaica*, where they found less Resistance, and obtained that Island, which was afterwards consigned to us, being probably of little Value to the *Spaniards*, and continues to this Day a Place of great Wealth and dreadful Wickedness, a Den of Tyrants, and a Dungeon of Slaves.

Cromwell, who perhaps had not Leisure to study foreign Politics, was very fatally mistaken with regard to *Spain* and *France*. *Spain* had been the last Power in *Europe*, which had openly pretended to give Law to other Nations, and the Memory of this Terror remained when the real Cause was at an End. We had more lately been frightened by *Spain* than by *France*, and though very few were then alive of the Generation that had their Sleep broken by the *Armada*, yet the Name of the *Spaniards* was still terrible, and a War against them was pleasing to the People.

Our own Troubles had left us very little Desire to look out upon the Continent, and inveterate Prejudice hindered us from perceiving, that for more than Half a Century the Power of *France* had been increasing, and that of *Spain* had been growing less; nor does it seem to have been remembered, which yet required no great Depth of Policy to discern, that of two Monarchs, neither of which could be long our Friend, it was our Interest to have the weaker near us, or that if a War should happen, *Spain*, however wealthy or strong in herself, was by the Dispersion of her Territories more obnoxious to the Attacks of a naval Power, and consequently had more to fear from us, and had it less in her Power to hurt us.

All these Considerations were overlooked by the Wisdom of that Age, and *Cromwell* assisted the *French* to drive the *Spaniards* out of *Flanders* at a Time, when it was our Interest to have supported the *Spaniards* against *France*, as formerly the *Hollanders* against *Spain*, by which we might at least have retarded the Growth of the *French* Power, though I think it must have finally prevailed.

During this Time, our Colonies which were less disturbed by our Commotions than the Mother Country, naturally increased; it is probable that many who were unhappy at home took Shelter in those remote Regions, where for the Sake of inviting greater Numbers, every one was allowed to think and live his own Way. The *French* Settlement in the mean Time went slowly forward, too inconsiderable to raise any Jealousy, and too weak to attempt any Incroachments.

When *Cromwell* died, the Confusions that followed produced the Restoration of Monarchy, and some Time was employed in repairing the Ruins of our Constitution, and restoring the Nation to a State of Peace. In every Change there will be many that

that suffer real or imaginary Grievances, and therefore many will be dissatisfied. This was, perhaps, the Reason why several Colonies had their Beginning in the Reign of *Charles* the Second. The *Quakers* willingly sought Refuge in *Pennsylvania*; and it is not unlikely that *Carolina* owed its Inhabitants to the Remains of that restless Disposition, which had given so much Disturbance to our Country, and had now no Opportunity of acting at Home.

The *Dutch* still continuing to increase in Wealth and Power, either kindled the Repentment of their Neighbours by their Insolence, or raised their Envy by their Prosperity. *Charles* made War upon them without much Advantage; but they were obliged at last to confess him the Sovereign of the Narrow Seas. They were reduced almost to Extremities by an Invasion from *France*; but soon recovered from their Consternation, and, by the Fluctuation of War, regained their Cities and Provinces with the same Speed as they had lost them.

During the Time of *Charles* the Second the Power of *France* was every Day increasing; and *Charles*, who never disturbed himself with remote Consequences, saw the Progress of her Arms, and the Extension of her Dominions, with very little Uneasiness. He was indeed sometimes driven by the prevailing Faction into Confederacies against her; but as he had, probably, a secret Partiality in her Favour, he never persevered long in acting against her, nor ever acted with much Vigour: so that, by his feeble Resistance, he rather raised her Confidence, than hindered her Designs.

About this Time the *French* first began to perceive the Advantage of Commerce, and the Importance of a naval Force; and such Encouragement was given to Manufactures, and so eagerly was every Project received, by which Trade could be advanced, that, in a few Years, the Sea was filled

filled with their Ships, and all the Parts of the World crowded with their Merchants. There is, perhaps, no Instance in human Story of such a Change produced, in so short a Time, in the Schemes and Manners of a People, of so many new Sources of Wealth opened, and such Numbers of Artificers and Merchants made to start out of the Ground, as was seen in the Ministry of *Colbert*.

Now it was that the Power of *France* became formidable to *England*. Her Dominions were large before, and her Armies numerous; but her Operations were necessarily confined to the Continent. She had neither Ships for the Transportation of her Troops, nor Money for their Support in distant Expeditions. *Colbert* saw both these Wants, and saw that Commerce only would supply them. The Fertility of their Country furnishes the *French* with Commodities; the Poverty of the common People keeps the Price of Labour low. By the obvious Practice of selling much and buying little, it was apparent that they would soon draw the Wealth of other Countries into their own; and, by carrying out their Merchandise in their own Vessels, a numerous Body of Sailors would quickly be raised.

This was projected, and this was performed. The King of *France* was soon enabled to bribe those whom he could not conquer, and to terrify with his Fleets those whom his Armies could not have approached. The Influence of *France* was suddenly diffused over all the Globe; her Arms were dreaded, and her Pensions received in remote Regions, and those were almost ready to acknowledge her Sovereignty, who, a few Years before, had scarcely heard her Name. She thundered on the Coasts of *Africa*, and received Ambassadors from *Siam*.

So much may be done by one wise Man, endeavouring with Honesty the Advantage of the Public. But that we may not rashly condemn all Ministers

as wanting Wisdom or Integrity, whose Counsels have produced no such apparent Benefits to their Country, it must be considered, that *Colbert* had Means of acting, which our Government does not allow. He could enforce all his Orders by the Power of an absolute Monarch; he could compel Individuals to sacrifice their private Profit to the general Good; he could make one Understanding preside over many Hands, and remove Difficulties by quick and violent Expedients. Where no Man thinks himself under any Obligation to submit to another, and, instead of co-operating in one great Scheme, every one hastens through By-paths to private Profit, no great Change can suddenly be made; nor is superior Knowledge of much Effect, where every Man resolves to use his own Eyes and his own Judgment, and every one applauds his own Dexterity and Diligence in Proportion as he becomes rich sooner than his Neighbour.

Colonies are always the Effects and Causes of Navigation. They who visit many Countries find some in which Pleasure, Profit or Safety invite them to settle; and these Settlements, when they are once made, must keep a perpetual Correspondence with the original Country, to which they are subject, and on which they depend for Protection in Danger, and Supplies in Necessity. So that a Country, once discovered and planted, must always find Employment for Shipping, more certainly than any foreign Commerce, which, depending on Casualties, may be sometimes more and sometimes less, and which other Nations may contract or suppress. A Trade to Colonies can never be much impaired, being, in reality, only an Intercourse between distant Provinces of the same Empire, from which Intruders are easily excluded; likewise the Interest and Affection of the correspondent Parties, however distant, is the same.

On

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On this Reason all Nations, whose Power has been exerted on the Ocean, have fixed Colonies in remote Parts of the World; and while those Colonies subsisted, Navigation, if it did not increase, was always preserved from total Decay. With this Policy the *French* were well acquainted, and therefore improved and augmented the Settlements in *America*, and other Regions, in Proportion, as they advanced their Schemes of naval Greatness.

The exact Time in which they made their Acquisitions in *America*, or other Quarters of the Globe, it is not necessary to collect. It is sufficient to observe, that their Trade and their Colonies increased together; and, if their naval Armaments were carried on, as they really were, in greater Proportion to their Commerce, than can be practised in other Countries, it must be attributed to the martial Disposition at that Time prevailing in the Nation, to the frequent Wars which *Lewis* the Fourteenth made upon his Neighbours, and to the extensive Commerce of the *English* and *Dutch*, which afforded so much Plunder to Privateers, that War was more lucrative than Traffick.

Thus the naval Power of *France* continued to increase during the Reign of *Charles* the Second, who, between his Fondness of Ease and Pleasure, the Struggles of Faction, which he could not suppress, and his Inclination to the Friendship of absolute Monarchy, had not much Power or Desire to repress it. And of *James* the Second, it could not be expected that he should act against his Neighbours with great Vigour, having the whole Body of his Subjects to oppose. He was not ignorant of the real Interest of his Country; he desired its Power and its Happiness, and thought rightly, that there is no Happiness without Religion; but he thought very erroneously and absurdly, that there is no Religion without Popery.

When

When the Necessity of Self-preservation had impelled the Subjects of *James* to drive him from the Throne, there came a Time in which the Passions, as well as Interest of the Government, acted against the *French*, and in which it may perhaps be reasonably doubted, whether the Desire of humbling *France* was not stronger than that of exalting *England*: Of this, however, it is not necessary to inquire, since, though the Intention may be different, the Event will be the same. All Mouths were now open to declare what every Eye had observed before, that the Arms of *France* were become dangerous to *Europe*; and that, if her Incroachments were suffered a little longer, Resistance would be too late.

It was now determined to reassert the Empire of the Sea; but it was more easily determined than performed: the *French* made a vigorous Defence against the united Power of *England* and *Holland*, and were sometimes Masters of the Ocean, though the two maritime Powers were united against them. At length, however, they were defeated at *La Hogue*; a great Part of their Fleet was destroyed, and they were reduced to carry on the War only with their Privateers, from whom there was suffered much petty Mischief, though there was no Danger of Conquest or Invasion. They distressed our Merchants, and obliged us to the continual Expence of Convoys and Fleets of Observation; and, by skulking in little Coves and shallow Waters, escaped our Pursuit.

In this Reign began our Confederacy with the *Dutch*, which mutual Interest has now improved into a Friendship, conceived by some to be inseparable: And from that Time the States began to be termed, in the Stile of Politicians, our faithful Friends, the Allies which Nature has given us, our protestant Confederates, and by many other Names of national Endearment. We have, it is true, the

same Interest, as opposed to *France*, and some Resemblance of Religion, as opposed to Popery; but we have such a Rivalry, in respect of Commerce, as will always keep us from very close Adherence to each other. No mercantile Man, or mercantile Nation, has any Friendship but for Money, and Alliance between them will last no longer than their common Safety or common Profit is endangered; no longer than they have an Enemy, who threatens to take from each more than either can steal from the other.

We were both sufficiently interested in repressing the Ambition, and obstructing the Commerce of *France*; and therefore we concurred with as much Fidelity and as regular Co-operation as is commonly found. The *Dutch* were in immediate Danger, the Armies of their Enemies hovered over their Country, and therefore they were obliged to dismiss for a Time their Love of Money, and their narrow Projects of private Profit, and to do what a Trader does not willingly at any Time believe necessary, to sacrifice a Part for the Preservation of the Whole.

A Peace was at length made, and the *French* with their usual Vigour and Industry rebuilt their Fleets, restored their Commerce, and became in a very few Years able to contest again the Dominion of the Sea. Their Ships were well built, and always very numerously manned; their Commanders, having no Hopes but from their Bravery or their Fortune, were resolute, and being very carefully educated for the Sea, were eminently skilful.

All this was soon perceived, when Queen *Anne*, the then Darling of *England*, declared War against *France*. Our Success by Sea, though sufficient to keep us from Dejection, was not such as dejected our Enemies. It is, indeed, to be confessed, that we did not exert our whole naval Strength; *Marlborough* was the Governor of our Counsels, and the great

great View of *Marlborough* was a War by Land, which he knew well how to conduct, both to the Honour of his Country, and his own Profit. The Fleet was therefore starved that the Army might be supplied, and naval Advantages were neglected for the sake of taking a Town in *Flanders*, to be garrisoned by our Allies. The *French*, however, were so weakened by one Defeat after another, that, tho' their Fleet was never destroyed by any total Overthrow, they at last retained it in their Harbours, and applied their whole Force to the Resistance of the confederate Army, that now began to approach their Frontiers, and threatened to lay waste their Provinces and Cities.

In the latter Years of this War, the Danger of their Neighbourhood in *America* seems to have been considered, and a Fleet was fitted out and supplied with a proper Number of Land Forces to seize *Quebec*, the Capital of *Canada*, or *New France*; but this Expedition miscarried, like that of *Anson* against the *Spaniards*, by the Lateness of the Season, and our Ignorance of the Coasts on which we were to act. We returned with Loss, and only excited our Enemies to greater Vigilance, and perhaps to stronger Fortifications.

When the Peace of *Utrecht* was made, which those who clamoured among us most loudly against it, found it their Interest to keep, the *French* applied themselves with the utmost Industry to the Extension of their Trade, which we were so far from hindering, that for many Years our Ministry thought their Friendship of such Value, as to be cheaply purchased by whatever Concession.

Instead therefore of opposing, as we had hitherto professed to do, the boundless Ambition of the House of *Bourbon*, we became on a Sudden solicitous for its Exaltation, and studious of its Interest. We assisted the Schemes of *France* and *Spain* with our
E 2 Fleets,

Fleets, and endeavoured to make these our Friends by Servility, whom nothing but Power will keep quiet, and who must always be our Enemies while they are endeavouring to grow greater, and we determine to remain free.

That nothing might be omitted which could testify our Willingness to continue on any Terms the good Friends of *France*, we were content to assist not only their Conquests but their Traffick; and though we did not openly repeal the prohibitory Laws, we yet tamely suffered Commerce to be carried on between the two Nations, and Wool was daily imported to enable them to make Cloth, which they carried to our Markets and sold cheaper than we.

During all this Time, they were extending and strengthening their Settlements in *America*, contriving new Modes of Traffick, and framing new Alliances with the *Indian* Nations. They began now to find these Northern Regions, barren and desolate as they are, sufficiently valuable to desire at least a nominal Possession, that might furnish a Pretence for the Exclusion of others; they therefore extended their Claim to Tracts of Land, which they could never hope to occupy, took Care to give their Dominions an unlimited Magnitude, have given in their Maps the Name of *Louisiana* to a Country, of which Part is claimed by the *Spaniards*, and Part by the *English*, without any Regard to ancient Boundaries, or prior Discovery.

When the Return of *Columbus* from his great Voyage had filled all *Europe* with Wonder and Curiosity, *Henry* the Seventh sent *Sebastian Cabot* to try what could be found for the Benefit of *England*: He declined the Track of *Columbus*, and, steering to the Westward, fell upon the Island, which, from that Time, was called by the *English*, *Newfoundland*. Our Princes seem to have considered themselves as intitled by their Right of prior Seizure to the Northern

thern Parts of *America*, as the *Spaniards* were allowed by universal Consent their Claim to the Southern Region for the same Reason, and we accordingly made our principal Settlements within the Limits of our own Discoveries, and, by Degrees, planted the Eastern Coast from *Newfoundland* to *Georgia*.

As we had, according to the *European* Principles, which allow nothing to the Natives of these Regions, our Choice of Situation in this extensive Country, we naturally fixed our Habitations along the Coast, for the Sake of Traffick and Correspondence, and all the Conveniencies of navigable Rivers. And when one Port or River was occupied, the next Colony, instead of fixing themselves in the inland Parts behind the former, went on Southward, till they pleased themselves with another maritime Situation. For this Reason our Colonies have more Length than Depth; their Extent from East to West, or from the Sea to the interior Country, bears no Proportion to their Reach along the Coast from North to South.

It was, however, understood, by a Kind of tacit Compact among the commercial Powers, that Possession of the Coast included a Right to the Inland; and, therefore, the Charters granted to the several Colonies limit their Districts only from North to South, leaving their Possessions from East to West unlimited and discretionary, supposing that, as the Colony increases, they may take Lands as they shall want them, the Possession of the Coasts excluding other Navigators, and the unhappy *Indians* having no Right of Nature or of Nations.

This Right of the first *European* Possessor was not disputed till it became the Interest of the *French* to question it. *Canada*, or *New-France*, on which they made their first Settlement, is situated Eastward of our Colonies, between which they pass up the great River of *St. Laurence*, with *Newfoundland* on the

North, and *Nova Scotia* on the South. Their Establishment in this Country was neither envied nor hindered; and they lived here, in no great Numbers a long Time, neither molesting their *European* Neighbours, nor molested by them.

But when they grew stronger and more numerous, they began to extend their Territories; and, as it is natural for Men to seek their own Convenience, the Desire of more fertile and agreeable Habitations tempted them Southward. There is Land enough to the North and West of their Settlements, which they may occupy with as good Right as can be shewn by the other *European* Usurpers, and which neither the *English* nor *Spaniards* will contest; but of this cold Region they have enough already, and their Resolution was to get a better Country. This was not to be had but by settling to the West of our Plantations, on Ground which has been hitherto supposed to belong to us.

Hither, therefore, they resolved to remove, and to fix, at their own Discretion, the Western Border of our Colonies, which was heretofore considered as unlimited. Thus by forming a Line of Forts, in some Measure parallel to the Coast, they inclose us between their Garrisons and the Sea, and not only hinder our Extension Westward, but, whenever they have a sufficient Navy in the Sea, can harraß us on each Side, as they can invade us at Pleasure from one or other of their Forts.

This Design was not perhaps discovered as soon as it was formed, and was certainly not opposed so soon as it was discovered; we foolishly hoped, that their Incroachments would stop, that they would be prevailed on by Treaty and Remonstrance, to give up what they had taken, or to put Limits to themselves. We suffered them to establish one Settlement after another, to pass Boundary after Boundary, and add Fort

Fort to Fort, till at last they grew strong enough to avow their Designs, and defy us to obstruct them.

By these Provocations long continued, we are at length forced into a War, in which we have had hitherto very ill Fortune. Our Troops under *Braddock* were dishonourably defeated; our Fleets have yet done nothing more than taken a few Merchant-ships, and have distressed some private Families; but have very little weakened the Power of *France*. The Detention of their Seamen makes it indeed less easy for them to fit out their Navy; but this Deficiency will be easily supplied by the Alacrity of the Nation, which is always eager for War.

It is unpleasant to represent our Affairs to our own Disadvantage; yet it is necessary to shew the Evils which we desire to be removed; and, therefore, some Account may very properly be given of the Measures which have given them their present Superiority.

They are said to be supplied from *France* with better Governors than our Colonies have the Fate to obtain from *England*. A *French* Governor is seldom chosen for any other Reason than his Qualifications for his Trust. To be a Bankrupt at Home, or to be so infamously vicious that he cannot be decently protected in his own Country, seldom recommends any Man to the Government of a *French* Colony. Their Officers are commonly skilful either in War or Commerce, and are taught to have no Expectation of Honour or Preferment, but from the Justice and Vigour of their Administration.

Their great Security is the Friendship of the Natives, and to this Advantage they have certainly an indubitable Right; because it is the Consequence of their Virtue. It is ridiculous to imagine, that the Friendship of Nations, whether Civil or Barbarous, can be gained and kept but by kind Treatment; and surely they who intrude, uncalled, upon the Country of a distant People, ought to consider the Na-

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tives as worthy of common Kindness, and content themselves to rob without insulting them. The *French*, as has been already observed, admit the *Indians*, by Intermarriage, to an Equality with themselves; and those Nations, with which they have no such near Intercourse, they gain over to their Interest by Honesty in their Dealings. Our Factors and Traders having no other Purpose in view than immediate Profit, use all the Arts of an *European* Counting-House, to defraud the simple Hunter of his Furs.

These are some of the Causes of our present Weakness; our Planters are always quarrelling with their Governor, whom they consider as less to be trusted than the *French*; and our Traders hourly alienate the *Indians* by their Tricks and Oppressions, and we continue every Day to shew by new Proofs, that no People can be great who have ceased to be virtuous.

FOUR

A REVIEW of FOUR LETTERS

F R O M

SIR ISAAC NEWTON to DR. BENTLEY,

C O N T A I N I N G

Some Arguments in Proof of a DEITY.

IT will certainly be required, that notice should be taken of a Book, however small, written on such a Subject, by such an Author. Yet I know not whether these Letters will be very satisfactory; for they are Answers to Inquiries not published; and therefore, though they contain many Positions of great Importance, are, in some Parts, imperfect and obscure, by their Reference to Dr. Bentley's Letters.

Sir Isaac declares, that what he has done is *due to nothing but Industry and patient Thought*, and indeed long Consideration is so necessary in such abstruse Inquiries, that it is always dangerous to publish the Productions of great Men, which are not known to have been designed for the Press, and of which it is uncertain, whether much Patience and Thought have been bestowed upon them. The principal Question of these Letters gives Occasion to observe how even the Mind of *Newton* gains Ground gradually upon Darkness.

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‘As to your first Query,’ says he, ‘it seems to me, that if the Matter of our Sun and Planets, and all the Matter of the Universe, were evenly scattered throughout all the Heavens, and every Particle had an innate Gravity towards all the Rest, and the whole Space, throughout which this Matter was scattered, was but finite; the Matter on the Outside of this Space would by its Gravity tend towards all the Matter on the Inside, and by Consequence fall down into the Middle of the whole Space, and there compose one great spherical Mass. But if the Matter was evenly disposed throughout an infinite Space, it could never convene into one Mass; but some of it would convene into one Mass, and some into another, so as to make an infinite Number of great Masses, scattered at great Distances from one to another throughout all that infinite Space. And thus might the Sun and fixed Stars be formed, supposing the Matter were of a lucid Nature. But how the Matter should divide itself into two Sorts, and that Part of it which is fit to compose a shining Body, should fall down into one Mass and make a Sun, and the Rest, which is fit to compose an opaque Body, should coalesce, not into one great Body, like the shining Matter, but into many little ones; or if the Sun at first were an opaque Body like the Planets, or the Planets lucid Bodies like the Sun, how he alone should be changed into a shining Body, whilst all they continue opaque, or all they be changed into opaque ones, whilst he remains unchanged, I do not think more explicable by mere natural Causes, but am forced to ascribe it to the Counsel and Contrivance of a voluntary Agent.’

The Hypothesis of Matter evenly disposed through infinite Space, seems to labour with such Difficulties, as makes it almost a contradictory Supposition, or a Supposition destructive of itself.

Matter

Matter evenly disposed through infinite Space, is either created or eternal; if it was created, it infers a Creator: If it was eternal, it had been from Eternity *evenly spread through infinite Space*; or it had been once coalesced in Masses, and afterwards been diffused. Whatever State was first, must have been from Eternity, and what had been from Eternity could not be changed, but by a Cause beginning to act as it had never acted before, that is, by the voluntary Act of some external Power. If Matter infinitely and evenly diffused was a Moment without Coalition, it could never coalesce at all by its own Power. If Matter originally tended to coalesce, it could never be evenly diffused through infinite Space. Matter being supposed eternal, there never was a Time when it could be diffused before its Conglobation, or conglobated before its Diffusion.

This Sir Isaac seems by Degrees to have understood; for he says, in his second Letter, ‘ The Reason why Matter evenly scattered through a finite Space would convene in the Midst, you conceive the same with me; but that there should be a central Particle, so accurately placed in the Middle, as to be always equally attracted on all Sides, and thereby continue without Motion, seems to me a Supposition fully as hard as to make the sharpest Needle stand upright upon its Point on a Looking-glass. For if the very mathematical Center of the central Particle be not accurately in the very mathematical Center of the attractive Power of the whole Mass, the Particle will not be attracted equally on all Sides. And much harder is it to suppose all the Particles in an infinite Space should be so accurately poised one among another, as to stand still in a perfect Equilibrium. For I reckon this as hard as to make not one Needle only, but an infinite Number of them (so many as there are Particles in an infinite Space) stand accurately
poised

' poised upon their Points. Yet I grant it possible,
 ' at least by a divine Power; and if they were once
 ' to be placed, I agree with you that they would
 ' continue in that Posture without Motion for ever,
 ' unless put into new Motion by the same Power.
 ' When therefore I said, that Matter evenly spread
 ' through all Space, would convene by its Gravity
 ' into one or more great Masses, I understand it of
 ' Matter not resting in an accurate Poise.'

Let not it be thought Irreverence to this great
 Name, if I observe, that by *Matter evenly spread*
 through infinite Space, he now finds it necessary to
 mean *Matter not evenly spread*. *Matter not evenly*
spread will indeed convene, but it will convene as
 soon as it exists. And, in my Opinion, this puz-
 zling Question about Matter is only how *that could be*
that never could have been, or what a Man thinks on
 when he thinks of nothing.

Turn Matter on all Sides, make it eternal, or of
 late Production, finite or infinite, there can be no
 regular System produced but by a voluntary and
 meaning Agent. This the great *Newton* always
 asserted, and this he asserts in the third Letter; but
 proves in another Manner, in a Manner perhaps
 more happy and conclusive.

' The Hypothesis of deriving the Frame of the
 ' World by mechanical Principles from Matter evenly
 ' spread through the Heavens being inconsistent with
 ' my System, I had considered it very little before
 ' your Letter put me upon it, and therefore trouble
 ' you with a Line or two more about it, if this
 ' comes not too late for your Use.

' In my former I represented that the diurnal
 ' Rotations of the Planets could not be derived from
 ' Gravity, but required a divine Arm to impress
 ' them. And though Gravity might give the Pla-
 ' nets a Motion of Descent towards the Sun, either
 ' directly, or with some little Obliquity, yet the
 ' transverse

transverse Motions by which they revolve in their several Orbs, required the divine Arm to impress them according to the Tangents of their Orbs. I would now add, that the Hypothesis of Matter's being at first evenly spread through the Heavens, is, in my Opinion, inconsistent with the Hypothesis of innate Gravity, without a supernatural Power to reconcile them, and therefore it infers a Deity. For if there be innate Gravity it is impossible now for the Matter of the Earth, and all the Planets and Stars, to fly up from them, and become evenly spread throughout all the Heavens, without a supernatural Power; and certainly that which can never be hereafter without a supernatural Power, could never be heretofore without the same Power.

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World by the Hypothesis of innate Gravity, is not only inconsistent with the Hypothesis of innate Gravity, but also with the Hypothesis of innate Gravity, and therefore it infers a Deity. For if there be innate Gravity it is impossible now for the Matter of the Earth, and all the Planets and Stars, to fly up from them, and become evenly spread throughout all the Heavens, without a supernatural Power; and certainly that which can never be hereafter without a supernatural Power, could never be heretofore without the same Power.

THE
P R E F A C E
TO THE
P R E C E P T O R.
CONTAINING

A GENERAL PLAN of EDUCATION.

J. Johnson

THE Importance of Education is a Point so generally understood and confessed, that it would be of little Use to attempt any new Proof or Illustration of its Necessity and Advantages.

At a Time when so many Schemes of Education have been projected, so many Proposals offered to the Public, so many Schools opened for general Knowledge, and so many Lectures in particular Sciences attended; at a Time when Mankind seems intent rather upon familiarising than enlarging the several Arts; and every Age, Sex, and Profession, is invited to an Acquaintance with those Studies, which were formerly supposed accessible only to such as had devoted themselves to literary Leisure, and dedicated their Powers to philosophical Enquiries; it seems rather requisite that an Apology should be made, for any further Attempt to smoothe a Path so frequently

frequently beaten, or to recommend Attainments so ardently pursued, and so officiously directed.

That this general Desire may not be frustrated, our Schools seem yet to want some Book, which may excite Curiosity by its Variety, encourage Diligence by its Facility, and reward Application by its Usefulness. In examining the Treatises hitherto offered to the Youth of this Nation, there appeared none that did not fail in one or other of these essential Qualities; none that were not either unpleasing, or abstruse, or crowded with Learning, very rarely applicable to the Purposes of common Life.

Every Man, who has been engaged in Teaching, knows with how much Difficulty youthful Minds are confined to close Application, and how readily they deviate to any thing, rather than attend to that which is imposed as a Task. That this Disposition, when it becomes inconsistent with the Forms of Education, is to be checked, will readily be granted; but since, though it may be in some Degree obviated, it cannot wholly be suppressed, it is surely rational to turn it to Advantage, by taking Care that the Mind shall never want Objects on which its Faculties may be usefully employed. It is not impossible, that this restless Desire of Novelty, which gives so much Trouble to the Teacher, may be often the Struggle of the Understanding starting from that, to which it is not by Nature adapted, and travelling in Search of something on which it may fix with greater Satisfaction. For without supposing each Man particularly marked out by his Genius for particular Performances, it may be easily conceived, that when a numerous Class of Boys is confined indiscriminately to the same Forms of Composition, the Repetition of the same Words, or the Explication of the same Sentiments, the Employment must, either by Nature or Accident, be less suitable to some than others; that the Ideas to be contemplated, may
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be too difficult for the Apprehension of one, and too obvious for that of another: They may be such as some Understandings cannot reach, though others look down upon them as below their Regard. Every Mind in its Progress through the different Stages of scholastic Learning, must be often in one of these Conditions, must either flag with the Labour, or grow wanton with the Facility of the Work assigned; and in either State it naturally turns aside from the Track before it. Weariness looks out for Relief, and Leisure for Employment, and surely it is rational to indulge the Wanderings of both. For the Faculties which are too lightly burthened with the Business of the Day, may with great Propriety add to it some other Enquiry; and he that finds himself overwearied by a Task, which perhaps, with all his Efforts, he is not able to perform, is undoubtedly to be justified in addicting himself rather to easier Studies, and endeavouring to quit that which is above his Attainment, for that which Nature has not made him incapable of pursuing with Advantage.

That therefore this roving Curiosity may not be unsatisfied, it seems necessary to scatter in its Way such Allurements as may withhold it from an useless and unbounded Dissipation; such as may regulate it without Violence, and direct it without Restraint; such as may suit every Inclination, and fit every Capacity; may employ the stronger Genius, by Operations of Reason, and engage the less active or forcible Mind, by supplying it with easy Knowledge, and obviating that Despondence, which quickly prevails, when nothing appears but a Succession of Difficulties, and one Labour only ceases that another may be imposed.

A Book intended thus to correspond with all Dispositions, and afford Entertainment for Minds of different Powers, is necessarily to contain Treatises
on

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on different Subjects. As it is designed for Schools, though for the higher Classes, it is confined wholly to such Parts of Knowledge as young Minds may comprehend; and as it is drawn up for Readers yet unexperienced in Life, and unable to distinguish the useful from the ostentatious or unnecessary Parts of Science, it is requisite that a very nice Distinction should be made, that nothing unprofitable should be admitted for the Sake of Pleasure, nor any Arts of Attraction neglected, that might fix the Attention upon more important Studies.

These Considerations produced the Book which is here offered to the Public, as better adapted to the great Design of pleasing by Instruction, than any which has hitherto been admitted into our Seminaries of Literature. There are not indeed wanting in the World Compendiums of Science, but many were written at a Time when Philosophy was imperfect, as that of *G. Valla*; many contain only naked Schemes, or Synoptical Tables, as that of *Stierius*; and others are too large and voluminous, as that of *Alstedius*; and, what is not to be considered as the least Objection, they are generally in a Language, which, to Boys, is more difficult than the Subject; and it is too hard a Task to be condemned to learn a new Science in an unknown Tongue. As in Life, so in Study, it is dangerous to do more Things than one at a Time; and the Mind is not to be harrassed with unnecessary Obstructions, in a Way, of which the natural and unavoidable Asperity is such as too frequently produces Despair.

If the Language however had been the only Objection to any of the Volumes already extant, the Schools might have been supplied at a small Expence by a Translation; but none could be found that was not so defective, redundant, or erroneous, as to be of more Danger than Use. It was necessary then to

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examine, whether upon every single Science there was not some Treatise written for the Use of Scholars, which might be adapted to this Design, so that a Collection might be made from different Authors, without the Necessity of writing new Systems. This Search was not wholly without Success; for two Authors were found, whose Performances might be admitted with little Alteration. But so widely does this Plan differ from all others, so much has the State of many Kinds of Learning been changed, or so unfortunately have they hitherto been cultivated, that none of the other Subjects were explained in such a Manner as was now required; and therefore neither Care nor Expence has been spared to obtain new Lights, and procure to this Book the Merit of an Original.

With what Judgment the Design has been formed, and with what Skill it has been executed, the Learned World is now to determine. But before Sentence shall pass, it is proper to explain more fully what has been intended, that Censure may not be incurred by the Omission of that which the original Plan did not comprehend; to declare more particularly who they are to whose Instruction these Treatises pretend, that a Charge of Arrogance and Presumption may be obviated; to lay down the Reasons which directed the Choice of the several Subjects; and to explain more minutely the Manner in which each particular Part of these Volumes is to be used.

The Title has already declared, that these Volumes are particularly intended for the Use of Schools, and therefore it has been the Care of the Authors to explain the several Sciences, of which they have treated, in the most familiar Manner; for the Mind used only to common Expressions, and inaccurate Ideas, does not suddenly conform itself to scholastic Modes of Reasoning, or conceive the nice Distinctions of a subtle Philosophy, and may be properly

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properly initiated in speculative Studies by an Introduction like this, in which the Grossness of vulgar Conception is avoided, without the Observation of Metaphysical Exactness. It is observed, that in the Course of the natural World no Change is instantaneous, but all its Vicissitudes are gradual and flow; the Motions of Intellect proceed in the like imperceptible Progression, and proper Degrees of Transition from one Study to another are therefore necessary; but let it not be charged upon the Writers of this Book, that they intended to exhibit more than the Dawn of Knowledge, or pretended to raise in the Mind any nobler Product than the Blossoms of Science, which more powerful Institutions may ripen into Fruit.

For this Reason it must not be expected, that in the following Pages should be found a complete Circle of the Sciences; or that any Authors, now deservedly esteemed, should be rejected to make way for what is here offered. It was intended by the Means of these Precepts, not to deck the Mind with Ornaments, but to protect it from Nakedness; not to enrich it with Affluence, but to supply it with Necessaries. The *Enquiry* therefore was not what Degrees of Knowledge are desirable, but what are in most Stations of Life indispensibly required; and the *Choice* was determined not by the Splendor of any Part of Literature, but by the Extent of its Use, and the Inconvenience which its Neglect was likely to produce.

I. The Prevalence of this Consideration appears in the first Part, which is appropriated to the humble Purposes of teaching to *Read*, and *Speak*, and *Write Letters*; an Attempt of little Magnificence, but in which no Man needs to blush for having employed his Time, if Honour be estimated by Use. For Precepts of this Kind, however neglected, extend their Importance as far as Men are found who com-

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municate their Thoughts one to another; they are equally useful to the highest and the lowest; they may often contribute to make Ignorance less inelegant; and may it not be observed, that they are frequently wanted for the Embellishment even of Learning?

In order to shew the proper Use of this Part, which consists of various Exemplifications of such Differences of Stile as require correspondent Diversities of Pronunciation, it will be proper to inform the Scholar, that there are in general three Forms of Stile, each of which demands its particular Mode of Elocution: The *Familiar*, the *Solemn*, and the *Pathetic*. That in the *Familiar*, he that reads is only to talk with a Paper in his Hand, and to indulge himself in all the lighter Liberties of Voice, as when he reads the common Articles of a Newspaper, or a cursory Letter of Intelligence or Business. That the *Solemn* Stile, such as that of a serious Narrative, exacts an uniform Steadiness of Speech, equal, clear, and calm. That for the *Pathetic*, such as an animated Oration, it is necessary the Voice be regulated by the Sense, varying and rising with the Passions. These Rules, which are the most general, admit a great Number of subordinate Observations, which must be particularly adapted to every Scholar; for it is observable, that though very few read well, yet every Man errs in a different Way. But let one Remark never be omitted: Inculcate strongly to every Scholar the Danger of copying the Voice of another; an Attempt, which though it has been often repeated, is always unsuccessful.

The Importance of writing Letters with Propriety justly claims to be considered with Care, since next to the Power of pleasing with his Presence, every Man would wish to be able to give Delight at a Distance. This great Art should be diligently taught, the rather, because of those Letters which are most useful,

useful, and by which the general Business of Life is transacted, there are no *Examples* easily to be found. It seems the general Fault of those who undertake this Part of Education, that they propose for the Exercise of their Scholars, Occasions which rarely happen; such as Congratulations and Condolances, and neglect those without which Life cannot proceed. It is possible to pass many Years without the Necessity of writing Panegyrics or Epithalamiums; but every Man has frequent Occasion to state a Contract, or demand a Debt, or make a Narrative of some minute Incidents of common Life. On these Subjects therefore young Persons should be taught to think justly, and write clearly, neatly, and succinctly, lest they come from School into the World without any Acquaintance with common Affairs, and stand idle Spectators of Mankind, in Expectation that some great Event will give them an Opportunity to exert their Rhetoric.

II. The second Place is assigned to *Geometry*; on the Usefulness of which it is unnecessary to expatiate in an Age when Mathematical Studies have so much engaged the Attention of all Classes of Men. This Treatise is one of those which have been borrowed, being a Translation from the Work of Mr. *Le Clerc*; and is not intended as more than the first Initiation. In delivering the fundamental Principles of *Geometry*, it is necessary to proceed by slow Steps, that each Proposition may be fully understood before another is attempted. For which Purpose it is not sufficient, that when a Question is asked in the Words of the Book, the Scholar likewise can in the Words of the Book return the proper Answer; for this may be only an Act of Memory, not of Understanding; it is always proper to vary the Words of the Question, to place the Proposition in different Points of View, and to require of the Learner an Explanation in his own Terms, informing him

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however when they are improper. By this Method the Scholar will become cautious and attentive, and the Master will know with Certainty the Degree of his Proficiency. Yet, though this Rule is generally right, I cannot but recommend a Precept of *Pardie's*, that when the Student cannot be made to comprehend some particular Part, it should be, for that Time, laid aside, till new Light shall arise from subsequent Observation.

When this Compendium is completely understood, the Scholar may proceed to the Perusal of *Tacquet*, afterwards of *Euclid* himself, and then of the modern Improvers of *Geometry*, such as *Barrow*, *Keil*, and *Sir Isaac Newton*.

III. The Necessity of some Acquaintance with *Geography* and *Astronomy* will not be disputed. If the Pupil is born to the Ease of a large Fortune, no Part of Learning is more necessary to him, than the Knowledge of the Situation of Nations, on which their Interests generally depend; if he is dedicated to any of the Learned Professions, it is scarcely possible that he will not be obliged to apply himself in some Part of his Life to these Studies, as no other Branch of Literature can be fully comprehended without them; if he is designed for the Arts of Commerce or Agriculture, some general Acquaintance with these Sciences will be found extremely useful to him; in a word, no Studies afford more extensive, more wonderful, or more pleasing Scenes; and therefore there can be no Ideas impressed upon the Soul, which can more conduce to its future Entertainment.

In the Pursuit of these Sciences, it will be proper to proceed with the same Gradation and Caution as in *Geometry*. And it is always of Use to decorate the Nakedness of Science, by interspersing such Observations and Narratives as may amuse the Mind, and excite Curiosity. Thus, in explaining the State

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of the Polar Regions, it might be fit to read the Narrative of the *Englishmen* that wintered in *Greenland*, which will make young Minds sufficiently curious after the Cause of such a Length of Night, and Intensity of Cold; and many Stratagems of the same Kind might be practised to interest them in all Parts of their Studies, and call in their Passions to animate their Inquiries. When they have read this Treatise, it will be proper to recommend to them *Varenius's* Geography, and *Gregory's* Astronomy.

IV. The Study of *Chronology* and *History* seems to be one of the most natural Delights of the Human Mind. It is not easy to live without inquiring by what Means every thing was brought into the State in which we now behold it, or without finding in the Mind some Desire of being informed concerning the Generations of Mankind, that have been in Possession of the World before us, whether they were better or worse than ourselves; or what Good or Evil has been derived to us from their Schemes, Practices, and Institutions. These are Inquiries which *History* alone can satisfy; and *History* can only be made intelligible by some Knowledge of *Chronology*, the Science by which Events are ranged in their Order, and the Periods of Computation are settled; and which therefore assist the Memory by Method, and enlighten the Judgement, by shewing the Dependence of one Transaction on another. Accordingly it should be diligently inculcated to the Scholar, that unless he fixes in his Mind some Idea of the Time in which each Man of Eminence lived, and each Action was performed, with some Part of the contemporary History of the rest of the World, he will consume his Life in useless Reading, and darken his Mind with a Crowd of unconnected Events; his Memory will be perplexed with distant Transactions resembling one another, and his Re-

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flections be like a Dream in a Fever, busy and turbulent, but confused and indistinct.

The Technical Part of Chronology, or the Art of computing and adjusting Time, as it is very difficult, so it is not of absolute Necessity, but should however be taught, so far as it can be learned without the Loss of those Hours which are required for Attainments of nearer Concern. The Student may join with this Treatise *Le Clerc's Compendium of History*, and afterwards may, for the Historical Part of *Chronology*, procure *Helvicus's* and *Isaacson's* Tables; and, if he is desirous of attaining the Technical Part, may first peruse *Holder's Account of Time*, *Hearne's Ductor Historicus*, *Strauchius*, the first Part of *Petavius's Rationarium Temporum*; and at length *Scaliger de Emendatione Temporum*. And for Instruction in the Method of his Historical Studies, he may consult *Hearne's Ductor Historicus*, *Wheare's Lectures*, *Rawlinson's Directions for the Study of History*; and for Ecclesiastical History, *Cave* and *Dupin*, *Baronius* and *Fleury*.

V. *Rhetoric* and *Poetry* supply Life with its highest intellectual Pleasures; and in the Hands of Virtue are of great Use for the Impression of just Sentiments, and Recommendation of illustrious Examples. In the Practice of these great Arts, so much more is the Effect of Nature than the Effect of Education, that nothing is attempted here but to teach the Mind some general Heads of Observation, to which the beautiful Passages of the best Writers may commonly be reduced. In the Use of this it is not proper that the Teacher should confine himself to the Examples before him, for by that Method he will never enable his Pupils to make just Application of the Rules; but, having inculcated the true Meaning of each Figure, he should require them to exemplify it by their own Observations, pointing to them the Poem, or, in longer Works, the Book or
Canto

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Canto in which an Example may be found, and leaving them to discover the particular Passage by the Light of the Rules which they have lately learned.

For a farther Progress in these Studies, they may consult *Quintilian* and *Vossius's* Rhetoric; the Art of Poetry will be best learned from *Bossu* and *Bohours* in French, together with *Dryden's* Essays and Prefaces, the critical Papers of *Addison*, *Spence* on *Pope's* *Odyssey*, and *Trapp's* *Prælectiones Poeticæ*; but a more accurate and philosophical Account is expected from a Commentary upon *Aristotle's* Art of Poetry, with which the Literature of this Nation will be in a short Time augmented.

VI. With regard to the Practice of *Drawing*, it is not necessary to give any Directions, the Use of the Treatise being only to teach the proper Method of imitating the Figures which are annexed. It will be proper to incite the Scholars to Industry, by shewing in other Books the Use of the Art, and informing them how much it assists the Apprehension, and relieves the Memory; and if they are obliged sometimes to write Descriptions of Engines, Utensils, or any complex Pieces of Workmanship, they will more fully apprehend the Necessity of an Expedient which so happily supplies the Defects of Language, and enables the Eye to receive what cannot be conveyed to the Mind any other Way. When they have read this Treatise, and practised upon these Figures, their Theory may be improved by the *Jesuit's* *Perspective*, and their manual Operations by other Figures which may be easily procured.

VII. *Logic*, or the Art of arranging and connecting Ideas, of forming and examining Arguments, is universally allowed to be an Attainment in the utmost Degree worthy the Ambition of that Being whose highest Honour is to be endued with Reason; but it is doubted whether that Ambition has yet been

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been gratified, and whether the Powers of Ratiocination have been much improved by any Systems of Art, or methodical Institutions. The *Logic* which for so many Ages kept Possession of the Schools, has at last been condemned as a mere Art of Wrangling, of very little Use in the Pursuit of Truth; and later Writers have contented themselves with giving an Account of the Operations of the Mind, marking the various Stages of her Progress, and giving some general Rules for the Regulation of her Conduct. The Method of these Writers is here followed; but without a servile Adherence to any, and with Endeavours to make Improvements upon all. This Work, however laborious, has yet been fruitless, if there be Truth in an Observation very frequently made, that Logicians out of the School do not reason better than Men unassisted by those Lights which their Science is supposed to bestow. It is not to be doubted but that Logicians may be sometimes overborne by their Passions, or blinded by their Prejudices; and that a Man may reason ill, as he may act ill, not because he does not know what is right, but because he does not regard it; yet it is no more the Fault of his Art that it does not direct him when his Attention is withdrawn from it, than it is the Defect of his Sight that he misses his Way when he shuts his Eyes. Against this Cause of Error there is no Provision to be made, otherwise than by inculcating the Value of Truth, and the Necessity of conquering the Passions. But *Logic* may likewise fail to produce its Effects upon common Occasions, for want of being frequently and familiarly applied, till its Precepts may direct the Mind imperceptibly, as the Fingers of a Musician are regulated by his Knowledge of the Tune. This Readiness of Recollection is only to be procured by frequent Impression; and therefore it will be proper, when *Logic* has been once learned, the Teacher take frequent

frequent Occasion, in the most easy and familiar Conversation, to observe when its Rules are preserved, and when they are broken; and that afterwards he read no Authors, without exacting of his Pupil an Account of every remarkable Exemplification or Breach of the Laws of Reasoning.

When this System has been digested, if it be thought necessary to proceed farther in the Study of Method, it will be proper to recommend *Crousaz*, *Watts*, *Le Clerc*, *Wolffius*, and *Locke's* Essay on Human Understanding; and if there be imagined any Necessity of adding the Peripatetic Logic, which has been perhaps condemned without a candid Trial, it will be convenient to proceed to *Sanderson*, *Wallis*, *Crackanthorpe*, and *Aristotle*.

VIII. To excite a Curiosity after the Works of God, is the chief Design of the small Specimen of *Natural History* inserted in this Collection; which, however, may be sufficient to put the Mind in Motion, and in some measure to direct its Steps; but its Effects may easily be improved by a philosophic Master, who will every Day find a thousand Opportunities of turning the Attention of his Scholars to the Contemplation of the Objects that surround them, of laying open the wonderful Art with which every Part of the Universe is formed, and the Providence which governs the Vegetable and Animal Creation. He may lay before them the *Religious Philosopher*, *Ray*, *Derham's Physico-Theology*, together with the *Speſtacle de la Nature*; and in time recommend to their Perusal *Rondoleius* and *Aldrovandus*.

IX. But how much soever the Reason may be strengthened by *Logic*, or the Conceptions of the Mind enlarged by the Study of Nature, it is necessary the Man be not suffered to dwell upon them so long as to neglect the Study of himself, the Knowledge of his own Station in the Ranks of Being,
and

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and his various Relations to the innumerable Multitudes which surround him, and with which his Maker has ordained him to be united for the Reception and Communication of Happiness. To consider these aright is of the greatest Importance, since from these arise Duties which he cannot neglect. *Ethics*, or *Morality*, therefore, is one of the Studies which ought to begin with the first Glimpse of Reason, and only end with Life itself. Other Acquisitions are merely temporary Benefits, except as they contribute to illustrate the Knowledge, and confirm the Practice, of Morality and Piety, which extend their Influence beyond the Grave, and increase our Happiness through endless Duration.

This great Science, therefore, must be inculcated with Care and Assiduity, such as its Importance ought to incite in reasonable Minds; and for the Prosecution of this Design, fit Opportunities are always at hand. As the Importance of *Logic* is to be shewn by detecting false Arguments; the Excellence of Morality is to be displayed by proving the Deformity, the Reproach, and the Misery of all Deviations from it. Yet it is to be remembered, that the Laws of mere Morality are no coercive Power; and, however they may by Conviction of their Fitness please the Reasoner in the Shade, when the Passions stagnate without Impulse, and the Appetites are secluded from their Objects, they will be of little Force against the Ardour of Desire, or the Vehemence of Rage, amidst the Pleasures and Tumults of the World. To counteract the Power of Temptations, Hope must be excited by the Prospect of Rewards, and Fear by the Expectation of Punishment; and Virtue may owe her Panegyrics to Morality, but must derive her Authority from Religion.

When therefore the Obligations of Morality are taught, let the Sanctions of Christianity never be forgotten;

forgotten; by which it will be shewn, that they give Strength and Lustre to each other; Religion will appear to be the Voice of Reason, and Morality the Will of God. Under this Article must be recommended *Tully's Offices*, *Grotius*, *Puffendorff*, *Cumberland's Laws of Nature*, and the excellent Mr. *Addison's Moral and Religious Essays*.

X. Thus far the Work is composed for the Use of Scholars, merely as they are Men. But it was thought necessary to introduce something that might be particularly adapted to that Country for which it is designed; and therefore a Discourse has been added upon *Trade and Commerce*, of which it becomes every Man of this Nation to understand at least the general Principles, as it is impossible that any should be high or low enough not to be in some Degree affected by their Declension or Prosperity. It is therefore necessary that it should be universally known among us, what Changes of Property are advantageous, or when the Balance of Trade is on our Side; what are the Products or Manufactures of other Countries; and how far one Nation may in any Species of Traffick obtain or preserve Superiority over another. The Theory of Trade is yet but little understood, and therefore the Practice is often without real Advantage to the Public: But it might be carried on with more general Success, if its Principles were better considered; and to excite that Attention, is our chief Design. To the Perusal of this Book may succeed that of *Mun* upon Foreign Trade, *Sir Josiah Child*, *Locke* upon Coin, *Davenant's Treatises*, the *British Merchant*, *Dictionnaire de Commerce*, and, for an Abstract or Compendium, *Gee*, and an Improvement that may hereafter be made upon his Plan.

XI. The Principles of *Laws and Government* come next to be considered; by which Men are taught to whom Obedience is due, for what it is paid, and in what

what Degree it may be justly required. This Knowledge, by peculiar Necessity, constitutes a Part of the Education of an *Englishman*, who professes to obey his Prince according to the Law, and who is himself, a secondary Legislator, as he gives his Consent, by his Representative, to all the Laws by which he is bound, and has a Right to petition the great Council of the Nation, whenever he thinks they are deliberating upon an Act detrimental to the Interest of the Community. This is therefore a Subject to which the Thoughts of a young Man ought to be directed; and that he may obtain such Knowledge as may qualify him to act and judge as one of a free People, let him be directed to add to this Introduction *Fortescue's Treatises*, *N. Bacon's Historical Discourse on the Laws and Government of England*, *Temple's Introduction*, *Locke on Government*, *Zouch's Elementa Juris Civilis*, *Plato Redivivus*, *Gurdon's History of Parliaments*, and *Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity*.

XII. Having thus supplied the young Student with Knowledge, it remains now that he learns its Application; and that thus qualified to act his Part, he be at last taught to chuse it. For this Purpose a Section is added upon *Human Life and Manners*; in which he is cautioned against the Danger of indulging his *Passions*, of vitiating his *Habits*, and depraving his *Sentiments*. He is instructed in these Points by three Fables, two of which were of the highest Authority in the ancient *Pagan World*. But at this he is not to rest; for if he expects to be wise and happy, he must diligently study the *SCRIPTURES of GOD*.

Such is the Book now proposed, as the first Initiation into the Knowledge of Things, which has been thought by many to be too long delayed in the present Forms of Education. Whether the Complaints be not often ill-grounded, may perhaps be disputed; but it is at least reasonable to believe, that greater Proficiency might sometimes be made; that real
Know-

Knowledge might be more early communicated ; and that Children might be allowed, without Injury to Health, to spend many of those Hours upon useful Employments, which are generally lost in Idleness and Play ; therefore the Public will surely encourage an Experiment, by which, if it fails, nobody is hurt ; and if it succeeds, all the future Ages of the World may find Advantage ; which may eradicate or prevent Vice, by turning to a better Use those Moments in which it is learned or indulged ; and in some Sense lengthen Life, by teaching Posterity to enjoy those Years which have hitherto been lost. The Success, and even the Trial of this Experiment, will depend upon those to whom the Care of our Youth is committed ; and a due Sense of the Importance of their Trust will easily prevail upon them to encourage a Work which pursues the Design of improving Education. If any Part of the following Performance shall upon Trial be found capable of Amendment ; if any thing can be added or altered, so as to render the Attainment of Knowledge more easy ; the Editor will be extremely obliged to any Gentleman, particularly those who are engaged in the Business of Teaching, for such Hints or Observations as may tend towards the Improvement, and will spare neither Expence nor Trouble in making the best Use of their Informations.

T H E

VISION OF THEODORE,

T H E

Hermit of Teneriffe, found in his Cell.

SON of Perseverance, whoever thou art, whose Curiosity has led thee hither, read and be wise. He that now calls upon thee is *Theodore* the Hermit of *Teneriffe*, who in the fifty-seventh Year of his Retreat left this Instruction to Mankind, left his solitary Hours should be spent in vain.

I was once what thou art now, a Groveller on the Earth, and a Gazer at the Sky; I trafficked and heaped Wealth together, I loved and was favoured, I wore the Robe of Honour, and heard the Music of Adulation; I was ambitious, and rose to Greatness; I was unhappy and retired. I sought for some Time what I at length found here, a Place where all real Wants might be easily supplied, and where I might not be under the Necessity of purchasing the Assistance of Men by the Toleration of their Follies. Here I saw Fruits and Herbs and Water, and here determined to wait the Hand of Death, which I hope, when at last it comes, will fall lightly upon me.

Forty-eight Years had I now passed in forgetfulness of all mortal Cares, and without any Inclination to wander farther than the Necessity of procuring Sustenance required; but as I stood one Day be-

VISION OF THEODORE. 81

beholding the Rock that overhangs my Cell, I found in myself a Desire to climb it; and when I was on its Top, was in the same Manner determined to scale the next, till by Degrees I conceived a Wish to view the Summit of the Mountain, at the Foot of which I had so long resided. This Motion of my Thoughts I endeavoured to suppress, not because it appeared criminal, but because it was new; and all Change not evidently for the better, alarms a Mind taught by Experience to distrust itself. I was often afraid that my Heart was deceiving me; that my Impatience of Confinement rose from some earthly Passion, and that my Ardour to survey the Works of Nature, was only a hidden Longing to mingle once again in the Scenes of Life. I therefore endeavoured to settle my Thoughts into their former State, but found their Distraction every Day greater. I was always reproaching myself with the Want of Happiness within my Reach; and at last began to question whether it was not Laziness rather than Caution, that restrained me from climbing to the Summit of *Teneriffe*.

I rose therefore before the Day, and began my Journey up the Steep of the Mountain; but I had not advanced far, old as I was and burthened with Provisions, when the Day began to shine upon me; the Declivities grew more precipitous, and the Sand slid from beneath my Feet; at last, fainting with Labour, I arrived at a small Plain, almost inclosed by Rocks, and open only to the East. I sat down to rest awhile, in full Persuasion that when I had recovered my Strength, I should proceed on my Design; but when once I had tasted Ease, I found many Reasons against disturbing it. The Branches spread a Shade over my Head, and the Gales of Spring wafted Odours to my Bosom.

As I sat thus forming alternately Excuses for Delay, and Resolutions to go forward, an irresistible

Heaviness suddenly surpris'd me; I laid my Head upon the Bank and resign'd myself to Sleep: When methought I heard the Sound as of the Flight of Eagles, and a Being of more than human Dignity stood before me. While I was deliberating how to address him, he took me by the Hand with an Air of Kindness, and asked me solemnly, but without Severity, '*Theodore*, whither art thou going?' I am climbing, answer'd I, to the Top of the Mountain, to enjoy a more extensive Prospect of the Works of Nature. 'Attend first, said he, to the Prospect which this Place affords, and what thou dost not understand I will explain. I am one of the benevolent Beings who watch over the Children of the Dust, to preserve them from those Evils which will not ultimately terminate in Good, and which they do not, by their own Faults, bring upon themselves. Look round therefore without Fear: Observe, contemplate, and be instructed.'

Encouraged by this Assurance, I looked and beheld a Mountain higher than *Teneriffe*, to the Summit of which the Human Eye could never reach; when I had tired myself with gazing upon its Height, I turned my Eyes towards its Foot, which I could easily discover, but was amazed to find it without Foundation, and placed inconceivably in Emptiness and Darkness. Thus I stood terrified and confused; above were Tracts inscrutable, and below was total Vacuity. But my Protector, with a Voice of Admonition, cried out, '*Theodore*, be not affrighted, but raise thy Eyes again; the *Mountain of Existence* is before thee, survey it and be wise.'

I then looked with more deliberate Attention, and observed the Bottom of the Mountain to be of gentle Rise, and overspread with Flowers; the Middle to be more steep, embarrassed with Crags, and interrupted by Precipices, over which hung Branches loaded with Fruits, and among which were scattered Palaces

Palaces and Bowers. The Tracts which my Eye could reach nearest the Top were generally barren ; but there were among the Clefts of the Rocks, a few hardy Evergreens, which though they did not give much Pleasure to the Sight or Smell, yet seemed to chear the Labour and facilitate the Steps of those who were clambering among them.

Then beginning to examine more minutely the different Parts, I observed at a great Distance, a Multitude of both Sexes issuing into View from the Bottom of the Mountain. Their first Actions I could not accurately discern ; but as they every Moment approached nearer, I found that they amused themselves with gathering Flowers under the Superintendence of a modest Virgin in a white Robe, who seemed not over-solicitous to confine them to any settled Pace, or certain Track ; for she knew that the whole Ground was smooth and solid, and that they could not easily be hurt or bewildered. When, as it often happened, they plucked a Thistle for a Flower, *Innocence*, so was she called, would smile at the Mistake. Happy, said I, are they who are under so gentle a Government, and yet are safe. But I had no Opportunity to dwell long on the Consideration of their Felicity ; for I found that *Innocence* continued her Attendance but a little Way, and seemed to consider only the flowery Bottom of the Mountain as her proper Province. Those whom she abandoned scarcely knew that they were left, before they perceived themselves in the Hands of *Education*, a Nymph more severe in her Aspect and imperious in her Commands, who confined them to certain Paths, in their Opinion, too narrow and too rough. These they were continually solicited to leave by *Appetite*, whom *Education* could never fright away, though she sometimes awed her to such Timidity, that the Effects of her Presence were scarcely perceptible. Some went back to the first Part of the

Mountain, and seemed desirous of continuing busied in plucking Flowers, but were no longer guarded by *Innocence*; and such as *Education* could not force back, proceeded up the Mountain by some miry Road, in which they were seldom seen, and scarcely ever regarded.

As *Education* led her Troop up the Mountain, nothing was more observable than that she was frequently giving them Caution to beware of *Habits*; and was calling out to one or another at every Step, that a *Habit* was ensnaring them; that they would be under the Dominion of *Habit* before they perceived their Danger; and that those whom a *Habit* should once subdue, had little Hope of regaining their Liberty.

Of this Caution, so frequently repeated, I was very solicitous to know the Reason, when my Protector directed my Regard to a Troop of Pygmies, which appeared to walk silently before those that were climbing the Mountain, and each to smoothe the Way before her Follower. I found that I had missed the Notice of them before, both because they were so minute as not easily to be discerned, and because they grew every Moment nearer in their Colour to the Objects with which they were surrounded. As the Followers of *Education* did not appear to be sensible of the Presence of these dangerous Associates, or, ridiculing their diminutive Size, did not think it possible that human Beings should ever be brought into Subjection by such feeble Enemies, they generally heard her Precepts of Vigilance with Wonder; and, when they thought her Eye withdrawn, treated them with Contempt. Nor could I myself think her Cautions so necessary as her frequent Inculcation seemed to suppose, till I observed that each of these petty Beings held secretly a Chain in her Hand, with which she prepared to bind those whom she found within her Power. Yet these *Habits*
under

under the Eye of *Education* went quietly forward, and seemed very little to increase in Bulk or Strength; for though they were always willing to join with *Appetite*, yet when *Education* kept them apart from her, they would very punctually obey Command, and make the narrow Roads in which they were confined easier and smoother.

It was observable, that their Stature was never at a Stand, but continually growing or decreasing, yet not always in the same Proportions; nor could I forbear to express my Admiration, when I saw in how much less Time they generally gained than lost Bulk. Though they grew slowly in the Road of *Education*, it might however be perceived that they grew; but if they once deviated at the Call of *Appetite*, their Stature soon became gigantic, and their Strength was such, that *Education* pointed out to her Tribe many that were led in Chains by them, whom she could never more rescue from their Slavery. She pointed them out, but with little Effect; for all her Pupils appeared confident of their own Superiority to the strongest *Habit*, and some seemed in secret to regret that they were hindered from following the Triumph of *Appetite*.

It was the peculiar Artifice of *Habit* not to suffer her Power to be felt at first. Those whom she led, she had the Address of appearing only to attend, but was continually doubling her Chains upon her Companies, which were so slender in themselves, and so silently fastened, that while the Attention was engaged by other Objects, they were not easily perceived. Each Link grew tighter as it had been longer worn, and when by continual Additions they became so heavy as to be felt, they were very frequently too strong to be broken.

When *Education* had proceeded in this Manner to the Part of the Mountain where the Declivity began to grow craggy, she resigned her Charge to two

Powers of superior Aspect. The meaner of them appeared capable of presiding in Senates or governing Nations, and yet watched the Steps of the other with the most anxious Attention, and was visibly confounded and perplexed if ever she suffered her Regard to be drawn away. The other seemed to approve her Submission as pleasing, but with such a Condescension as plainly shewed that she claimed it as due; and indeed so great was her Dignity and Sweetness, that he who would not reverence, must not behold her.

‘*Theodore,*’ said my Protector, ‘be fearless, and be wise; approach these Powers, whose Dominion extends to all the remaining Part of the *Mountain of Existence.*’ I trembled, and ventured to address the inferior Nymph, whose Eyes, though piercing and awful, I was not able to sustain. ‘Bright Power,’ said I, ‘by whatever Name it is lawful to address thee, tell me, thou who presidest here, on what Condition thy Protection will be granted?’ ‘It will be granted,’ said she, ‘only to Obedience. I am *Reason*, of all subordinate Beings the noblest and the greatest; who, if thou wilt receive my Laws, will reward thee like the rest of my Votaries, by conducting thee to *Religion.*’ Charmed by her Voice and Aspect, I professed my Readiness to follow her. She then presented me to her *Mistress*, who looked upon me with Tenderness. I bowed before her, and she smiled.

When *Education* delivered up those for whose Happiness she had been so long solicitous, she seemed to expect that they should express some Gratitude for her Care, or some Regret at the Loss of that Protection which she had hitherto afforded them. But it was easy to discover, by the Alacrity which broke out at her Departure, that her Presence had been long displeasing, and that she had been teaching

ing those who felt in themselves no Want of Instruction. They all agreed in rejoicing that they would no longer be subject to her Caprices, or disturbed by her Documents, but should be now under the Direction only of *Reason*, to whom they made no doubt of being able to recommend themselves by a steady Adherence to all her Precepts. *Reason* counselled them at their first Entrance upon her Province, to inlist themselves among the Votaries of *Religion*; and informed them, that if they trusted to her alone, they would find the same Fate with her other Admirers, whom she had not been able to secure against *Appetites* and *Passions*, and who having been seized by *Habits* in the Regions of *Desire*, had been dragged away to the Caverns of *Despair*. Her Admonition was vain, the greater Number declared against any other Direction, and doubted not but by her Superintendency they should climb with Safety up the *Mountain of Existence*. ‘My Power,’ said *Reason*, ‘is to advise, not to compel; I have already told you the Danger of your Choice. The Path seems now plain and even, but there are Asperities and Pitfalls, over which *Religion* only can conduct you. Look upwards, and you perceive a Mist before you settled upon the highest visible Part of the Mountain, a Mist by which my Prospect is terminated, and which is pierced only by the Eyes of *Religion*. Beyond it are the Temples of *Happiness*, in which those who climb the Precipice by her Direction, after the Toil of their Pilgrimage repose for ever. I know not the Way, and therefore can only conduct you to a better Guide. *Pride* has sometimes reproached me with the Narrowness of my View, but when she endeavoured to extend it, could only shew me, below the Mist, the Bowers of *Content*; even they vanished as I fixed my Eyes upon them; and those whom she persuaded

‘ to travel towards them were enchanted by *Habits*,
 ‘ and engulfed by *Despair*, a cruel Tyrant, whose
 ‘ Caverns are beyond the Darkness on the right
 ‘ Side and on the left, from whose Prisons none
 ‘ can escape, and whom I cannot teach you to
 ‘ avoid.’

Such was the Declaration of *Reason* to those who demanded her Protection. Some that recollected the Dictates of *Education*, finding them now seconded by another Authority, submitted with Reluctance to the strict Decree, and engaged themselves among the Followers of *Religion*, who were distinguished by the Uniformity of their March, though many of them were Women, and by their continual Endeavours to move upwards, without appearing to regard the Prospects which at every Step courted their Attention.

All those who determined to follow either *Reason* or *Religion*, were continually importuned to forsake the Road, sometimes by *Passions*, and sometimes by *Appetites*, of whom both had Reason to boast the Success of their Artifices; for so many were drawn into By-paths, that any Way was more populous than the right. The Attacks of the *Appetites* were more impetuous, those of the *Passions* longer continued. The *Appetites* turned their Followers directly from the true Way, but the *Passions* marched at first in a Path nearly in the same Direction with that of *Reason* and *Religion*; but deviated by slow Degrees, till at last they intirely changed their Course. *Appetite* drew aside the Dull, and *Passion* the sprightly. Of the *Appetites*, *Lust* was the strongest; and of the *Passions*, *Vanity*. The most powerful Assault was to be feared, when a *Passion* and an *Appetite* joined their Enticements; and the Path of *Reason* was best followed, when a *Passion* called to one Side, and an *Appetite* to the other.

These

These Seducers had the greatest Success upon the Followers of *Reason*, over whom they scarcely ever failed to prevail, except when they counteracted one another. They had not the same Triumphs over the Votaries of *Religion*; for though they were often led aside for a Time, *Religion* commonly recalled them by her Emissary *Conscience*, before *Habit* had Time to enchain them. But they that professed to obey *Reason*, if once they forsook her seldom returned; for she had no Messenger to summon them but *Pride*, who generally betrayed her Confidence, and employed all her Skill to support *Passion*; and if ever she did her Duty, was found unable to prevail, if *Habit* had interposed.

I soon found that the great Danger to the Followers of *Religion* was only from *Habit*; every other Power was easily resisted, nor did they find any Difficulty when they inadvertently quitted her, to find her again by the Direction of *Conscience*, unless they had given Time to *Habit* to draw her Chain behind them, and bar up the Way by which they had wandered. Of some of those, the Condition was justly to be pitied, who turned at every Call of *Conscience*, and tried, but without Effect, to burst the Chains of *Habit*: Saw Religion walking forward at a Distance, saw her with Reverence, and longed to join her; but were, whenever they approached her, with-held by *Habit*, and languished in sordid Bondage, which they could not escape, though they scorned and hated it.

It was evident that the *Habits* were so far from growing weaker by these repeated Contests, that if they were not totally overcome, every Struggle enlarged their Bulk and increased their Strength; and a *Habit* opposed and victorious was more than twice as strong as before the Contest. The Manner in which those who were weary of their Tyranny endeavoured to escape from them, appeared by the
Event

Event to be generally wrong; they tried to loose their Chains one by one, and to retreat by the same Degrees as they advanced; but before the Deliverance was completed, *Habit* always threw new Chains upon her Fugitive: Nor did any escape her but those who, by an Effort sudden and violent, burst their Shackles at once, and left her at a Distance; and even of these, many, rushing too precipitately forward, and hindered by their Terrors from stopping where they were safe, were fatigued with their own Vehemence, and resigned themselves again to that Power from whom an Escape must be so dearly bought, and whose Tyranny was little felt, except when it was resisted.

Some however there always were, who, when they found *Habit* prevailing over them, called upon *Reason* or *Religion* for Assistance; each of them willingly came to the Succour of her Suppliant; but neither with the same Strength, nor the same Success. *Habit*, insolent with her Power, would often presume to parley with *Reason*, and offer to loose some of her Chains if the rest might remain. To this *Reason*, who was never certain of Victory, frequently consented, but always found her Concession destructive, and saw the Captive led away by *Habit* to his former Slavery. *Religion* never submitted to Treaty, but held out her Hand with Certainty of Conquest; and if the Captive to whom she gave it did not quit his Hold, always led him away in Triumph, and placed him in the direct Path to the Temple of *Happiness*, where *Reason* never failed to congratulate his Deliverance, and encourage his Adherence to that Power to whose timely Succour he was indebted for it.

When the Traveller was again placed in the Road of *Happiness*, I saw *Habit* again gliding before him, but reduced to the Stature of a Dwarf, without Strength and without Activity; but when the *Passions*

sions or *Appetites*, which had before seduced him, made their Approach, *Habit* would on a sudden start into Size, and with unexpected Violence push him towards them. The Wretch, thus impelled on one Side, and allured on the other, too frequently quitted the Road of *Happiness*, to which, after his second Deviation from it, he rarely returned. But if, by a timely call upon *Religion*, the Force of *Habit* was eluded, her Attacks grew fainter, and at last her Correspondence with the Enemy was intirely destroyed. She then began to employ those restless Faculties in Compliance with the Power which she could not overcome; and as she grew again in Stature and in Strength, cleared away the Asperities of the Road to *Happiness*.

From this Road I could not easily withdraw my Attention, because all who travelled it appeared chearful and satisfied; and the farther they proceeded, the greater appeared their Alacrity, and the stronger their Conviction of the Wisdom of their Guide. Some who had never deviated but by short Excursions had *Habit* in the Middle of their Passage vigorously supporting them, and driving off their *Appetites* and *Passions* which attempted to interrupt their Progress. Others, who had entered this Road late, or had long forsaken it, were toiling on without her Help at least, and commonly against her Endeavours. But I observed, when they approached to the barren Top, that few were able to proceed without some Support from *Habit*; and that they, whose *Habits* were strong, advanced towards the Mists with little Emotion, and entered them at last with Calmness and Confidence; after which, they were seen only by the Eye of *Religion*; and though *Reason* looked after them with the most earnest Curiosity, she could only obtain a faint Glimpse, when her Mistress, to enlarge her Prospect, raised her from the Ground.

Reason,

Reason, however, discerned that they were safe, but *Religion* saw that they were happy.

‘ Now, *Theodore*,’ said my Protector, ‘ withdraw thy View from the Regions of Obscurity, and see the Fate of those who, when they were dismissed by *Education*, would admit no Direction but that of *Reason*. Survey their Wanderings, and be wise.’

I looked then upon the Road of *Reason*, which was indeed, so far as it reached, the same with that of *Religion*, nor had *Reason* discovered it but by her Instruction. Yet when she had once been taught it, she clearly saw that it was right; and *Pride* had sometimes incited her to declare that she discovered it herself, and persuaded her to offer herself as a Guide to *Religion*, whom after many vain Experiments she found it her highest Privilege to follow. *Reason* was however at last well instructed in Part of the Way, and appeared to teach it with some Success, when her Precepts were not misrepresented by *Passion*, or her Influence overborne by *Appetite*. But neither of these Enemies was she able to resist. When *Passion* seized upon her Votaries, she seldom attempted Opposition: She seemed indeed to contend with more Vigour against *Appetite*, but was generally overwearied in the Contest; and if either of her Opponents had confederated with *Habit*, her Authority was wholly at an End. When *Habit* endeavoured to captivate the Votaries of *Religion*, she grew by slow Degrees, and gave Time to escape; but in seizing the unhappy Followers of *Reason*, she proceeded as one that had nothing to fear, and enlarged her Size, and doubled her Chains without Intermission, and without Reserve.

Of those who forsook the Directions of *Reason*, some were led aside by the Whispers of *Ambition*, who was perpetually pointing to stately Palaces, situated on Eminences on either Side, recounting the Delights

Delights of Affluence, and boasting the Security of Power. They were easily persuaded to follow her, and *Habit* quickly threw her Chains upon them; they were soon convinced of the Folly of their Choice, but few of them attempted to return. *Ambition* led them forward from Precipice to Precipice, where many fell and were seen no more. Those that escaped were, after a long Series of Hazards, generally delivered over to *Avarice*, and enlisted by her in the Service of *Tyranny*, where they continued to heap up Gold till their Patrons or their Heirs pushed them headlong at last into the Caverns of *Despair*.

Others were inticed by *Intemperance* to ramble in Search of those Fruits that hung over the Rocks, and filled the Air with their Fragrance. I observed, that the *Habits* which hovered about these soon grew to an enormous Size, nor were there any who less attempted to return to *Reason*, or sooner sunk into the Gulphs that lay before them. When these first quitted the Road, *Reason* looked after them with a Frown of Contempt, but had little Expectations of being able to reclaim them; for the Bowl of Intoxication was of such Qualities as to make them lose all Regard but for the present Moment; neither *Hope* nor *Fear* could enter their Retreats; and *Habit* had so absolute a Power, that even *Conscience*, if *Religion* had employed her in their Favour, would not have been able to force an Entrance.

There were others whose Crime it was rather to neglect *Reason* than to disobey her; and who retreated from the Heat and Tumult of the Way, not to the Bowers of *Intemperance*, but to the Maze of *Indolence*. They had this Peculiarity in their Condition, that they were always in Sight of the Road of *Reason*, always wishing for her Presence, and always resolving to return To-morrow. In these was most eminently conspicuous the Subtlety of *Habit*,
who

who hung imperceptible Shackles upon them, and was every Moment leading them farther from the Road, which they always imagined that they had the Power of reaching. They wandering on from one Double of the Labyrinth to another with the Chains of *Habit* hanging secretly upon them, till, as they advanced, the Flowers grew paler, and the Scents fainter; they proceeded in their dreary March without Pleasure in their Progress, yet without Power to return; and had this Aggravation above all others, that they were criminal but not delighted. The Drunkard for a Time laughed over his Wine; the ambitious Man triumphed in the Misfortune of his Rival; but the Captives of *Indolence* had neither Superiority nor Merriment. *Discontent* lowered in their Looks, and *Sadness* hovered round their Shades; yet they crawled on reluctant and gloomy, till they arrived at the Depth of the Recess, varied only with Poppies and Nightshade, where the Dominion of *Indolence* terminates, and the hopeless Wanderer is delivered up to *Melancholy*: The Chains of *Habit* are riveted for ever; and *Melancholy*, having tortured her Prisoner for a Time, consigns him at last to the Cruelty of *Despair*.

While I was musing on this miserable Scene, my Protector called out to me, 'Remember, *Theodore*, 'and be wise, and let not HABIT prevail against thee.' I started, and beheld myself surrounded by the Rocks of *Teneriffe*; the Birds of Light were singing in the Trees, and the Glances of the Morning darted upon me.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

KING OF PRUSSIA,

Written in the Year, 1756.

CHARLES FREDERICK the present King of *Prussia*, whose Actions and Designs now keep *Europe* in Attention, is the Eldest Son of *Frederick William* by *Sophia Dorothea*, Daughter of *George* the First, King of *England*. He was born *January 24, 1711-12*. Of his early Years nothing remarkable has been transmitted to us. As he advanced towards Manhood, he became remarkable by his Disagreement with his Father.

The late King of *Prussia*, was of a Disposition violent and arbitrary, of narrow Views, and vehement Passions, earnestly engaged in little Pursuits, or in Schemes terminating in some speedy Consequence, without any Plan of lasting Advantage to himself or his Subjects, or any Prospect of distant Events. He was therefore always busy though no Effects of his Activity ever appeared, and always eager though he had nothing to gain. His Behaviour was to the last Degree rough and savage. The least Provocation, whether designed or accidental, was returned by Blows, which he did not always forbear to the Queen and Princesses.

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From such a King and such a Father it was not any enormous Violation of Duty in the immediate Heir of a Kingdom sometimes to differ in Opinion, and to maintain that Difference with decent Pertinacity. A Prince of a quick Sagacity and comprehensive Knowledge must find many Practices in the Conduct of Affairs which he could not approve, and some which he could scarcely forbear to oppose.

The chief Pride of the old King was to be Master of the tallest Regiment in *Europe*. He therefore brought together from all Parts Men above the common military Standard. To exceed the Height of six Feet was a certain Recommendation to Notice, and to approach that of Seven a Claim to Distinction. Men will readily go where they are sure to be caressed, and he had therefore such a Collection of Giants as perhaps was never seen in the World before.

To review this towering Regiment was his daily Pleasure, and to perpetuate it was so much his Care, that when he met a tall Woman, he immediately commanded one of his Titanian Retinue to marry her, that they might propagate Procerity, and produce Heirs to the Fathers Habiliments.

In all this there was apparent Folly, but there was no Crime. The tall Regiment made a fine Shew at an Expence not much greater, when once it was collected, than would have been bestowed upon common Men. But the King's military Pastimes were sometimes more pernicious. He maintained a numerous Army of which he made no other Use than to review and to talk of it, and when he, or perhaps his Emissaries saw a Boy, whose form and sprightliness promised a future Soldier, he ordered a Kind of a Badge to be put about his Neck by which he was marked out for the Service, like the Sons of Christian Captives in *Turkey*, and

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his Parents were forbidden to destine him to any other Mode of Life.

This was sufficiently oppressive, but this was not the utmost of his Tyranny. He had learned, though otherwise perhaps no very great Politician, that to be rich was to be powerful; but that the Riches of a King, ought to be seen in the Opulence of his Subjects, he wanted either Ability or Benevolence to understand. He therefore raised exorbitant Taxes from every Kind of Commodity and Possession, and piled up the Money in his Treasury, from which it issued no more. How the Land which had paid Taxes once was to pay them a second Time, how Imposts could be levied without Commerce, or Commerce continued without Money, it was not his Custom to enquire. Eager to snatch at Money and delighted to count it, he felt new Joy at every Receipt, and thought himself enriched by the Impoverishment of his Dominions.

By which of these Freaks of Royalty the Prince was offended, or whether, as perhaps more frequently happens, the Offences of which he complained were of a domestic and personal Kind, it is not easy to discover. But his Resentment, whatever was its Cause, rose so high, that he resolved not only to leave his Father's Court, but his Territories, and to seek a Refuge among the neighbouring or kindred Princes. It is generally believed that his Intention was to come to *England*, and live under the Protection of his Uncle, till his Father's Death or Change of Conduct should give him Liberty to return.

His Design, whatever it was, he concerted with an Officer of the Army whose Name was *Kat*, a Man in whom he placed great Confidence, and whom having chosen him for the Companion of his Flight, he necessarily trusted with the preparatory Measures. A Prince cannot leave his Country with the Speed of

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a meaner Fugitive. Something was to be provided, and something to be adjusted. And, whether *Kat* found the Agency of others necessary, and therefore was constrained to admit some Partners of the Secret; whether Levity or Vanity incited him to disburden himself of a Trust that swelled in his Bosom, or to shew to a Friend or Mistress his own Importance; or whether it be in itself difficult for Princes to transact any thing in secret; so it was, that the King was informed of the intended Flight, and the Prince and his Favourite, a little before the Time settled for their Departure, were arrested, and confined in different Places.

The Life of Princes is seldom in Danger, the Hazard of their Irregularities falls only on those whom Ambition or Affection combines with them. The King, after an Imprisonment of some Time, set his Son at Liberty, but poor *Kat* was ordered to be tried for a capital Crime. The Court examined the Cause and acquitted him; the King remanded him to a second Trial, and obliged his Judges to condemn him. In consequence of the Sentence thus tyrannically extorted, he was publicly beheaded, leaving behind him some Papers of Reflexions made in the Prison, which were afterwards printed, and among others an Admonition to the Prince for whose Sake he suffered, not to foster in himself the Opinion of Destiny, for that a Providence is discoverable in every Thing round us.

This cruel Prosecution of a Man who had committed no Crime, but by compliance with Influence not easily to be resisted, was not the only Act by which the old King irritated his Son. A Lady with whom the Prince was suspected of Intimacy, perhaps more than Virtue allowed, was seized, I know not upon what Accusation, and, by the King's Order, notwithstanding all the Reasons of Decency and Tenderness that operate in other Countries and
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other Judicatures, was publicly whipped in the Streets of *Berlin*.

At last, that the Prince might feel the Power of a King and a Father in its utmost Rigour, he was in 1733 married against his Will to the Princess *Elizabeth Christina* of *Brunswick Lunenburg Beverm*. He married her indeed at his Father's Command, but without professing for her either Esteem or Affection, and considering the Claim of parental Authority fully satisfied by the external Ceremony, obstinately and perpetually during the Life of his Father, refrained from her Bed. The poor Princess lived about seven Years in the Court of *Berlin*, in a State which the World has not often seen, a Wife without a Husband, married so far as to engage her Person to a Man who did not desire her Affection, and of whom it was doubtful whether he thought himself restrained from the Power of Repudiation by an Act performed under evident Compulsion.

Thus he lived secluded from public Business, in Contention with his Father, in Alienation from his Wife. This State of Uneasiness he found the only Means of softening. He diverted his Mind from the Scenes about him by Studies and liberal Amusements. The Studies of Princes seldom produce great Effects, for Princes draw with meaner Mortals the Lot of Understanding; and since of many Students not more than one can be hoped to advance far towards Perfection, it is scarcely to be expected that we should find that one a Prince; that the Desire of Science should overpower in any Mind the Love of Pleasure when it is always present or always within Call; that laborious Meditation should be preferred in the Days of Youth to Amusements and Festivity; or that Perseverance should press forward in Contempt of Flattery; and that he in whom moderate Acquisitions would be extolled as Prodigies, should exact from himself that Excellence

of which the whole World conspires to spare him the Necessity.

In every great Performance, perhaps in every great Character, Part is the Gift of Nature, Part the Contribution of Accident, and Part, very often not the greatest Part, the Effect of voluntary Election, and regular Design. The King of *Prussia* was undoubtedly born with more than common Abilities; but that he has cultivated them with more than common Diligence was probably the Effect of his peculiar Condition, of that which he then considered as Cruelty and Misfortune.

In this long Interval of Unhappiness and Obscurity he acquired Skill in the mathematical Sciences, such as is said to put him on the Level with those who have made them the Business of their Lives. This is probably to say too much, the Acquisitions of Kings are always magnified. His Skill in Poetry and in the *French* Language have been loudly praised by *Voltaire*, a Judge without Exception, if his Honesty were equal to his Knowledge. Musick he not only understands but practises on the German Flute in the highest Perfection, so that according to the regal Censure of *Philip* of *Macedon*, he may be ashamed to play so well.

He may be said to owe to the Difficulties of his Youth an Advantage less frequently obtained by Princes than Literature and Mathematics. The Necessity of passing his Time without Pomp, and of partaking of the Pleasures and Labours of a lower Station, made him acquainted with the various Forms of Life, and with the genuine Passions, Interests, Desires and Distresses of Mankind. Kings without this Help from temporary Infelicity see the World in a Mist, which magnifies every Thing near them, and bounds their View to a narrow Compass, which few are able to extend by the mere Force of Curiosity. I have always thought that what *Crom-*
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well had more than our lawful Kings, he owed to the private Condition in which he first entered the World, and in which he long continued; in that State he learned his Art of secret Transaction, and the Knowledge by which he was able to oppose Zeal to Zeal, and make one Enthusiast destroy another.

The King of *Prussia* gained the same Arts, and being born to fairer Opportunities of using them, brought to the Throne the Knowledge of a private Man without the Guilt of Usurpation. Of this general Acquaintance with the World there may be found some Traces in his whole Life. His Conversation is like that of other Men upon common Topics; his Letters have an Air of familiar Elegance, and his whole Conduct is that of a Man who has to do with Men, and who is ignorant what Motives will prevail over Friends or Enemies.

In 1740 the old King fell sick, and spoke and acted in his Illness with his usual Turbulence and Roughness, reproaching his Physicians in the grossest Terms with their Unskilfulness and Impotence; and imputing to their Ignorance or Wickedness the Pain which their Prescriptions failed to relieve. These Insults they bore with the Submission which is commonly paid to despotic Monarchs; till at last the celebrated *Hoffman* was consulted, who failing like the rest to give Ease to his Majesty was like the rest treated with injurious Language. *Hoffman*, conscious of his own Merit, replied, that he could not bear Reproaches which he did not deserve; that he had tried all the Remedies that Art could supply, or Nature could admit; that he was indeed a Professor by his Majesty's Bounty, but that if his Abilities or Integrity were doubted, he was willing to leave not only the University but the Kingdom, and that he could not be driven into any Place where the Name of *Hoffman* would want Respect. The King, however unaccustomed to such Returns, was struck with

Conviction of his own Indecency, told *Hoffman* that he had spoken well, and requested him to continue his Attendance.

The King finding his Distemper gaining upon his Strength, grew at last sensible that his End was approaching, and ordering the Prince to be called to his Bed, laid several Injunctions upon him, of which one was to perpetuate the tall Regiment by continual Recruits, and another to receive his espoused Wife. The Prince gave him a respectful Answer, but wisely avoided to diminish his own Right or Power by an absolute Promise, and the King died uncertain of the Fate of the tall Regiment.

The young King began his Reign with great Expectations, which he has yet surpassed. His Father's Faults produced many Advantages to the first Years of his Reign. He had an Army of seventy thousand Men well disciplined, without any Imputation of Severity to himself, and was Master of a vast Treasure without the Crime or Reproach of raising it. It was publicly said in our House of Commons, that he had Eight Millions Sterling of our Money, but, I believe, he that said it had not considered how difficultly Eight Millions would be found in all the *Prussian* Dominions. Men judge of what they see not by that which they see. We are used to talk in *England* of Millions with great Familiarity, and imagine that there is the same Affluence of Money in other Countries, in Countries whose Manufactures are few, and Commerce little.

Every Man's first Cares are necessarily domestic. The King being now no longer under Influence or its Appearance, determined how to act towards the unhappy Lady who had possessed for seven Years the empty Title of the Princess of *Prussia*. The Papers of those Times exhibited the Conversation of their first Interview; as if the King who plans Campaigns in silence would not accommodate a Difference with his

his Wife, but with Writers of News admitted as Witnesses. It is certain that he received her as Queen, but whether he treats her as a Wife is yet in Dispute.

In a few Days his Resolution was known with Regard to the tall Regiment; for some Recruits being offered him, he rejected them, and this Body of Giants, by continued Disregard, mouldered away.

He treated his Mother with great Respect, ordered that she should bear the Title of Queen Mother, and that instead of addressing him as *his Majesty*, she should only call him Son.

As he was passing soon after between *Berlin* and *Potsdam*, a thousand Boys who had been marked out for military Service, surrounded his Coach, and cried out, *Merciful King deliver us from our Slavery*. He promised them their Liberty, and ordered the next Day that the Badge should be taken off.

He still continued that Correspondence with learned Men, which he began when he was Prince, and the Eyes of all Scholars, a Race of Mortals formed for Dependence, were upon him, as a Man likely to renew the Times of Patronage, and to emulate the Bounties of *Lewis* the Fourteenth.

It soon appeared that he was resolved to govern with very little ministerial Assistance; he took Cognizance of every Thing with his own Eyes, declared that in all Contrarieties of Interest between him and his Subjects, the public Good should have the Preference, and in one of the first Exertions of regal Power banished the prime Minister and Favourite of his Father, as one that had *betrayed his Master and abused his Trust*.

He then declared his Resolution to grant a general Toleration of Religion, and among other Liberalities of Concession allowed the Profession of *Free Masonry*. It is the great Taint of his Character that he has given Reason to doubt, whether this

Toleration is the Effect of Charity or Indifference, whether he means to support good Men of every Religion, or considers all Religions as equally good.

There had subsisted for some Time in *Prussia* an Order called the *Order for Favour*, which, according to its Denomination, had been conferred with very little Distinction. The King instituted the *Order for Merit*, with which he honoured those whom he considered as deserving. There were some who thought their Merit not sufficiently recompensed by this new Title, but he was not very ready to grant pecuniary Rewards. Those who were most in his Favour he sometimes presented with Snuff-boxes, on which was inscribed, *Amitie augmente le Prix*.

He was, however, charitable if not liberal, for he ordered the Magistrates of the several Districts to be very attentive to the Relief of the Poor, and if the Funds established for that Use were not sufficient, permitted that the Deficiency should be supplied out of the Revenues of the Town.

One of his first Cares was the Advancement of Learning. Immediately upon his Accession, he wrote to *Rollin* and *Voltaire* that he desired the Continuance of their Friendship, and sent for Mr. *Maupertuis* the Principal of the *French* Academicians who passed a Winter in *Lapland* to verify, by the Mensuration of a Degree near the Pole, the *Newtonian* Doctrine of the Form of the Earth. He requested of *Maupertuis* to come to *Berlin* to settle an Academy, in Terms of great Ardour and great Condescension.

At the same Time he shewed the World that literary Amusements were not likely, as has more than once happened to royal Students, to withdraw him from the Care of the Kingdom, or make him forget his Interest. He began by reviving a Claim to *Herstal* and *Hermal*, two Districts in the Possession of the Bishop of *Liege*. When he sent his Commissary

to

to demand the Homage of the Inhabitants, they refused him Admission, declaring that they acknowledged no Sovereign but the Bishop. The King then wrote a Letter to the Bishop, in which he complained of the Violation of his Right, and the Contempt of his Authority, charged the Prelate with countenancing the late Act of Disobedience, and required an Answer in two Days.

In three Days the Answer was sent, in which the Bishop founds his Claim to the two Lordships, upon a Grant of *Charles* the Fifth, guaranteed by *France* and *Spain*; alledges that his Predecessors had enjoyed this Grant above a Century, and that he never intended to infringe the Rights of *Prussia*; but as the House of *Brandenburg* had always made some Pretensions to that Territory, he was willing to do what other Bishops had offered, to purchase that Claim for an hundred thousand Crowns.

To every Man that knows the State of the feudal Countries, the Intricacy of their Pedigrees, the Confusion of their Alliances, and the different Rules of Inheritance that prevail in different Places, it will appear evident, that of reviving antiquated Claims there can be no End, and that the Possession of a Century is a better Title than can commonly be produced. So long a Prescription supposes an Acquiescence in the other Claimants, and that Acquiescence supposes also some Reason, perhaps now unknown, for which the Claim was forborn. Whether this Rule could be considered as valid in the Controversy between these Sovereigns may however be doubted, for the Bishop's Answer seems to imply that the Title of the House of *Brandenburg* had been kept alive by repeated Claims, though the Seizure of the Territory had been hitherto forborn.

The King did not suffer his Claim to be subjected to any Altercations, but having published a Declaration in which he charged the Bishop with
Violence

Violence and Injustice, and remarked that the feudal Laws allowed every Man whose Possession was withheld from him, to enter it with an armed Force, he immediately dispatched two thousand Soldiers into the controverted Countries, where they lived without Controul, exercising every Kind of military Tyranny, till the Cries of the Inhabitants forced the Bishop to relinquish them to the quiet Government of *Prussia*.

This was but a petty Acquisition, the Time was now come when the King of *Prussia* was to form and execute greater Designs. On the 9th of *October* 1740, half *Europe* was thrown into Confusion by the Death of *Charles* the Sixth, Emperor of *Germany*, by whose Death all the hereditary Dominions of the House of *Austria* descended, according to the pragmatic Sanction, to his eldest Daughter, who was married to the Duke of *Lorrain*, at the Time of the Emperor's Death, Duke of *Tuscany*.

By how many Securities the pragmatic Sanction was fortified, and how little it was regarded when those Securities became necessary: How many Claimants started up at once to the several Dominions of the House of *Austria*: How vehemently their Pretensions were enforced, and how many Invasions were threatened or attempted: The Distresses of the Emperor's Daughter known for several Years by the Title only of the Queen of *Hungary*, because *Hungary* was the only Country to which her Claim had not been disputed: The Firmness with which she struggled with her Difficulties, and the good Fortune by which she surmounted them: The narrow Plan of this Essay will not suffer me to relate. Let them be told by some other Writer of more Leisure and wider Intelligence.

Upon the Emperor's Death, many of the *German* Princes fell upon the *Austrian* Territories as upon a dead Carcase to be dismembered among them without

out Resistance. Among these with whatever Justice, certainly with very little Generosity, was the King of *Prussia*, who having assembled his Troops, as was imagined to support the pragmatic Sanction, on a sudden entered *Silesia* with thirty thousand Men, publishing a Declaration in which he disclaims any Design of injuring the Rights of the House of *Austria*, but urges his Claim to *Silesia*, as arising from *antient Conventions of Family and Confraternity between the House of Brandenburg, and the Princes of Silesia, and other honourable Titles.* He says, the Fear of being defeated by other Pretenders to the *Austrian* Dominions, obliged him to enter *Silesia* without any previous Expostulation with the Queen, and that he shall *strenuously espouse the Interests of the House of Austria.*

Such a Declaration was, I believe, in the Opinion of all *Europe*, nothing less than the Aggravation of Hostility by Insult, and was received by the *Austrians* with suitable Indignation. The King pursued his Purpose, marched forward, and in the Frontiers of *Silesia* made a Speech to his Followers, in which he told them, that he considered them rather 'as Friends
' than Subjects, that the Troops of *Brandenburg* had
' been always eminent for their Bravery, that they
' would always fight in his Presence, and that he
' would recompense those who should distinguish
' themselves in his Service, rather as a Father than
' as a King.'

The Civilities of the Great are never thrown away. The Soldiers would naturally follow such a Leader with Alacrity; especially because they expected no Opposition: But human Expectations are frequently deceived.

Entering thus suddenly into a Country which he was supposed rather likely to protect than to invade, he acted for some Time with absolute Authority; but supposing that this Submission would not always
last,

last, he endeavoured to persuade the Queen to a Cession of *Silesia*, imagining that she would easily be persuaded to yield what was already lost. He therefore ordered his Ministers to declare at *Vienna*, ' That he was ready to guaranty all the German Dominions of the House of *Austria*. That he would conclude a Treaty with *Austria*, *Russia*, and the maritime Powers. That he would endeavour that the Duke of *Lorrain* should be elected Emperor, and believed that he could accomplish it. That he would immediately advance to the Queen two Millions of Florins. That in Recompence for all this he required *Silesia* to be yielded to him.

These seem not to be the Offers of a Prince very much convinced of his own Right. He afterwards moderated his Claim, and ordered his Minister to hint at *Vienna*, that half of *Silesia* would content him.

The Queen answered, That though the King alleged as his Reason for entering *Silesia*, the Danger of the *Austrian* Territories from other Pretenders, and endeavours to persuade her to give up Part of her Possessions for the Preservation of the rest, it was evident that he was the first and only Invader, and that till he entered in a hostile Manner, all her Estates were unmolested.

To his Promises of Assistance she replied, That she set an high Value on the King of *Prussia*'s Friendship, but that he was already obliged to assist her against Invaders both by the golden Bull, and the pragmatic Sanction, of which he was a Guarantee, and that if these Ties were of no Force she knew not what to hope from other Engagements. Of his Offers of Alliances with *Russia* and the maritime Powers, she observed, that it could be never fit to alienate her Dominions for the Consolidation of an Alliance formed only to keep them intire.

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With regard to his Interest in the Election of an Emperor she expressed her Gratitude in strong Terms; but added, that the Election ought to be free, and that it must be necessarily embarrassed by Contentions thus raised in the Heart of the Empire. Of the pecuniary Assistance proposed she remarks, that no Prince ever made War to oblige another to take Money, and that the Contributions already levied in *Silesia* exceed the two Millions offered as its Purchase.

She concluded, that as she values the King's Friendship, she was willing to purchase it by any Compliance, but the Diminution of her Dominions, and exhorted him to perform his Part in support of the pragmatic Sanction.

The King finding Negotiation thus ineffectual, pushed forward his Inroads, and now began to show how secretly he could take his Measures. When he called a Council of War, he proposed the Question in a few Words, all his Generals wrote their Opinions in his Presence upon separate Papers, which he carried away, and examining them in private formed his Resolution without imparting it otherwise than by his Orders.

He began not without Policy to seize first upon the Estates of the Clergy, an Order every where necessary, and every where envied. He plundered the Convents of their Stores of Provision, and told them that he never had heard of any Magazines erected by the Apostles.

This Insult was mean, because it was unjust, but those who could not resist were obliged to bear it. He proceeded in his Expedition, and a Detachment of his Troops took *Jablunca*, one of the strong Places of *Silesia*, which was soon after abandoned for want of Provisions, which the *Austrian* Hussars, who were now in Motion, were busy to interrupt.

One of the most remarkable Events of the *Silesia* War, was the Conquest of great *Glogau*, which was taken by an Assault in the Dark, headed by Prince *Leopold* of *Anhalt Dessau*. They arrived at the Foot of the Fortifications about Twelve at Night, and in two Hours were Masters of the Place. In Attempts of this Kind many Accidents happen which cannot be heard without Surprise. Four *Prussian* Grenadiers who had climbed the Ramparts, missing their own Company, met an *Austrian* Captain with fifty-two Men; they were at first frightened, and were about to retreat, but gathering Courage, commanded the *Austrians* to lay down their Arms, and in the Terror of Darkness and Confusion were unexpectedly obeyed.

At the same Time a Conspiracy to kill or carry away the King of *Prussia* was said to be discovered. The *Prussians* published a Memorial in which the *Austrian* Court was accused of employing Emissaries and Assassins against the King; and it was alleged in direct Terms, that one of them had confessed himself obliged by Oath to destroy him, which Oath had been given him in an Aulic Council in the Presence of the Duke of *Lorrain*.

To this the *Austrians* answered, That the Character of the Queen and Duke was too well known not to destroy the Force of such an Accusation, that the Tale of the Confession was an Imposture, and that no such Attempt was ever made.

Each Party was now inflamed, and Orders were given to the *Austrian* General to hazard a Battle. The two Armies met at *Molwitz*, and parted without a compleat Victory on either Side. The *Austrians* quitted the Field in good Order, and the King of *Prussia* rode away upon the first Disorder of his Troops without waiting for the last Event. This Attention to his personal Safety has not yet been forgotten.

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After this there was no Action of much Importance. But the King of *Prussia* irritated by Opposition, transferred his Interest in the Election to the Duke of *Bavaria*; and the Queen of *Hungary*, now attacked by *France*, *Spain*, and *Bavaria*, was obliged to make Peace with him at the Expence of half *Silesia*, without procuring those Advantages which were once offered her.

To enlarge Dominions has been the Boast of many Princes, to diffuse Happiness and Security through wide Regions has been granted to few. The King of *Prussia* has aspired to both these Honours, and endeavoured to join the Praise of Legislator to that of Conqueror.

To settle Property, to suppress false Claims, and to regulate the Administration of civil and criminal Justice, are Attempts so difficult and so useful, that I shall willingly suspend or contract the History of Battles and Sieges, to give a larger Account of this pacific Enterprize.

That the King of *Prussia* has considered the Nature and the Reasons of Laws with more Attention than is common to Princes, appears from his Dissertation on the *Reasons for enacting and repealing Laws*. A Piece which yet deserves Notice, rather as a Proof of good Inclination than of great Ability. For there is nothing to be found in it more than the most obvious Books may supply, or the weakest Intellect discover. Some of his Observations are just and useful, but upon such a Subject who can think without often thinking right? It is however not to be omitted, that he appears always propense towards the Side of Mercy. 'If a poor Man,' says he, 'steals in his Want a Watch, or a few Pieces from one to whom the Loss is inconsiderable, is this a Reason for condemning him to Death?'

He regrets that the Laws against Duels have been ineffectual, and is of Opinion, that they can never attain

attain their End, unless the Princes of *Europe* shall agree not to afford an Asylum to Duellists, and to punish all who shall insult their Equals either by Word, Deed, or Writing. He seems to suspect this Scheme of being chimerical. 'Yet why,' says he, 'should not personal Quarrels be submitted to Judges as well as Questions of Possession, and why should not a Congress be appointed for the general Good of Mankind, as well as for so many Purposes of less Importance.'

He declares himself with great Ardour against the use of Torture, and by some Misinformation charges the English that they still retain it.

It is perhaps impossible to review the Laws of any Country without discovering many Defects and many Superfluities. Laws often continue, when their Reasons have ceased. Laws made for the first State of the Society continue unabolished, when the general Form of Life is changed. Parts of the judicial Procedure which were at first only accidental became in Time essential; and Formalities are accumulated on each other, till the Art of Litigation requires more Study than the Discovery of Right.

The King of *Prussia* examining the Institutions of his own Country, thought them such as could only be amended by a general Abrogation, and the Establishment of a new Body of Law, to which he gave the Name of the CODE FREDERIC, which is comprized in one Volume of no great Bulk, and must therefore unavoidably contain general Positions, to be accommodated to particular Cases by the Wisdom and Integrity of the Courts. To embarrass Justice by Multiplicity of Laws, or to hazard it by Confidence in Judges, seem to be the opposite Rocks on which all civil Institutions have been wrecked, and between which legislative Wisdom has never yet found an open Passage.

Of this new System of Laws, contracted as it is, a full Account cannot be expected in these Memoirs, but that Curiosity may not be dismissed without some Gratification, it has been thought proper to epitomise the King's *Plan for the Reformation of his Courts*.

The Differences which arise between Members of the same Society may be terminated by a voluntary Agreement between the Parties, by Arbitration, or by a judicial Process.

The two first Methods produce more frequently a temporary Suspension of Disputes than a final Termination. Courts of Justice are therefore necessary, with a settled Method of Procedure, of which the most simple is to cite the Parties, to hear their Pleas, and dismiss them with immediate Decision.

This however is in many Cases impracticable, and in others is so seldom practised that it is frequent rather to incur Loss than to seek for legal Reparation, by entering a Labyrinth of which there is no End.

This Tediumness of Suits keeps the Parties in Disquiet and Perturbation, rouses and perpetuates Animosities, exhausts the Litigants by Expence, retards the Progress of their Fortune, and discourages Strangers from settling.

These Inconveniences, with which the best regulated Politics of *Europe* are embarrassed, must be removed, not by the total Prohibition of Suits, which is impossible, but by Contraction of Processes; by opening an easy Way for the Appearance of Truth, and removing all Obstructions by which it is concealed.

The Ordinance of 1667, by which *Lewis XIV.* established an Uniformity of Procedure through all his Courts, has been considered as one of the greatest Benefits of his Reign.

‘ The King of *Prussia* observing that each of his
‘ Provinces had a different Method of judicial Pro-
‘ cedure, proposed to reduce them all to one Form,
‘ which being tried with Success in *Pomerania*, a
‘ Province remarkable for Contention, he afterwards
‘ extended to all his Dominions, ordering the Judges
‘ to inform him of any Difficulties which arose from
‘ it.

‘ Some settled Method is necessary in judicial Pro-
‘ cedures. Small and simple Causes might be de-
‘ cided upon the oral Pleas of the two Parties ap-
‘ pearing before the Judge: But many Cases are so
‘ entangled and perplexed as to require all the Skill
‘ and Abilities of those who devote their Lives to
‘ the Study of the Law.

‘ Advocates, or Men who can understand and
‘ explain the Question to be discussed, are therefore
‘ necessary. But these Men, instead of endeavouring
‘ to promote Justice, and discover Truth, have ex-
‘ erted their Wits in the Defence of bad Causes, by
‘ Forgeries of Facts and Fallacies of Argument.

‘ To remedy this Evil the King has ordered an
‘ Inquiry into the Qualifications of the Advocates.
‘ All those who practise without a regular Admission,
‘ or who can be convicted of disingenuous Practice,
‘ are discarded. And the Judges are commanded
‘ to examine which of the Causes now depending
‘ have been protracted by the Crimes and Ignorance
‘ of the Advocates, and to dismiss those who shall
‘ appear culpable.

‘ When Advocates are too numerous to live by
‘ honest Practice they busy themselves in exciting
‘ Disputes, and disturbing the Community: The
‘ Number of these to be employed in each Court is
‘ therefore fixed.

‘ The Reward of the Advocates is fixed with due
‘ Regard to the Nature of the Cause, and the La-
‘ bour required; but not a Penny is received by them
‘ till

‘ till the Suit is ended, that it may be their Interest,
‘ as well as that of the Clients, to shorten the Pro-
‘ cess.

‘ No Advocate is admitted in petty Courts, small
‘ Towns, or Villages; where the Poverty of the
‘ People, and for the most Part the low Value
‘ of the Matter contested, make Dispatch absolutely
‘ necessary. In those Places the Parties shall appear
‘ in Person, and the Judge make a summary De-
‘ cision.

‘ There must be likewise allowed a Subordination
‘ of Tribunals, and a Power of Appeal. No
‘ Judge is so skilful and attentive as not sometimes
‘ to err. Few are so honest as not sometimes to
‘ be partial. Petty Judges would become insup-
‘ portably tyrannical if they were not restrained by
‘ the Fear of a superior Judicature; and their De-
‘ cisions would be negligent or arbitrary if they
‘ were not in Danger of seeing them examined and
‘ cancelled.

‘ The Right of Appeal must be restrained, that
‘ Causes may not be transferred without End from
‘ Court to Court; and a peremptory Decision must
‘ at last be made.

‘ When an Appeal is made to a higher Court,
‘ the Appellant is allowed only four Weeks to frame
‘ his Bill, the Judge of the lower Court being to
‘ transmit to the higher all the Evidences and In-
‘ formations. If upon the first View of the Cause
‘ thus opened, it shall appear that the Appeal was
‘ made without just Cause, the first Sentence shall
‘ be confirmed without Citation of the Defendant.
‘ If any new Evidence shall appear, or any Doubts
‘ arise, both the Parties shall be heard.

‘ In the Discussion of Causes Altercation must be
‘ allowed; yet to Altercation some Limits must be
‘ put. There are therefore allowed a Bill, an An-

swer, a Reply, and a Rejoinder, to be delivered in Writing.

No Cause is allowed to be heard in more than three different Courts. To further the first Decision, every Advocate is enjoined under severe Penalties not to begin a Suit till he has collected all the necessary Evidence. If the first Court has decided in an unsatisfactory Manner, an Appeal may be made to the second, and from the second to the third. The Process on each Appeal is limited to six Months. The third Court may indeed pass an erroneous Judgment, and then the Injury is without Redress. But this Objection is without End, and therefore without Force. No Method can be found of preserving Humanity from Error, but of Contest there must sometime be an End; and he who thinks himself injured for want of an Appeal to a fourth Court, must consider himself as suffering for the Public.

There is a special Advocate appointed for the Poor.

The Attornies who had formerly the Care of collecting Evidence, and of adjusting all the Preliminaries of a Suit, are now totally dismissed; the whole Affair is put into the Hands of the Advocates, and the Office of an Attorney is annulled for ever.

If any Man is hindered by some lawful Impediment from attending his Suit, Time will be granted him upon the Representation of his Case.

Such is the Order according to which civil Justice is administered through the extensive Dominions of the King of *Prussia*; which if it exhibits nothing very subtle or profound, affords one Proof more that the Right is easily discovered, and that Men do not so often want Ability to find, as Willingness to practise it.

We now return to the War.

The Time at which the Queen of *Hungary* was willing to purchase Peace by the Resignation of *Silesia*, though it came at last, was not come yet. She had all the Spirit, though not all the Power of her Ancestors, and could not bear any Thought of losing any Part of her patrimonial Dominions to the Enemies, which the Opinion of her Weakness raised where against her.

In the Beginning of the Year 1742, the Elector of *Bavaria* was invested with the imperial Dignity, supported by the Arms of *France*, Master of the Kingdom of *Bohemia*; and confederated with the Elector *Palatine*, and the Elector of *Saxony*, who claimed *Moravia*; and with the King of *Prussia*, who was in Possession of *Silesia*.

Such was the State of the Queen of *Hungary*, pressed on every Side, and on every Side preparing for Resistance; she yet refused all Offers of Accommodation, for every Prince set Peace at a Price which she was not yet so far humbled as to pay.

The King of *Prussia* was among the most zealous and forward in the Confederacy against her. He promised to secure *Bohemia* to the Emperor, and *Moravia* to the Elector of *Saxony*; and finding no Enemy in the Field able to resist him, he returned to *Berlin*, and left *Schwerin* his General to prosecute the Conquest.

The *Prussians* in the Midst of Winter took *Olmutz* the Capital of *Moravia*, and laid the whole Country under Contribution. The Cold then hindered them from Action, and they only blocked up the Fortresses of *Brinn* and *Spielberg*.

In the Spring the King of *Prussia* came again into the Field, and undertook the Siege of *Brinn*, but upon the Approach of Prince *Charles* of *Lorraine* retired from before it, and quitted *Moravia*, leaving only a Garrison in the Capital,

The Condition of the Queen of *Hungary* was now changed. She was a few Months before without Money, without Troops, incircled with Enemies. The *Bavarians* had entered *Austria*, *Vienna* was threatened with a Siege, and the Queen left it to the Fate of War, and retired into *Hungary*, where she was received with Zeal and Affection, not unmingled however with that Neglect which must always be borne by Greatness in Distress. She bore the Disrespect of her Subjects with the same Firmness as the Outrages of her Enemies; and at last persuaded the *English* not to despair of her Preservation by not despairing herself.

Voltaire in his late History has asserted that a large Sum was raised for her Succour by voluntary Subscriptions of the *English* Ladies. It is the great Failing of a strong Imagination to catch greedily at Wonders. He was misinformed, and was perhaps unwilling to learn by a second Enquiry, a Truth less splendid and amusing. A Contribution was by News-writers upon their own Authority, fruitlessly, and, I think, illegally proposed. It ended in nothing. The Parliament voted a Supply, and five hundred thousand Pounds were remitted to her.

It has been always the Weakness of the *Austrian* Family to spend in the Magnificence of Empire those Revenues which should be kept for its Defence. The Court is splendid, but the Treasury is empty; and at the Beginning of every War, Advantages are gained against them, before their Armies can be assembled and equipped.

The *English* Money was to the *Austrians* as a Shower to a Field where all the vegetative Powers are kept unactive by a long Continuance of Drought. The Armies which had hitherto been hid in Mountains and Forests started out of their Retreats, and wherever the Queen's Standard was erected, Nations scarcely known by their Names swarmed immediately

mediately about it. An Army, especially a defensive Army, multiplies itself. The Contagion of Enterprize spreads from one Heart to another. Zeal for a Native or Detestation of a foreign Sovereign, Hope of sudden Greatness or Riches, Friendship or Emulation between particular Men, or, what are perhaps more general and powerful, Desire of Novelty and Impatience of Inactivity fill a Camp with Adventures, add Rank to Rank, and Squadron to Squadron.

The Queen had still Enemies on every Part, but she now on every Part had Armies ready to oppose them. *Austria* was immediately recovered; the Plains of *Bohemia* were filled with her Troops, though the Fortresses were garrisoned by the *French*. The *Bavarians* were recalled to the Defence of their own Country, now wasted by the IncurSION of Troops that were called Barbarians, greedy enough of Plunder, and daring perhaps beyond the Rules of War, but otherwise not more cruel than those whom they attacked. Prince *Lobkowitz* with one Army observed the Motions of *Broglio* the *French* General in *Bohemia*, and Prince *Charles* with another put a Stop to the Advances of the King of *Prussia*.

It was now the Turn of the *Prussians* to retire. They abandoned *Olmütz*, and left behind them Part of their Cannon and their Magazines. And the King finding that *Broglio* could not long oppose Prince *Lobkowitz*, hastened into *Bohemia* to his Assistance, and having received a Reinforcement of twenty three thousand Men, and taken the Castle of *Glatz*, which being built upon a Rock scarcely accessible would have defied all his Power had the Garrison been furnished with Provisions, he purposed to join his Allies and prosecute his Conquests.

Prince *Charles* seeing *Moravia* thus evacuated by the *Prussians*, determined to garrison the Towns which

which he had just recovered, and pursue the Enemy, who by the Assistance of the *French* would have been too powerful for Prince *Lobkowitz*.

Success had now given Confidence to the *Austrians*, and had proportionably abated the Spirit of their Enemies. The *Saxons* who had co-operated with the King of *Prussia* in the Conquest of *Moravia*, of which they expected the perpetual Possession, seeing all Hopes of sudden Acquisition defeated, and the Province left again to its former Masters, grew weary of following a Prince, whom they considered as no longer acting the Part of their Confederate, and when they approached the Confines of *Bohemia* took a different Road, and left the *Prussians* to their own Fortune.

The King continued his March, and *Charles* his Pursuit. At *Czaslaw* the two Armies came in Sight of one another, and the *Austrians* resolved on a decisive Day. On the 6th of *May* about Seven in the Morning, the *Austrians* began the Attack: their Impetuosity was matched by the Firmness of the *Prussians*. The Animosity of the two Armies was much inflamed: the *Austrians* were fighting for their Country, and the *Prussians* were in a Place where Defeat must inevitably end in Death or Captivity. The Fury of the Battle continued four Hours: the *Prussian* Horse were at length broken, and the *Austrians* forced their Way to the Camp, where the wild Troops who had fought with so much Vigour and Constancy, at the Sight of Plunder forgot their Obedience, nor had any Man the least Thought but how to load himself with the richest Spoils.

While the right Wing of the *Austrians* was thus employed, the main Body was left naked, the *Prussians* recovered from their Confusion and regained the Day. *Charles* was at last forced to retire, and carried with him the Standards of his Enemies, the

Proofs

Proofs of a Victory which, though so nearly gained, he had not been able to keep.

The Victory however was dearly bought, the *Prussian* Army was much weakened, and the Cavalry almost totally destroyed. Peace is easily made when it is necessary to both Parties, and the King of *Prussia* had now Reason to believe that the *Austrians* were not his only Enemies. When he found *Charles* advancing he sent to *Broglio* for Assistance, and was answered that, 'he must have Orders from *Versailles*.' Such a Desertion of his most powerful Ally disconcerted him, but the Battle was unavoidable.

When the *Prussians* were returned to the Camp, the King hearing that an *Austrian* Officer was brought in mortally wounded, had the Condescension to visit him. The Officer struck with this Act of Humanity said, after a short Conversation, 'I should die, Sir, contentedly after this Honour, if I might first show my Gratitude to your Majesty by informing you with what Allies you are now united, Allies that have no Intention but to deceive you.' The King appearing to suspect this Intelligence, 'Sir,' said the *Austrian*, 'if you will permit me to send a Messenger to *Vienna*, I believe the Queen will not refuse to transmit an intercepted Letter now in her Hands, which will put my Report beyond all Doubt.'

The Messenger was sent, and the Letter transmitted, which contained the Order sent to *Broglio*, who was 1st, forbidden to mix his Troops on any Occasion with the *Prussians*. 2d, He was ordered to act always at a Distance from the King. 3d, To keep always a Body of twenty thousand Men to observe the *Prussian* Army. 4th, To observe very closely the Motions of the King for important Reasons. 5th, To hazard nothing, but to pretend Want of Reinforcements, or the Absence of *Belhse*.

The

The King now with great Reason considered himself as disengaged from the Confederacy, being deserted by the *Saxons*, and betrayed by the *French*, he therefore accepted the Mediation of King *George*, and in three Weeks after the Battle of *Czarſlaw* made Peace with the Queen of *Hungary*, who granted to him the whole Province of *Sileſia*, a Country of ſuch Extent and Opulence that he is ſaid to receive from it one third Part of his Revenues. By one of the Articles of this Treaty it is ſtipulated, ‘ That neither ſhould aſſiſt the Enemies ‘ of the other.’

The Queen of *Hungary* thus diſentangled on one Side, and ſet free from the moſt formidable of her Enemies, ſoon perſuaded the *Saxons* to Peace; took Poſſeſſion of *Bavaria*; drove the Emperor after all his imaginary Conqueſts to the Shelter of a neutral Town, where he was treated as a Fugitive; and beſieged the *French* in *Prague*, in the City which they had taken from her.

Having thus obtained *Sileſia* the King of *Pruſſia* returned to his own Capital, where he reformed his Laws, forbid the Torture of Criminals, concluded a deſenſive Alliance with *England*, and applied himſelf to the Augmentation of his Army.

This Treaty of Peace with the Queen of *Hungary* was one of the firſt Proofs given by the King of *Pruſſia* of the Secrecy of his Counſels. *Belliſſe* the *French* General was with him in the Camp as a Friend and Coadjutor in Appearance, but in Truth a Spy, and a Writer of Intelligence. Men who have great Confidence in their own Penetration, are often by that Confidence deceived; they imagine that they can pierce through all the Involutions of Intrigue without the Diligence neceſſary to weaker Minds, and therefore ſit idle and ſecure; they believe that none can hope to deceive them, and therefore that none will try. *Belliſſe* with all his
Re-

Reputation of Sagacity, though he was in the *Prussian* Camp, gave every Day fresh Assurances of the King's Adherence to the Allies; while *Broglie*, who commanded the Army at a Distance, discovered sufficient Reasons to suspect his Desertion. *Broglie* was slighted and *Bellisle* believed, till on the 11th of *June* the Treaty was signed, and the King declared his Resolution to keep a Neutrality.

This is one of the great Performances of Policy which Mankind seem agreed to celebrate and admire, yet to all this nothing was necessary but the Determination of a very few Men to be silent.

From this Time the Queen of *Hungary* proceeded with an uninterrupted Torrent of Success. The *French* driven from Station to Station, and deprived of Fortrefs after Fortrefs, were at last enclosed with their two Generals *Bellisle* and *Broglie* in the Walls of *Prague*, which they had stored with all Provisions necessary to a Town besieged, and where they defended themselves three Months before any Prospect appeared of Relief.

The *Austrians* having been engaged chiefly in the Field, and in sudden and tumultuary Excursion rather than a regular War, had no great Degree of Skill in attacking or defending Towns. They likewise would naturally consider all the Mischiefs done to the City, as falling ultimately on themselves, and therefore were willing to gain it by Time rather than by Force.

It was apparent that how long soever *Prague* might be defended, it must be yielded at last, and therefore all Arts were tried to obtain an honourable Capitulation. The Messengers from the City were sent back sometimes unheard, but always with this Answer, That no Terms would be allowed, but that they should yield themselves Prisoners of War.

The Condition of the Garrison was in the Eyes of all *Europe* desperate; but the *French*, to whom the
Praise

Praise of Spirit and Activity cannot be denied, resolved to make an Effort for the Honour of their Arms. *Maillebois* was at that Time encamped with his Army in *Westphalia*. Orders were sent him to relieve *Prague*. The Enterprize was considered as romantic. *Maillebois* was a March of forty Days distant from *Bohemia*, the Passes were narrow, and the Ways foul; and it was likely that *Prague* would be taken before he could reach it. The March was, however, begun, the Army being joined by that of Count *Saxe* consisted of fifty thousand Men, who, notwithstanding all the Difficulties which two *Austrian* Armies could put in their Way, at last entered *Bohemia*. The Siege of *Prague* though not raised, was remitted, and a Communication was now opened to it with the Country. But the *Austrians*, by perpetual Intervention, hindered the Garrison from joining their Friends. The Officers of *Maillebois* incited him to a Battle, because the Army was hourly lessening by the Want of Provisions; but instead of pressing on to *Prague*, he retired into *Bavaria*, and completed the Ruin of the Emperor's Territories.

The Court of *France* disappointed and offended, conferred the chief Command upon *Broglio*, who escaped from the Besiegers with very little Difficulty, and kept the *Austrians* employed till *Bellisle* by a sudden Sally quitted *Prague*, and without any great Loss joined the main Army. *Broglio* then retired over the *Rhine* into the *French* Dominions, wasting in his Retreat the Country which he had undertaken to protect, and burning Towns and destroying Magazines of Corn with such Wantonness as gave Reason to believe that he expected Commendation from his Court for any Mischiefs done by whatever Means.

The *Austrians* pursued their Advantages, recovered all their strong Places, in some of which
French

French Garrisons had been left, and made themselves Masters of *Bavaria*, by taking not only *Munich* the Capital, but *Ingolstadt* the strongest Fortification in the Elector's Dominions, where they found a great Number of Cannon and Quantity of Ammunition intended in the Dreams or projected Greatness for the Siege of *Vienna*, all the Archives of the State, the Plate and Ornaments of the Electoral Palace, and what had been considered as most worthy of Preservation. Nothing but the warlike Stores were taken away. An Oath of Allegiance to the Queen was required of the *Bavarians*, but without any Explanation whether temporary or perpetual.

The Emperor lived at *Frankfort* in the Security that was allowed to neutral Places, but without much Respect from the *German* Princes, except that upon some Objections made by the Queen to the Validity of his Election, the King of *Prussia* declared himself determined to support him in the Imperial Dignity with all his Power.

This might be considered as a Token of no great Affection to the Queen of *Hungary*, but it seems not to have raised much Alarm. The *German* Princes were afraid of new Broils. To contest the Election of an Emperor once invested and acknowledged, would be to overthrow the whole *Germanic* Constitution. Perhaps no Election by Plurality of Suffrages was ever made among human Beings, to which it might not be objected that Voices were procured by illicit Influence.

Some Suspicions, however, were raised by the King's Declaration, which he endeavoured to obviate by ordering his Ministers to declare at *London* and at *Vienna*, that he was resolved not to violate the Treaty of *Breslaw*. This Declaration was sufficiently ambiguous, and could not satisfy those whom it might silence. But this was not a Time
for

for nice Disquisitions: to distrust the King of *Prussia* might have provoked him, and it was most convenient to consider him as a Friend, till he appeared openly as an Enemy.

About the Middle of the Year 1744, he raised new Alarms by collecting his Troops and putting them in Motion. The Earl of *Hindford* about this Time demanded the Troops stipulated for the Protection of *Hanover*, not perhaps because they were thought necessary, but that the King's Designs might be guessed from his Answer, which was, that Troops were not granted for the Defence of any Country till that Country was in Danger, and that he could not believe the Elector of *Hanover* to be in much Dread of an Invasion, since he had withdrawn the native Troops and put them into the Pay of *England*.

He had, undoubtedly, now formed Designs which made it necessary that his Troops should be kept together, and the Time soon came when the Scene was to be opened. Prince *Charles* of *Lorrain* having chased the *French* out of *Bavaria*, lay for some Months encamped on the *Rhine*, endeavouring to gain a Passage into *Alsace*. His Attempts had long been evaded by the Skill and Vigilance of the *French* General, till at last, *June 21*, 1744, he executed his Design, and lodged his Army in the *French* Dominions, to the Surprise and Joy of a great Part of *Europe*. It was now expected that the Territories of *France* would in their Turn feel the Miseries of War, and the Nation which so long kept the World in Alarm, be taught at last the Value of Peace.

The King of *Prussia* now saw the *Austrian* Troops at a great Distance from him, engaged in a foreign Country against the most powerful of all their Enemies. Now, therefore, was the Time to discover that he had lately made a Treaty at *F. anc-*
fort

fort with the Emperor, by which he had engaged, that as the Court of *Vienna* and its Allies appeared backward to re-establish the Tranquillity of the Empire, and more cogent Methods appeared necessary, he, being animated with a Desire of co-operating towards the Pacification of *Germany*, should make an Expedition for the Conquest of *Bohemia*, and to put it into the Possession of the Emperor, his Heirs and Successors for ever; in Gratitude for which, the Emperor should resign to him and his Successors, a certain Number of Lordships, which are now Part of the Kingdom of *Bohemia*. His Imperial Majesty likewise guarantees to the King of *Prussia* the perpetual Possession of upper *Silesia*, and the King guarantees to the Emperor the perpetual Possession of upper *Austria*, as soon as he shall have occupied it by Conquest.

It is easy to discover that the King began the War upon other Motives, than Zeal for Peace, and that whatever Respect he was willing to shew to the Emperor, he did not purpose to assist him without Reward. In Prosecution of this Treaty he put his Troops in Motion; and according to his Promise, while the *Austrians* were invading *France*, he invaded *Bohemia*.

Princes have this remaining of Humanity, that they think themselves obliged not to make War without a Reason. Their Reasons are indeed not always very satisfactory. *Lewis XIV.* seemed to think his own Glory a sufficient Motive for the Invasion of *Holland*. The *Czar* attacked *Charles of Sweden*, because he had not been treated with sufficient Respect when he made a Journey in Disguise. The King of *Prussia* having an Opportunity of attacking his Neighbour, was not long without his Reasons. On *July 30*, he published his Declaration, in which he declares,

That

That he can no longer stand an idle Spectator of the Troubles in *Germany*, but finds himself obliged to make Use of Force to restore the Power of the Laws, and the Authority of the Emperor.

That the Queen of *Hungary* has treated the Emperor's Hereditary Dominions with inexpressible Cruelty.

That *Germany* has been overrun with foreign Troops, which have marched through neutral Countries without the customary Requisitions.

That the Emperor's Troops have been attacked under neutral Fortresses, and obliged to abandon the Empire, of which their Master is the Head.

That the Imperial Dignity has been treated with Indecency by the *Hungarian* Troops.

The Queen declaring the Election of the Emperor void, and the Diet of *Francfort* illegal, had not only violated the Imperial Dignity, but injured all the Princes who have the Right of Election.

That he has no particular Quarrel with the Queen of *Hungary*, and that he desires Nothing for himself, and only enters as an Auxiliary into a War for the Liberties of *Germany*.

That the Emperor had offered to quit his Pretension to the Dominions of *Austria*, on Condition that his Hereditary Countries be restored to him.

That this Proposal had been made to the King of *England* at *Hanau*, and rejected in such a Manner as shewed that the King of *England* had no Intention to restore Peace, but rather to make his Advantage of the Troubles.

That the Mediation of the *Dutch* had been desired, but that they declined to interpose, knowing the Inflexibility of the *English* and *Austrian* Courts.

That the same Terms were again offered at *Vien-na*, and again rejected : that therefore the Queen must impute

impute it to her own Council that her Enemies find new Allies.

That he is not fighting for any Interest of his own, that he demands nothing for himself, but is determined to exert all his Power in Defence of the Emperor in Vindication of the Right of Election, and in Support of the Liberties of *Germany* which the Queen of *Hungary* would enslave.

When this Declaration was sent to the *Prussian* Minister in *England*, it was accompanied with a Remonstrance to the King, in which many of the foregoing Positions were repeated, the Emperor's Candour and Disinterestedness were magnified; the dangerous Designs of the *Austrians* were displayed; it was imputed to them as the most flagrant Violation of the *Germanick* Constitution, that they had driven the Emperor's Troops out of the Empire; the public Spirit and Generosity of his *Prussian* Majesty were again heartily declared; and it was said that this Quarrel having no Connection with *English* Interests, the *English* ought not to interpose.

Austria and all her Allies were put into Amazement by this Declaration, which at once dismounted them from the Summit of Success, and obliged them to fight through the War a second Time. What Succours, or what Promises *Prussia* received from *France* was never publicly known, but it is not to be doubted, that a Prince so watchful of Opportunity sold Assistance when it was so much wanted at the highest Rate; nor can it be supposed that he exposed himself to so much Hazard only for the Freedom of *Germany*, and a few petty Districts in *Bohemia*.

The *French*, who from ravaging the Empire at Discretion, and wasting whatever they found, either among Enemies or Friends, were now driven into their own Dominions, and in their own Dominions

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were insulted and pursued, were on a Sudden by this new Auxiliary restored to their former Superiority, at least were disburthened of their Invaders, and delivered from their Terrors. And all the Enemies of the House of *Bourbon* saw with Indignation and Amazement the Recovery of that Power which they had with so much Cost and Bloodshed brought low, and which their Animosity and Elation had disposed them to imagine yet lower than it was.

The Queen of *Hungary* still retained her Firmness. The *Prussian* Declaration was not long without an Answer, which was transmitted to the *European* Princes with some Observations on the *Prussian* Minister's Remonstrance to the Court of *Vien-na*, which he was ordered by his Master to read to the *Austrian* Council, but not to deliver. The same Caution was practised before when the *Prussians* after the Emperor's Death invaded *Silesia*. This Artifice of political Debate may, perhaps, be numbered by the Admirers of Greatness among the Refinements of Conduct, but as it is a Method of Proceeding not very difficult to be contrived or practised, as it can be of very rare Use to Honesty or Wisdom, and as it has been long known to that Class of Men whose Safety depends upon Secrecy, though hitherto applied chiefly in petty Cheats and slight Transactions, I do not see that it can much Advance the Reputation of regal Understanding, or indeed that it can add more to the Safety than it takes away from the Honour of him that shall adopt it.

The Queen in her Answer, after charging the King of *Prussia* with Breach of the Treaty of *Breslaw*, and observing how much her Enemies will exult to see the Peace now the third Time broken by him, declares,

That

That she had no Intention to injure the Rights of the Electors, and that she calls in Question not the Event but the Manner of the Election.

That she had spared the Emperor's Troops with great Tenderness, and that they were driven out of the Empire only because they were in the Service of *France*.

That she is so far from disturbing the Peace of the Empire, that the only Commotions now raised in it, are the Effect of the Armaments of the King of *Prussia*.

Nothing is more tedious than public Records when they relate to Affairs which by Distance of Time or Place lose their Power to interest the Reader. Every Thing grows little, as it grows remote, and of Things thus diminished it is sufficient to survey the Aggregate without a minute Examination of the Parts.

It is easy to perceive, that if the King of *Prussia's* Reasons be sufficient, Ambition or Animosity can never want a Plea for Violence and Invasion. What he charges upon the Queen of *Hungary*, the Waste of Countries, the Expulsion of the *Bavarians*, and the Employment of foreign Troops, is the unavoidable Consequence of a War inflamed on either Side to the utmost Violence. All these Grievances subsisted when he made the Peace, and therefore they could very little justify its Breach.

It is true that every Prince of the Empire is obliged to support the imperial Dignity, and assist the Emperor when his Rights are violated. And every subsequent Contract must be understood in a Sense consistent with former Obligations: Nor had the King Power to make a Peace on Terms contrary to that Constitution by which he held a Place among the *Germanic* Electors. But he could have easily discovered that not the Emperor but the Duke of *Ba-*

varia was the Queen's Enemy, not the Administrator of the imperial Power, but the Claimant of the *Austrian* Dominions. Nor did his Allegiance to the Emperor, supposing the Emperor injured, oblige him to more than a Succour of ten thousand Men. But ten thousand Men could not conquer *Bohemia*, and without the Conquest of *Bohemia* he could receive no Reward for the Zeal and Fidelity which he so loudly professed.

The Success of this Enterprize he had taken all possible Precaution to secure. He was to invade a Country guarded only by the Faith of Treaties, and therefore left unarmed, and unprovided of all Defence. He had engaged the *French* to attack Prince *Charles* before he should repass the *Rhine*, by which the *Austrian* would at least have been hindered from a speedy March into *Bohemia*: They were likewise to yield him such other Assistance as he might want.

Relying therefore upon the Promises of the *French*, he resolved to attempt the Ruin of the House of *Austria*, and in *August* 1744, broke into *Bohemia* at the Head of an hundred and four thousand Men. When he entered the Country he published a Proclamation, promising, That his Army should observe the strictest Discipline, and that those who made no Resistance should be suffered to remain at quiet in their Habitations. He required that all Arms in the Custody of whomsoever they might be placed, should be given up, and put into the Hands of public Officers. He still declared himself to act only as an Auxiliary to the Emperor, and with no other Design than to establish Peace and Tranquillity throughout *Germany* his dear Country.

In this Proclamation there is one Paragraph of which I do not remember any Precedent. He threatens that if any Peasant shall be found with Arms he shall be hanged without further Enquiry; and that if any

Lord

Lord shall connive at his Vassals keeping Arms in their Custody, his Village shall be reduced to ashes.

It is hard to find upon what Pretence the King of *Prussia* could treat the *Bohemians* as Criminals, for preparing to defend their native Country, or maintain their Allegiance to their lawful Sovereign against an Invader, whether he appears Principal or Auxiliary, whether he professes to intend Tranquillity or Confusion.

His Progress was such as gave great Hopes to the Enemies of *Austria*; like *CÆSAR* he conquered as he advanced, and met with no Opposition till he reached the Walls of *Prague*. The Indignation and Repentment of the Queen of *Hungary* may be easily conceived; the Alliance of *Frankfort* was now laid open to all *Europe*, and the Partition of the *Austrian* Dominions was again publicly projected. They were to be shared among the Emperor, the King of *Prussia*, the Elector Palatine, and the Landgrave of *Hesse*. All the Powers of *Europe* who had dreamed of controlling *France*, were awakened to their former Terrors, all that had been done was now to be done again, and every Court from the Straits of *Gibraltar*, to the *Frozen Sea*, was filled with Exultation or Terror, with Schemes of Conquest or Precautions for Defence.

The King delighted with his Progress, and expecting like other Mortals, elated with Success, that his Prosperity could not be interrupted, continued his March, and began in the latter End of *September* the Siege of *Prague*. He had gained several of the outer Posts, when he was informed that the Convoy which attended his Artillery was attacked by an unexpected Party of the *Austrians*. The King immediately went to their Assistance with the third Part of his Army, and found his Troops put to flight, and the *Austrians* hastening away with his Cannons;

such a Loss would have disabled him at once. He fell upon the *Austrians* whose Number would not enable them to withstand him, recovered his Artillery, and having also defeated *Bathiani*, raised his Batteries, and there being no Artillery to be played against him, he destroyed a great Part of the City. He then ordered four Attacks to be made at once, and reduced the Besieged to such Extremities, that in fourteen Days the Governor was obliged to yield the Place.

At the Attack commanded by *Schwerin*, a Grenadier is reported to have mounted the Bastion alone, and to have defended himself for some Time with his Sword, till his Followers mounted after him; for this Act of Bravery the King made him a Lieutenant, and gave him a Patent of Nobility.

Nothing now remained but that the *Austrians* should lay aside all Thought of invading *France*, and apply their whole Power to their own Defence. Prince *Charles*, at the first News of the *Prussian* Invasion, prepared to repass the *Rhine*. This the *French*, according to their Contract with the King of *Prussia*, should have attempted to hinder; but they knew by Experience that the *Austrians* would not be beaten without Resistance, and that Resistance always incommodes an Assailant. As the King of *Prussia* rejoiced in the Distance of the *Austrians*, whom he considered as entangled in the *French* Territories; the *French* rejoiced in the Necessity of their Return, and pleased themselves with the Prospect of easy Conquests, while Powers whom they considered with equal Malevolence should be employed in massacring each other.

Prince *Charles* took the Opportunity of bright Moonshine to repass the *Rhine*; and *Naailes*, who had early Intelligence of his Motions, gave him very little Disturbance, but contented himself with attacking the Rear-guard, and when they retired to the main Body ceased his Pursuit.

The

The King upon the Reduction of *Prague* struck a Medal, which had on one Side a Plan of the Town, with this Inscription;

Prague taken by the King of Prussia,

September 16, 1744;

For the third Time in three Years.

On the other Side were two Verses, in which he prayed, *That his Conquests might produce Peace.* He then marched forward with the Rapidity which constitutes his military Character, took Possession of almost all *Bohemia*, and began to talk of entering *Austria* and besieging *Vienna*.

The Queen was not yet wholly without Resource. The Elector of *Saxony*, whether invited or not, was not comprised in the Union of *Frankfort*; and as every Sovereign is growing less as his next Neighbour is growing greater, he could not heartily with Success to a Confederacy which was to aggrandize the other Powers of *Germany*. The *Prussians* gave him likewise a particular and immediate Provocation to oppose them; for when they departed to the Conquest of *Bohemia*, with all the Elation of imaginary Success, they passed through his Dominions with unlicensed and contemptuous Disdain of his Authority. As the Approach of Prince *Charles* gave a new Prospect of Events, he was easily persuaded to enter into an Alliance with the Queen, whom he furnished with a very large Body of Troops.

The King of *Prussia* having left a Garrison in *Prague*, which he commanded to put the Burghers to death if they left their Houses in the Night, went forward to take the other Towns and Fortresses, expecting perhaps that Prince *Charles* would be interrupted in his March; but the *French*, though they appeared to follow him, either could not or would not overtake him.

In a short Time by Marches pressed on with the utmost Eagerness, *Charles* reached *Bohemia*, leaving the *Bavarians* to regain the Possession of the wasted Plains of their Country, which their Enemies who still kept the strong Places might again seize at will. At the Approach of the *Austrian* Army the Courage of the King of *Prussia* seemed to have failed him. He retired from Post to Post, and evacuated Town after Town, and Fortrefs after Fortrefs, without Resistance, or Appearance of Resistance, as if he was resigning them to the rightful Owners.

It might have been expected that he should have made some Effort to secure *Prague*; but after a faint Attempt to dispute the Passage of the *Elbe*, he ordered his Garrison of eleven thousand Men to quit the Place. They left behind them their Magazines, and heavy Artillery, among which were seven Pieces of remarkable Excellence, called *The Seven Electors*. But they took with them their field Cannon and a great Number of Carriages laden with Stores and Plunder, which they were forced to leave in their Way to the *Saxons* and *Austrians* that harrassed their March. They at last entered *Silesia* with the Loss of about a third Part.

The King of *Prussia* suffered much in his Retreat, for besides the military Stores, which he left every where behind him, even to the Cloaths of his Troops, there was a Want of Provisions in his Army, and consequently frequent Desertions and many Diseases; and a Soldier sick or killed was equally lost to a flying Army.

At last he re-entered his own Territories, and having stationed his Troops in Places of Security, returned for a Time to *Berlin*, where he forbid all to speak either ill or well of the Campaign.

To what End such a Prohibition could conduce, it is difficult to discover: There is no Country in which
Men

Men can be forbidden to know what they know, and what is universally known may as well be spoken. It is true, that in popular Governments seditious Discourses may inflame the Vulgar, but in such Governments they cannot be restrained, and in absolute Monarchies they are of little Effect.

When the *Prussians* invaded *Bohemia*, and this whole Nation was fired with Resentment, the King of *England* gave Orders in his Palace that none should mention his Nephew with Disrespect; by this Command he maintained the Decency necessary between Princes, without enforcing and probably without expecting Obedience but in his own Presence.

The King of *Prussia's* Edict regarded only himself, and therefore it is difficult to tell what was his Motive, unless he intended to spare himself the Mortification of absurd and illiberal Flattery, which to a Mind stung with Disgrace, must have been in the highest Degree painful and disgusting.

Moderation in Prosperity, is a Virtue very difficult to all Mortals; Forbearance of Revenge, when Revenge is within reach, is scarcely ever to be found among Princes. Now was the Time when the Queen of *Hungary* might perhaps have made Peace on her own Terms, but Keeness of Resentment, and Arrogance of Success with-held her from the due Use of the present Opportunity. It is said that the King of *Prussia* in his Retreat sent Letters to Prince *Charles*, which were supposed to contain ample Concessions, but were sent back unopened. The King of *England* offered likewise to mediate between them, but his Propositions were rejected at *Vienna*, where a Resolution was taken not only to revenge the Interruption of their Success on the *Rhine* by the Recovery of *Silesia*, but to reward the *Saxons* for their seasonable Help by giving them Part of the *Prussian* Dominions.

In

In the Beginning of the Year 1745 died the Emperor *Charles* of *Bavaria*, the Treaty of *Frankfort* was consequently at an End, and the King of *Prussia*, being no longer able to maintain the Character of Auxiliary to the Emperor, and having avowed no other Reason for the War, might have honourably withdrawn his Forces, and on his own Principles have complied with Terms of Peace: But no Terms were offered him; the Queen pursued him with the utmost Ardour of Hostility, and the *French* left him to his own Conduct, and his own Destiny.

His *Bohemian* Conquests were already lost, and he was now chased back into *Silesia*, where at the Beginning of the Year the War continued in an Equilibration by alternate Losses and Advantages. In *April* the Elector of *Bavaria* seeing his Dominions overrun by the *Austrians*, and receiving very little Succour from the *French*, made a Peace with the Queen of *Hungary* upon easy Conditions, and the *Austrians* had more Troops to employ against *Prussia*.

But the Revolutions of War will not suffer human Presumption to remain long unchecked. The Peace with *Bavaria* was scarcely concluded when the Battle of *Fontenoy* was lost, and all the Allies of *Austria* called upon her to exert her utmost Power for the Preservation of the Low Countries; and a few Days after the Loss at *Fontenoy*, the first Battle between the *Prussians* and the combined Army of *Austrians* and *Saxons* was fought at *Niedburg* in *Silesia*.

The Particulars of this Battle were variously reported by the different Parties, and published in the Journals of that Time; to transcribe them would be tedious and useless, because Accounts of Battles are not easily understood, and because there are no Means of determining to which of the Relations Credit should be given. It is sufficient that they all end in claiming or allowing a complete Victory to the

the King of *Prussia*, who gained all the *Austrian* Artillery, killed four thousand, took seven thousand Prisoners, with the Loss, according to the *Prussian* Narrative, of only sixteen hundred Men.

He now advanced again into *Bohemia*, where, however, he made no great Progress. The Queen of *Hungary* though defeated was not subdued. She poured in her Troops from all Parts to the Reinforcement of Prince *Charles*, and determined to continue the Struggle with all her Power. The King saw that *Bohemia* was an unpleasing and inconvenient Theatre of War, in which he should be ruined by a Miscarriage, and should get little by a Victory. *Saxony* was left defenceless, and if it was conquered might be plundered.

He therefore published a Declaration against the Elector of *Saxony*, and without waiting for Reply, invaded his Dominions. This Invasion produced another Battle at *Standentz*, which ended, as the former, to the Advantage of the *Prussians*. The *Austrians* had some Advantage in the Beginning, and their irregular Troops, who are always daring, and always ravenous, broke into the *Prussian* Camp, and carried away the military Chest. But this was easily repaired by the Spoils of *Saxony*.

The Queen of *Hungary* was still inflexible, and hoped that Fortune would at last change. She recruited once more her Army, and prepared to invade the Territories of *Brandenburg*; but the King of *Prussia*'s Activity prevented all her Designs. One Part of his Forces seized *Leipsic*, and the other once more defeated the *Saxons*; the King of *Poland* fled from his Dominions, Prince *Charles* retired into *Bohemia*. The King of *Prussia* entered *Dresden* as a Conqueror, exacted very severe Contributions from the whole Country, and the *Austrians* and *Saxons* were at last compelled to receive from him such a
Peace

Peace as he would grant. He imposed no severe Conditions except the Payment of the Contributions, made no new Claim of Dominions, and, with the Elector *Palatine*, acknowledged the Duke of *Tuscany* for Emperor.

The Lives of Princes, like the Histories of Nations, have their Periods. We shall here suspend our Narrative of the King of *Prussia*, who was now at the Height of human Greatness, giving Laws to his Enemies, and courted by all the Powers of *Europe*.

THE

T H E
LIFE OF BARRETIER.

J. Johnson

JOHN PHILIP BARRETIER was born at Schwabach, January 19, 1720-21. His Father was a Calvinist Minister of that Place, who took upon himself the Care of his Education. What Arts of Instruction he used, or by what Method he regulated the Studies of his Son, we are not able to inform the Public, but take this Opportunity of intreating those who have received more compleat Intelligence, not to deny Mankind so great a Benefit as the Improvement of Education. If Mr. *Le Fevre* thought the Method, in which he taught his Children, worthy to be communicated to the learned World, how justly may Mr. *Barretier* claim the universal Attention of Mankind to a Scheme of Education that has produced such a stupendous Progress! The Authors, who have endeavoured to teach certain and unfailing Rules for obtaining a long Life, however they have failed in their Attempts, are universally confessed to have, at least, the Merit of a great and noble Design, and to have deserved Gratitude and Honour. How much more then is due to Mr. *Barretier*, who has succeeded in what they have only attempted? For to prolong Life, and improve it, are nearly the same. If to have all that Riches can purchase is to be rich, if to do all that can be done in a long Time, is to live long, he is equally a Benefactor to Mankind, who teaches them to protract the Duration, or shorten the Business of Life.

That

That there are few Things more worthy our Curiosity than this Method, by which the Father assisted the Genius of the Son, every Man will be convinced, that considers the early Proficiency at which it enabled him to arrive, such a Proficiency as no one has yet reached at the same Age, and to which it is therefore probable that every advantageous Circumstance concurred.

At the Age of nine Years, he not only was Master of five Languages, an Attainment in itself almost incredible, but understood, says his Father, the holy Writers, better in their original Tongues, than in his own. If he means by this Assertion, that he knew the Sense of many Passages in the Original, which were obscure in the Translation, the Account, however wonderful, may be admitted; but if he intends to tell his Correspondent, that his Son was better acquainted with the two Languages of the Bible, than with his own, he must be allowed to speak hyperbolically, or to admit that his Son had somewhat neglected the Study of his native Language: Or we must own, that the Fondness of a Parent has transported him into some natural Exaggerations.

Part of this Letter I am tempted to suppress, being unwilling to demand the Belief of others to that which appears incredible to myself; but as my Incredulity may, perhaps, be the Product rather of Prejudice than Reason, as Envy may beget a Disinclination to admit so immense a Superiority, and as an Account is not to be immediately censured as false, merely because it is wonderful, I shall proceed to give the rest of his Father's Relation, from his Letter of the Third of *March* 1729-30. He speaks, continues he, *German, Latin, and French*, equally well. He can, by laying before him a Translation, read any of the Books of the Old or New Testament in its original Language, without Hesitation or Perplexity.

Perplexity. He is no Stranger to Biblical Criticism or Philosophy, nor unacquainted with antient or modern Geography, and is qualified to support a Conversation with learned Men, who frequently visit and correspond with him.

In his eleventh Year, he not only published a learned Letter in *Latin*, but translated the *Travels of Rabbi Benjamin* from the *Hebrew* into *French*, which he illustrated with Notes, and accompanied with Dissertations; a Work in which his Father, as he himself declares, could give him little Assistance, as he did not understand the Rabbinical Dialect.

The Reason for which his Father engaged him in this Work, was only to prevail upon him to write a fairer Hand than he had hitherto accustomed himself to do, by giving him Hopes, that if he should translate some little Author, and offer a fair Copy of his Version to some Bookseller, he might in return for it, have other Books which he wanted and could not afford to purchase.

Incited by this Expectation, he fixed upon the *Travels of Rabbi Benjamin*, as most proper for his Purpose, being a Book neither bulky nor common, and in one Month compleated his Translation, applying only one or two Hours a Day to that particular Task. In another Month, he drew up the principal Notes; and in the third, wrote some Dissertations upon particular Passages which seemed to require a larger Examination.

These Notes contain so many curious Remarks and Enquiries, out of the common Road of Learning, and afford so many Instances of Penetration, Judgment, and Accuracy, that the Reader finds in every Page some Reason to persuade him that they cannot possibly be the Work of a Child, but of a Man long accustomed to these Studies, enlightened by Reflection, and dextrous by long Practice in the Use of Books. Yet, that it is the Performance of
a Boy

a Boy thus young, is not only proved by the Testimony of his Father, but by the concurrent Evidence of Mr. *Le Maitre*, his Associate in the Church of *Schwabach*, who not only asserts his Claim to this Work, but affirms that he heard him at six Years of Age explain the *Hebrew* Text as if it had been his native Language; so that the Fact is not to be doubted without a Degree of Incredulity, which it will not be very easy to defend.

This Copy was however far from being written with the Neatness which his Father desired, nor did the Booksellers, to whom it was offered, make Proposals very agreeable to the Expectation of the young Translator; but after having examined the Performance in their Manner, and determined to print it upon Conditions not very advantageous, returned it to be transcribed, that the Printers might not be embarrassed with a Copy so difficult to read.

Barretier was now advanced to the latter End of his twelfth Year, and had made great Advances in his Studies, notwithstanding an obstinate Tumour in his left Hand, which gave him great Pain, and obliged him to a tedious and troublesome Method of Cure; and reading over his Performance, was so far from contenting himself with barely transcribing it, that he altered the greatest Part of the Notes, new-modelled the Dissertations, and augmented the Book to twice its former Bulk.

The few Touches which his Father bestowed upon his Revival of the Book, though they are minutely set down by him in the Preface, are so inconsiderable that it is not necessary to mention them, and it may be much more agreeable as well as useful to exhibit the short Account which he there gives of the Method by which he enabled his Son to shew so early, how easy an Attainment is the Knowledge of the Languages, a Knowledge which some Men spend their Lives in cultivating, to the Neglect of more valuable

valuable Studies, and which they seem to regard as the highest Perfection of human Nature.

What Applauses are due to an old Age, wasted in a scrupulous Attention to particular Accents and Etymologies may appear, says his Father, by seeing how little Time is required to arrive at such an Eminence in these Studies as many even of these venerable Doctors have not attained, for want of rational Methods and regular Application.

This Censure is doubtless just, upon those who spend too much of their Lives upon useless Niceties, or who appear to labour without making any Progress; but as the Knowledge of Languages is necessary, and a minute Accuracy sometimes requisite, they are by no means to be blamed, who, in compliance with the particular Bent of their own Minds, make the Difficulties of dead Languages their chief Study, and arrive at Excellence proportionate to their Application, since it was to the Labour of such Men that his Son was indebted for his own Learning.

The first Languages which *Barretier* learned were the *French*, *German* and *Latin*, which he was taught not in the common Way by a Multitude of Definitions, Rules and Exceptions, which fatigue the Attention and burthen the Memory without any Use proportionate to the Time which they require, and the Disgust which they create. The Method by which he was instructed was easy and expeditious, and therefore pleasing. He learned them all in the same Manner, and almost at the same Time, by conversing in them indifferently with his Father.

The other Languages of which he was Master, he learned by a Method yet more uncommon. The only Book which he made use of was the Bible, which his Father laid before him in the Language that he then proposed to learn, accompanied with a Translation, being taught by Degrees the Inflections of

Nouns and Verbs. This Method, says his Father, made the *Latin* more familiar to him in his fourth Year than any other Language.

When he was near the End of his sixth Year, he entered upon the Study of the Old Testament in its original Language, beginning with the Book of *Genesis*, to which his Father confined him for six Months: after which he read cursorily over the rest of the Historical Books, in which he found very little Difficulty, and then applied himself to the Study of the poetical Writers and the Prophets, which he read over so often, with so close an Attention, and so happy a Memory, that he could not only translate them without a Moment's Hesitation into *Latin* or *French*, but turn with the same Facility the Translations into the original Language in his tenth Year.

Growing at length weary of being confined to a Book which he could almost entirely repeat, he deviated by stealth into other Studies, and, as his Translation of *Benjamin* is a sufficient Evidence, he read a Multitude of Writers of various Kinds. In his twelfth Year he applied more particularly to the Study of the Fathers, and Councils of the six first Centuries, and began to make a regular Collection of their Canons. He read every Author in the Original, having discovered so much Negligence or Ignorance in most Translations, that he paid no Regard to their Authority.

Thus he continued his Studies, neither drawn aside by Pleasures nor discouraged by Difficulties. The greatest Obstacle to his Improvement was Want of Books, with which his narrow Fortune could not liberally supply him; so that he was obliged to borrow the greatest Part of those which his Studies required, and to return them when he had read them, without being able to consult them occasionally, or to recur to them when his Memory should fail him.

It is observable, that neither his Diligence, unintermitted as it was, nor his Want of Books, a Want of which he was in the highest Degree sensible, ever produced in him that Asperity, which a long and reclude Life, without any Circumstance of Disquiet, frequently create. He was always gay, lively, and facetious, a Temper which contributed much to recommend his Learning, and which some Students much superior in Age would consult their Ease, their Reputation, and their Interest by copying from him.

In the Year 1735 he published *Anti-Artemonius; Sive Initium Evangelii S. Joannis, adversus Artemonium vindicatum*, and attained such a Degree of Reputation, that not only the Public, but Princes, who are commonly the last by whom Merit is distinguished, began to interest themselves in his Success: for the same Year the King of *Prussia*, who had heard of his early Advances in Literature, on Account of a Scheme for discovering the Longitude, which had been sent to the Royal Society of *Berlin*, and which was transmitted afterwards by him to *Paris* and *London*, engaged to take Care of his Fortune, having received further Proofs of his Abilities at his own Court.

Mr. *Barretier* being promoted to the Cure of the Church of *Stetin*, was obliged to travel with his Son thither from *Schwabach*, through *Leipsic* and *Berlin*, a Journey very agreeable to his Son, as it would furnish him with new Opportunities of improving his Knowledge, and extending his Acquaintance among Men of Letters. For this Purpose they staid some Time at *Leipsic*, and then travelled to *Hall*, where young *Barretier* so distinguished himself in his Conversation with the Professors of the University, that they offered him his Degree of Doctor in Philosophy, a Dignity correspondent to that of Master of Arts among us. *Barretier* drew up that Night some Positions in Philosophy and the Mathematicks, which

he sent immediately to the Press, and defended the next Day in a crowded Auditory, with so much Wit, Spirit, Presence of Thought, and Strength of Reason, that the whole University was delighted and amazed : he was then admitted to his Degree, and attended by the whole Concourse to his Lodgings, with Compliments and Acclamations.

His *Theses* or Philosophical Positions which he printed in compliance with the Practice of that University, ran through several Editions in a few Weeks, and no Testimony of Regard was wanting that could contribute to animate him in his Progress.

When they arrived at *Berlin*, the King ordered him to be brought into his Presence, and was so much pleased with his Conversation, that he sent for him almost every Day during his Stay at *Berlin* ; and diverted himself with engaging him in Conversations upon a Multitude of Subjects, and in Disputes with learned Men : on all which Occasions he acquitted himself so happily, that the King formed the highest Ideas of his Capacity and future Eminence. And thinking, perhaps with Reason, that active Life was the noblest Sphere of a great Genius, he recommended to him the Study of Modern History, the Customs of Nations, and those Parts of Learning that are of Use in public Transactions and civil Employments, declaring that such Abilities properly cultivated, might exalt him, in ten Years, to be the greatest Minister of State in *Europe*. *Barretier*, whether we attribute it to his Moderation or Inexperience, was not dazzled by the Prospect of such high Promotion, but answered, that he was too much pleased with Science and Quiet, to leave them for such inextricable Studies, or such harrassing Fatigues. A Resolution so displeasing to the King, that his Father attributes to it the Delay of those Favours which they had Hopes of receiving ; the King having, as he observes, determined to employ him in the Ministry.

It is not impossible that paternal Affection might suggest to Mr. *Barretier* some false Conceptions of the King's Designs; for he infers from the Introduction of his Son to the young Princes, and the Caresses which he received from them, that the King intended him for their Preceptor: a Scheme, says he, which some other Resolution unhappily destroyed.

Whatever was originally intended, and by whatever Means these Intentions were frustrated, *Barretier*, after having been treated with the highest Regard by the whole Royal Family, was dismissed with a Present of two hundred Crowns: and his Father, instead of being fixed at *Stetin*, was made Pastor of the *French Church at Hall*; a Place more commodious for Study, to which they retired; *Barretier* being first admitted into the Royal Society at *Berlin*, and recommended by the King to the University at *Hall*.

At *Hall* he continued his Studies with his usual Application and Success, and either by his own Reflections or the Persuasions of his Father, was prevailed upon to give up his own Inclinations to those of the King, and direct his Enquiries to those Subjects that had been recommended by him.

He continued to add new Acquisitions to his Learning, and to encrease his Reputation by new Performances, till in the Beginning of his nineteenth Year, his Health began to decline; and his Indisposition, which being not alarming or violent, was perhaps not at first sufficiently regarded, increased by slow Degrees for eighteen Months, during which he spent Days among his Books, and neither neglected his Studies, nor left his Gaiety, till his Distemper, ten Days before his Death, deprived him of the Use of his Limbs; he then prepared himself for his End, without Fear or Emotion, and on the 5th of *October* 1740, resigned his Soul into the Hands of his Saviour, with Confidence and Tranquility.

THE

LIFE OF DR. SYDENHAM.

John G. S. M.

Thomas Sydenham was born in the Year 1624, at *Winford Eagle* in *Dorsetshire*, where his Father *William Sydenham Esq;* had a large Fortune. Under whose Care he was educated, or in what Manner he passed his Childhood, whether he made any early Discoveries of a Genius peculiarly adapted to the Study of Nature, or gave any Presages of his future Eminence in Medicine, no Information is to be obtained. We must therefore repress that Curiosity which would naturally incline us to watch the first Attempts of so vigorous a Mind, to pursue it in its childish Enquiries, and see it struggling with rustick Prejudices, breaking on trifling Occasions the Shackles of Credulity, and giving Proofs in its casual Excursions, that it was formed to shake off the Yoke of Prescription, and dispel the Phantoms of Hypothesis.

That the Strength of *Sydenham's* Understanding, the Accuracy of his Discernment, and Ardour of his Curiosity might have been remarked from his Infancy by a diligent Observer, there is no Reason to doubt. For there is no Instance of any Man whose History has been minutely related, that did not in every Part of Life discover the same Proportion of intellectual Vigour; but it has been the Lot of the greatest Part of those who have excelled in Science, to be known only by their own Writings, and to have left behind them no Remembrance of their domestick Life, or private Transactions, or only

only such Memorials of particular Passages as are, on certain Occasions, necessarily recorded in publick Registers.

From these it is discovered, that at the Age of Eighteen, in 1642, he commenced a Commoner of *Magdalen-Hall* in *Oxford*, where it is not probable that he continued long; for he informs us himself, that he was with-held from the University by the Commencement of the War; nor is it known in what State of Life he engaged, or where he resided during that long Series of publick Commotion. It is indeed reported, that he had a Commission in the King's Army, but no particular Account is given of his military Conduct; nor are we told what Rank he obtained when he entered into the Army, or when, or on what Occasion he retired from it.

It is, however, certain, that if ever he took upon him the Profession of Arms, he spent but few Years in the Camp; for in 1648 he obtained at *Oxford* the Degree of Bachelor of Physick, for which, as some medicinal Knowledge is necessary, it may be imagined that he spent Time in qualifying himself.

His Application to the Study of Physick was, as he himself relates, produced by an accidental Acquaintance with Dr. *Cox*, a Physician eminent at that Time in *London*, who in some Sickness prescribed to his Brother, and attending him frequently on that Occasion, enquired of him what Profession he designed to follow. The young Man answering that he was undetermined, the Doctor recommended Physic to him, on what Account, or with what Arguments, it is not related; but his Persuasions were so effectual, that *Sydenham* determined to follow his Advice, and retired to *Oxford* for Leisure and Opportunity to pursue his Studies.

It is evident that this Conversation must have happened before his Promotion to any Degree in Physic, because he himself fixes it in the Interval of his Absence from the University; a Circumstance which will enable us to confute many false Reports relating to Dr. *Sydenham*, which have been confidently inculcated, and implicitly believed.

It is the general Opinion, that he was made a Physician by Accident and Necessity: and Sir *Richard Blackmore* reports in plain Terms, * that he engaged in Practice without any preparatory Study, or previous Knowledge, of the medicinal Sciences; and affirms, that when he was consulted by him what Books he should read to qualify him for the same Profession, he recommended *Don Quixote*.

That he recommended *Don Quixote* to *Blackmore*, we are not allowed to doubt; but the Relater is hindered by that Self-love which dazzles all Mankind from discovering, that he might intend a Satire, very different from a general Censure of all the antient and modern Writers on Medicine, since he might perhaps mean either seriously, or in jest, to insinuate, that *Blackmore* was not adapted by Nature to the Study of Physic, and that, whether he should read *Cervantes* or *Hippocrates*, he would be equally unqualified for Practice, and equally unsuccessful in it.

Whatsoever was his Meaning, nothing is more evident, than that it was a transient Sally of an Inclination warmed with Gaiety, or the negligent Effusion of a Mind intent on some other Employment, and in Haste to dismiss a troublesome Intruder; for it is certain that *Sydenham* did not think it impossible to write usefully on Medicine, because he has himself written upon it; and it is not probable that he carried his Vanity so far, as to imagine that no Man

* Preface to his Treatise on the Small-Pox,

had ever acquired the same Qualifications besides himself. He could not but know that he rather restored than invented most of his Principles, and therefore could not but acknowledge the Value of those Writers whose Doctrines he adopted and enforced.

That he engaged in the Practice of Physic without any Acquaintance with the Theory, or Knowledge of the Opinions or Precepts of former Writers, is undoubtedly false; for he declares, that after he had, in pursuance of his Conversation with Dr. Cox, determined upon the Profession of Physick, he *applied himself in earnest to it, and spent several Years in the University*, [aliquot annos in academica palæstra,] before he began to practise in London.

Nor was he satisfied with the Opportunities of Knowledge which Oxford afforded, but travelled to Montpelier, as *Default* relates, * in quest of farther Information; Montpelier being at that Time the most celebrated School of Physick: So far was Sydenham from any Contempt of academical Institutions, and so far from thinking it reasonable to learn Physick by Experiments alone, which must necessarily be made at the Hazard of Life.

What can be demanded beyond this by the most zealous Advocate for regular Education? What can be expected from the most cautious and most industrious Student, than that he should dedicate several Years to the Rudiments of his Art, and travel for further instructions from one University to another?

It is likewise a common Opinion, that Sydenham was thirty Years old before he formed his Resolution of studying Physic, for which I can discover no other Foundation than one Expression in his Dedic-

* Dissertation on Consumptions.

tion to Dr. *Mapletoft*, which seems to have given rise to it by a gross Misinterpretation; for he only observes, that from his Conversation with Dr. *Cox* to the Publication of that Treatise *thirty Years* had intervened.

Whatever may have produced this Notion, or how long soever it may have prevailed, it is now proved beyond Controversy to be false, since it appears that *Sydenham*, having been for some Time absent from the University, returned to it in order to pursue his physical Enquiries before he was twenty four Years old; for in 1648 he was admitted to the Degree of Bachelor of Physic.

That such Reports should be confidently spread, even among the Contemporaries of the Author to whom they relate, and obtain in a few Years such Credit as to require a regular Confutation; that it should be imagined that the greatest Physician of the Age arrived at so high a Degree of Skill, without any Assistance from his Predecessors; and that a Man, eminent for Integrity, practised Medicine by chance, and grew wise only by Murder, is not to be considered without Astonishment.

But if it be on the other Part remembered, how much this Opinion favours the Laziness of some, and the Pride of others; how readily some Men confide in natural Sagacity, and how willingly most would spare themselves the Labour of accurate Reading and tedious Enquiry, it will be easily discovered how much the Interest of Multitudes was engaged in the Production and Continuance of this Opinion, and how cheaply those of whom it was known, that they practised Physic before they studied it, might satisfy themselves and others with the Example of the illustrious *Sydenham*.

It is therefore in an uncommon Degree useful to publish a true Account of this memorable Man, that Pride, Temerity, and Idleness may be deprived

of

of that Patronage which they have enjoyed too long; that Life may be secured from the dangerous Experiments of the Ignorant and Presumptuous; and that those who shall hereafter assume the important Province of superintending the Health of others, may learn from this great Master of the Art, that the only Means of arriving at Eminence and Success are Labour and Study.

From these false Reports it is probable that another arose, to which, though it cannot be with equal Certainty confuted, it does not appear that entire Credit ought to be given. The Acquisition of a *Latin* Stile did not seem consistent with the Manner of Life imputed to him; nor was it probable, that he who had so diligently cultivated the ornamental Parts of general Literature, would have neglected the essential Studies of his own Profession. Those therefore who were determined, at whatever Price, to retain him in their own Party, and represent him equally ignorant and daring with themselves, denied him the Credit of writing his own Works in the Language in which they were published, and asserted, but without Proof, that they were composed by him in *English* and translated into *Latin* by Dr. *Mapletoft*.

Whether Dr. *Mapletoft* lived and was familiar with him during the whole Time in which these several Treatises were printed, Treatises written on particular Occasions, and printed at Periods considerably distant from each other, we have had no Opportunity of enquiring, and therefore cannot demonstrate the Falseness of this Report: But if it be considered how unlikely it is that any Man should engage in a Work so laborious and so little necessary, only to advance the Reputation of another, or that he should have Leisure to continue the same Office upon all following Occasions; if it be remembered how seldom such literary Combinations are formed,

ed, and how soon they are for the greatest Part dissolved, there will appear no Reason for not allowing Dr. *Sydenham* the Laurel of Eloquence as well as Physick.*

It is observable, that his *Processus Integri*, published after his Death, discovers alone more Skill in the *Latin* Language than is commonly ascribed to him; and it surely will not be suspected, that the Officiousness of his Friends was continued after his Death, or that he procured the Book to be translated, only that, by leaving it behind him, he might secure his Claim to his other Writings.

It is asserted by Sir *Hans Sloane*, that Dr. *Sydenham*, with whom he was familiarly acquainted, was particularly versed in the Writings of the great *Roman* Orator and Philosopher; and there is evidently such a Luxuriance in his Stile, as may discover the Author which gave him most Pleasure, and most engaged his Imitation.

About the same Time that he became Bachelor of Physic, he obtained by the Interest of a Relation, a Fellowship of *All Souls* College, having submitted by the Subscription required to the Authority of the Visitors appointed by the Parliament, upon what Principles, or how consistently with his former Conduct, it is now impossible to discover.

When he thought himself qualified for Practice, he fixed his Residence in *Westminster*, became Doctor of Physic at *Cambridge*, received a Licence from the

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College of Physicians, and lived in the first Degree of Reputation, and the greatest Affluence of Practice, for many Years, without any other Enemies than those which he raised by the superior Merit of his Conduct, the brighter Lustre of his Abilities, or his Improvements of his Science, and his Contempt of pernicious Methods supported only by Authority in Opposition to sound Reason and indubitable Experience. These Men are indebted to him for concealing their Names, when he records their Malice, since they have thereby escaped the Contempt and Detestation of Posterity.

It is a melancholy Reflection, that they who have obtained the highest Reputation, by preserving or restoring the Health of others, have often been hurried away before the natural Decline of Life, or have passed many of their Years under the Torments of those Distempers, which they profess to relieve. In this Number was *Sydenham*, whose Health began to fail in the 52d Year of his Age, by the frequent Attacks of the Gout, to which he was subject for a great Part of his Life, and which was afterwards accompanied with the Stone in the Kidneys, and, its natural Consequence, bloody Urine.

These were Distempers which even the Art of *Sydenham* could only palliate, without Hope of a perfect Cure, but which, if he has not been able by his Precepts to instruct us to remove, he has, at least, by his Example, taught us to bear; for he never betrayed any indecent Impatience, or unmanly Dejection, under his Torments, but supported himself by the Reflections of Philosophy, and the Consolations of Religion, and in every Interval of Ease, applied himself to the Assistance of others with his usual Assiduity.

After a Life thus usefully employed, he died at his House in *Pall-Mall*, on the 29th of *December* 1689, and

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After a Life thus usefully employed, he died at his House in *Pall-Mall*, on the 29th of *December* 1689,
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and was buried in the Isle, near the South Door, of the Church of *St. James's* in *Westminster*.

What was his Character, as a Physician, appears from the Treatises which he has left, which it is not necessary to epitomise or transcribe; and from them it may likewise be collected, that his Skill in Physic was not his highest Excellence; that his whole Character was amiable; that his chief View was the Benefit of Mankind, and the chief Motive of his Actions the Will of God, whom he mentions with Reverence, well becoming the most enlightened and most penetrating Mind. He was benevolent, candid, and communicative, sincere and religious; Qualities, which it were happy if they could copy from him, who emulate his Knowledge, and imitate his Methods.

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SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

J. Johnson
FRANCIS DRAKE was the Son of a Clergyman in *Devonshire*, who being inclined to the Doctrine of the Protestants, at that Time much opposed by *Henry VIII.* was obliged to fly from his Place of Residence into *Kent* for Refuge from the Persecution raised against him, and those of the same Opinion, by the Law of the Six Articles.

How long he lived there, or how he was supported, was not known, nor have we any Account of the first Years of *Sir Francis Drake's* Life, of any Disposition to Hazards and Adventures which might have been discovered in his Childhood, or of the Education which qualified him for such wonderful Attempts.

We are only informed, that he was put Apprentice by his Father to the Master of a small Vessel that traded to *France* and the *Low Countries*, under whom he probably learned the Rudiments of Navigation, and familiarised himself to the Dangers and Hardships of the Sea.

But how few Opportunities soever he might have in this Part of his Life for the Exercise of his Courage, he gave so many Proofs of his Diligence and Fidelity,

Fidelity, that his Master dying unmarried left him his little Vessel in reward of his Service; a Circumstance that deserves to be remembered, not only as it may illustrate the private Character of this brave Man, but as it may hint to all those who may hereafter propose his Conduct for their Imitation, That Virtue is the surest Foundation both of Reputation and Fortune, and that the first Step to Greatness is to be honest.

If it were not improper to dwell longer on an Incident at the first View so inconsiderable, it might be added, That it deserves the Reflection of those, who, when they are engaged in Affairs not adequate to their Abilities, pass them over with a contemptuous Neglect, and while they amuse themselves with chimerical Schemes, and Plans of future Undertakings, suffer every Opportunity of smaller Advantage to slip away as unworthy their Regard. They may learn from the Example of *Drake*, that Diligence in Employments of less Consequence is the most successful Introduction to greater Enterprizes.

After having followed for some Time his Master's Profession, he grew weary of so narrow a Province, and having sold his little Vessel, ventured his Effects in the new Trade to the *West-Indies*, which having not been long discovered, and very little frequented by the *English* till that Time, were conceived so much to abound in Wealth, that no Voyage thither could fail of being recompensed by great Advantages. Nothing was talked of among the mercantile or adventurous Part of Mankind, but the Beauty and Riches of this new World. Fresh Discoveries were frequently made, new Countries and Nations never heard of before were daily described, and it may easily be concluded that the Relaters did not diminish the Merit of their Attempts, by suppressing or diminishing any Circumstance that might produce

produce Wonder, or excite Curiosity. Nor was their Vanity only engaged in raising Admirers, but their Interest likewise in procuring Adventurers, who were indeed easily gained by the Hopes which naturally arise from new Prospects, though through Ignorance of the *American* Seas, and by the Malice of the *Spaniards*, who from the first Discovery of those Countries considered every other Nation that attempted to follow them as Invaders of their Rights, the best concerted Designs often miscarried.

Among those who suffered most from the *Spanish* Injustice, was Capt. *John Hawkins*, who having been admitted by the Viceroy to traffic in the Bay of *Mexico*, was, contrary to the Stipulation then made between them, and in Violation of the Peace between *Spain* and *England*, attacked without any Declaration of Hostilities, and obliged, after an obstinate Resistance, to retire with the Loss of four Ships, and a great Number of his Men, who were either destroyed or carried into Slavery.

In this Voyage *Drake* had adventured almost all his Fortune, which he in vain endeavoured to recover, both by his own private Interest, and by obtaining Letters from Queen *Elizabeth*; for the *Spaniards*, deaf to all Remonstrances, either vindicated the Injustice of the Viceroy, or at least forbore to redress it.

Drake thus oppressed and impoverished, retained at least his Courage and his Industry, that ardent Spirit that prompted him to Adventures, and that indefatigable Patience that enabled him to surmount Difficulties. He did not sit down idly to lament Misfortunes which Heaven had put it in his Power to remedy, or to repine at Poverty while the Wealth of his Enemies was to be gained. But having made two Voyages to *America* for the Sake of gaining Intelligence of the State of the *Spanish* Settlements, and acquainted himself with the Seas and Coasts,

he determined on a third Expedition of more Importance, by which the *Spaniards* should find how imprudently they always act, who injure and insult a brave Man.

On the 24th of *May*, 1572, *Francis Drake* set sail from *Plymouth* in the *Pascha* of seventy Tons, accompanied by the *Swan* of twenty-five Tons, commanded by his Brother *John Drake*, having in both the Vessels seventy-three Men and Boys, with a Year's Provision, and such Artillery and Ammunition as was necessary for his Undertaking, which, however incredible it may appear to such as consider rather his Force than his Fortitude, was no less than to make Reprisals upon the most powerful Nation in the World.

The Wind continuing favourable they entered *June* 29, between *Gaudelupe* and *Dominica*, and on *July* 6th, saw the Highland of *Santa Martha*; then continuing their Course, after having been becalm'd for some Time, they arrived at Port *Pheasant*, so named by *Drake* in a former Voyage, to the East of *Nombre de Dios*. Here he proposed to build his Pinnaces, which he had brought in Pieces ready framed from *Plymouth*, and was going ashore with a few Men unarmed, but discovering a Smoke at a Distance; ordered the other Boat to follow him with a greater Force.

Then marching towards the Fire, which was in the Top of a high Tree, he found a Plate of Lead nailed to another Tree, with an Inscription engraved upon it by one *Garret* an *Englishman*, who had left that Place but five Days before, and had taken this Method of informing him that the *Spaniards* had been advertised of his Intention to anchor at that Place, and that it therefore would be prudent to make a very short Stay there.

But *Drake* knowing how convenient this Place was for his Designs, and considering that the Hazard
and

and Waste of Time, which could not be avoided in seeking another Station, was equivalent to any other Danger which was to be apprehended from the *Spaniards*, determined to follow his first Resolution; only, for his greater Security, he ordered a kind of Palisade, or Fortification, to be made, by felling large Trees, and laying the Trunks and Branches one upon another by the Side of the River.

On *July* 20, having built their Pinnaces, and being joined by one Capt. *Rause*, who happened to touch at the same Place with a Bark of fifty Men, they set sail towards *Nombre de Dios*, and taking two Frigates at the Island of *Pines*, were informed by the Negroes which they found in them, that the Inhabitants of that Place were in Expectation of some Soldiers, which the Governor of *Panama* had promised, to defend them from the *Symerons*, or fugitive Negroes, who having escaped from the Tyranny of their Masters in great Numbers, had settled themselves under two Kings, or Leaders, on each Side of the Way between *Nombre de Dios* and *Panama*, and not only asserted their natural Right to Liberty and Independence, but endeavoured to revenge the Cruelties they had suffered, and had lately put the Inhabitants of *Nombre de Dios* into the utmost Consternation.

Those Negroes the Captain set on Shore on the main Land, so that they might, by joining the *Symerons*, recover their Liberty, or at least might not have it in their Power to give the People of *Nombre de Dios* any speedy Information of his Intention to invade them.

Then selecting fifty-three Men from his own Company, and twenty from the Crew of his new Associate Captain *Rause*, he embarked with them in his Pinnaces, and set sail for *Nombre de Dios*.

On *July* the 28th, at Night, he approached the Town undiscovered, and dropt his Anchors under

the Shore, intending, after his Men were refreshed, to begin the Attack; but finding that they were terrifying each other with formidable Accounts of the Strength of the Place, and the Multitude of the Inhabitants, he determined to hinder the Panic from spreading farther, by leading them immediately to Action; and therefore ordering them to their Oars, he landed without any Opposition, there being only one Gunner upon the Bay, thought it was secured with six Brass Cannons of the largest Size ready mounted. But the Gunner, while they were throwing the Cannons from their Carriages, alarmed the Town, as they soon discovered by the Bell, the Drums, and the Noise of the People.

Drake leaving twelve Men to guard the Pinnaces, marched round the Town with no great Opposition, the Men being more hurt by treading on the Weapons left on the Ground by the flying Enemy, than by the Resistance which they encountered.

At length having taken some of the *Spaniards*, *Drake* commanded them to shew him the Governor's House, where the Mules that bring the Silver from *Panama* were unloaded; there they found the Door open, and entering the Room where the Silver was repositied, found it heaped up in Bars in such Quantities as almost exceed Belief, the Pile being, they conjectured, seventy Feet in Length, ten in Breadth, and twelve in Height, each Bar weighing between thirty and forty-five Pounds.

It is easy to imagine that at the Sight of this Treasure, nothing was thought on by the *English*, but by what means they might best convey it to their Boats; and doubtless it was not easy for *Drake*, who, considering their Distance from the Shore, and the Numbers of their Enemies, was afraid of being intercepted in his Retreat, to hinder his Men from encumbering themselves with so much Silver as might have retarded their March, and obstructed the

the Use of their Weapons; however, by promising to lead them to the King's Treasure-house, where there was Gold and Jewels to a far greater Value, and where the Treasure was not only more portable, but nearer the Coast, he persuaded them to follow him, and rejoin the main Body of his Men then drawn up under the Command of his Brother in the Marker-place.

Here he found his little Troop much discouraged by the Imagination, that if they stayed any longer the Enemy would gain Possession of their Pinnaces, and that they should then, without any Means of Safety, be left to stand alone against the whole Power of that Country; *Drake*, not indeed easily terrified, but sufficiently cautious, sent to the Coast to enquire the Truth, and see if the same Terror had taken possession of the Men whom he had left to guard his Boats; but finding no Foundation for these dreadful Apprehensions, he persisted in his first Design, and led the Troop forward to the Treasure-house. In their Way there fell a violent Shower of Rain, which wet some of their Bow-strings, and extinguished many of their Matches; a Misfortune which might soon have been repaired, and which perhaps the Enemy might suffer in common with them, but which however on this Occasion very much embarrassed them, as the Delay produced by it repressed that Ardour which sometimes is only to be kept up by continued Action, and gave Time to the Timorous and Slothful to spread their Insinuations, and propagate their Cowardice. Some, whose Fear was their predominant Passion, were continually magnifying the Numbers and Courage of their Enemies, and represented whole Nations as ready to rush upon them; others, whose Avarice mingled with their Concern for their own Safety, were more solicitous to preserve what they had already gained, than to acquire more; and others, brave in them-

selves, and resolute, began to doubt of Success in an Undertaking in which they were associated with such cowardly Companions. So that scarcely any Man appeared to proceed in the Enterprize with that Spirit and Alacrity which could give *Drake* a Prospect of Success.

This he perceived, and with some Emotion told them, that if, after having had the chief Treasure of the World within their Reach, they should go home and languish in Poverty, they could blame nothing but their own Cowardice; that he had performed his Part, and was still desirous to lead them on to Riches and to Honour.

Then finding that either Shame or Conviction made them willing to follow him, he ordered the Treasure-house to be forced, and commanding his Brother, and *Oxenham* of *Plymouth*, a Man known afterwards for his bold Adventures in the same Parts, to take charge of the Treasure, he commanded the other Body to follow him to the Market-place, that he might be ready to oppose any scattered Troops of the *Spaniards*, and hinder them from uniting into one Body.

But as he stepped forward, his Strength failed him on a sudden, and he fell down speechless. Then it was that his Companions perceived a Wound in his Leg, which he had received in the first Encounter, but hitherto concealed, lest his Men, easily discouraged, should make their Concern for his Life a Pretence for returning to their Boats. Such had been his Loss of Blood, as was discovered upon nearer Observation, that it had filled the Prints of his Footsteps, and it appeared scarce credible that after such Effusion of Blood Life should remain.

The Bravest were now willing to retire: neither the Desire of Honour nor of Riches was thought enough to prevail in any Man over his Regard for
his

his Leader. *Drake*, whom Cordials had now restored to his Speech, was the only Man who could not be prevailed on to leave the Enterprize unfinished. It was to no Purpose that they advised him to submit to go on board to have his Wound dressed, and promised to return with him and compleat their Design; he well knew how impracticable it was to regain the Opportunity when it was once lost, and could easily foresee that a Respite, of but a few Hours, would enable the *Spaniards* to recover from their Consternation, to assemble their Forces, refit their Batteries, and remove their Treasure. What he had undergone so much Danger to obtain was now in his Hands, and the Thoughts of leaving it untouched was too mortifying to be patiently born.

However, as there was little Time for Consultation, and the same Danger attended their Stay in that Perplexity and Confusion, at their Return, they bound up his Wound with his Scarf, and partly by Force, partly by Entreaty, carried him to the Boats, in which they all embarked by Break of Day.

Then taking with them, out of the Harbour, a Ship loaded with Wines, they went to the *Bastimentes*, an Island about a League from the Town, where they stayed two Days to repose the wounded Men, and to regale themselves with the Fruits which grew in great Plenty in the Gardens of that Island.

During their Stay here there came over from the main Land a *Spanish* Gentleman, sent by the Governor with Instructions to enquire whether the Captain was that *Drake* who had been before on their Coast, whether the Arrows with which many of their Men were wounded were not poisoned, and whether they wanted Provisions or other Necessaries. The Messenger likewise extolled their Courage with

the highest Encomiums, and expressed his Admiration of their daring Undertaking. *Drake*, though he knew the Civilities of an Enemy are always to be suspected, and that the Messenger, amidst all his Professions of Regard, was no other than a Spy, yet knowing that he had nothing to apprehend, treated him with the highest Honours that his Condition admitted of. In answer to his Enquiries, he assured him that he was the same *Drake* with whose Character they were before acquainted, that he was a rigid Observer of the Laws of War, and never permitted his Arrows to be poisoned; he then dismissed him with considerable Presents, and told him that, though he had unfortunately failed in this Attempt, he would never desist from his Design, till he had shared with *Spain* the Treasures of *America*.

They then resolved to return to the Isle of *Pines*, where they had left their Ships, and consult about the Measures they were now to take, and having arrived, *August* 1, at their former Station, they dismissed Captain *Rause*, who judging it unsafe to stay any longer on the Coast, desired to be no longer engaged in their Designs.

But *Drake*, not to be discouraged from his Purpose by a single Disappointment, after having enquired of a Negro, whom he took aboard at *Nombre de Dios*, the most wealthy Settlements, and weakest Parts of the Coast, resolved to attack *Carthagena*; and setting sail without Loss of Time, came to anchor, *August* 13, between *Charesba* and *St. Bernard's*, two Islands at a little Distance from the Harbour of *Carthagena*; then passing with his Boats round the Island he entered the Harbour, and in the Mouth of it found a Frigate with only an old Man in it, who voluntarily informed them, that about an Hour before a Pinnace had passed by with Sails and Oars, and all the Appearance of Expedition

tion and Importance: that as she passed, the Crew on board her bid them take care of themselves; and that as soon as she touched the Shore, they heard the Noise of Cannon fired as a Warning, and saw the Shipping in the Port drawn up under the Guns of the Castle.

The Captain, who had himself heard the Discharge of the Artillery, was soon convinced that he was discovered, and that therefore nothing could be attempted with any Probability of Success. He therefore contented himself with taking a Ship of *Seville*, of two hundred and forty Tons, which the Relater of this Voyage mentions as a very large Ship, and two small Frigates, in which he found Letters of Advice from *Nombre de Dios*, intended to alarm that Part of the Coast.

Drake now finding his Pinnaces of great Use, and not having a sufficient Number of Sailors for all his Vessels, was desirous of destroying one of his Ships, that his Pinnaces might be better manned: This, necessary as it was, could not easily be done without disgusting his Company, who having made several prosperous Voyages in that Vessel, would be unwilling to have it destroyed. *Drake* well knew that nothing but the Love of their Leaders could animate his Followers to encounter such Hardships as he was about to expose them to, and therefore rather chose to bring his Designs to pass by Artifice than Authority. He sent for the Carpenter of the *Swan*, took him into his Cabin, and having first engaged him to Secrecy, ordered him in the middle of the Night to go down into the Well of the Ship, and bore three Holes through the Bottom, laying something against them that might hinder the Bubbling of the Water from being heard. To this, the Carpenter, after some Expostulation, consented, and the next Night performed his Promise.

In the Morning, *August 15*, *Drake* going out with his Pinnace a fishing rowed up to the *Swan*, and having invited his Brother to partake of his Diversion, enquired, with a negligent Air, why their Bark was so deep in the Water; upon which, the Steward going down returned immediately with an Account that the Ship was leaky, and in Danger of sinking in a little Time. They had Recourse immediately to the Pump, but having laboured till three in the Afternoon, and gained very little upon the Water, they willingly, according to *Drake's* Advice, set the Vessel on Fire, and went on Board the Pinnaces.

Finding it now necessary to lie concealed for some Time, till the *Spaniards* should forget their Danger and remit their Vigilance, they set sail for the Sound of *Darien*, and without approaching the Coast, that their Course might not be observed, they arrived there in six Days.

This being a convenient Place for their Reception, both on Account of Privacy, as it was out of the Road of all Trade, and as it was well supplied with Wood, Water, wild Fowl, Hogs, Deer, and all Kinds of Provisions, he stayed here 15 Days to clean his Vessels, and refresh his Men, who worked interchangeably, on one Day the one half, and on the next the other.

On the fifth Day of *September*, *Drake* left his Brother with the Ship at *Darien*, and set out with two Pinnaces towards the *Rio Grande*, which it reached in three Days, and on the ninth were discovered by a *Spaniard* from the Bank, who believing them to be his Countrymen, made a Signal to them to come on Shore, with which they very readily complied; but he soon finding his Mistake abandoned his Plantation, where they found great Plenty of Provisions, with which having laden their Vessels, they departed. So great was the Quantity of
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Provisions which they amassed here and in other Places, that in different Parts of the Coast they built four Magazines or Storehouses, which they filled with Necessaries for the Prosecution of their Voyage. These they placed at such a Distance from each other, that the Enemy, if he should surprise one, might yet not discover the rest.

In the mean Time, his Brother, Captain *John Drake*, went, according to the Instructions that had been left him, in search of the *Symerons* or fugitive Negroes, from whose Assistance alone they had now any Prospect of a successful Voyage, and touching upon the main Land, by means of the Negro whom they had taken from *Nombre de Dios*, engaged two of them to come on Board his Pinnace, leaving two of their own Men as Hostages for their returning. These Men, having assured *Drake* of the Affection of their Nation, appointed an Interview between him and their Leaders. So leaving *Port Plenty*, in the Isle of *Pines*, so named by the *English* from the great Stores of Provisions which they had amassed at that Place, they came, by the Direction of the *Symerons*, into a secret Bay among beautiful Islands covered with Trees, which concealed their Ship from Observation, and where the Channel was so narrow and rocky, that it was impossible to enter it by Night, so that there was no Danger of a sudden Attack.

Here they met and entered into Engagements, which common Enemies and common Dangers preserved from Violation. But the first Conversation informed the *English* that their Expectations were not immediately to be gratified; for upon their Enquiries after the most probable Means of gaining Gold and Silver, the *Symerons* told them, that had they known sooner the chief End of their Expedition, they could easily have gratified them, but that during the rainy Season, which was now begun,
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and which continues six Months, they could not recover the Treasure, which they had taken from the *Spaniards*, out of the Rivers in which they had concealed it.

Drake, therefore, proposing to wait in this Place till the Rains were past, built, with the Assistance of the *Symerons*, a Fort of Earth and Timber, and leaving Part of his Company with the *Symerons*, set out with three Pinnaces towards *Carthagen*, being of a Spirit too active to lie still patiently, even in a State of Plenty and Security, and with the most probable Expectations of immense Riches.

On the 16th of *October*, he anchored within Sight of *Carthagen* without landing, and on the 17th, going out to Sea took a *Spanish* Bark, with which they entered the Harbour, where they were accosted by a *Spanish* Gentleman, whom they had some time before taken, and set at Liberty; who coming to them in a Boat, as he pretended, without the Knowledge of the Governor, made them great Promises of Refreshment, and Professions of Esteem; but *Drake* having waited till the next Morning without receiving the Provisions he had been prevailed upon to expect, found that all this pretended Kindness was no more than a Stratagem to amuse him, while the Governor was raising Forces for his Destruction.

October 20, they took two Frigates coming out of *Carthagen* without Lading. Why the *Spaniards*, knowing *Drake* to lie at the Mouth of the Harbour, sent out their Vessels on purpose to be taken, does not appear. Perhaps they thought that, in order to keep Possession of his Prizes, he would divide his Company, and by that Division be more easily destroyed.

In a few Hours afterwards, they sent out two Frigates well manned, which *Drake* soon forced to retire, and having sunk one of his Prizes, and burnt the

the other in their Sight, leaped afterwards ashore, single, in Defiance of their Troops, which hovered at a Distance in the Woods and on the Hills, without ever venturing to approach within Reach of the Shot from the Pinnaces.

To leap upon an Enemy's Coast in Sight of a superior Force, only to show how little they were feared, was an Act that would in these Times meet with little Applause; nor can the General be seriously commended, or rationally vindicated, who exposes his Person to Destruction, and, by consequence, his Expedition to Miscarriage, only for the Pleasure of an idle Insult, an insignificant Bravado. All that can be urged in his Defence, is, that, perhaps it might contribute to heighten the Esteem of his Followers, as few Men, especially of that Class, are philosophical enough to state the exact Limits of Prudence and Bravery, or not to be dazzled with an Intrepidity how improperly soever exerted. It may be added, that perhaps the *Spaniards*, whose Notions of Courage are sufficiently romantic, might look upon him as a more formidable Enemy, and yield more easily to a Hero of whose Fortitude they had so high an Idea.

However, finding the whole Country advertised of his Attempts, and in Arms to oppose him, he thought it not proper to stay longer where there was no Probability of Success, and where he might in Time be overpowered by Multitudes, and therefore determined to go forwards to *Rio de Heba*.

This Resolution, when it was known by his Followers, threw them into Astonishment, and the Company of one of his Pinnaces remonstrated to him, that though they placed the highest Confidence in his Conduct, they could not think of undertaking such a Voyage without Provisions, having only a Gammon of Bacon, and a small Quantity of Bread for seventeen Men: *Drake* answered them, that

that there was on Board his Vessel even a greater Scarcity; but yet, if they would adventure to share his Fortune, he did not doubt of extricating them from all their Difficulties.

Such was the heroic Spirit of *Drake*, that he never suffered himself to be diverted from his Designs by any Difficulties, nor ever thought of relieving his Exigencies, but at the Expence of his Enemies.

Resolution and Success reciprocally produce each other. He had not sailed more than three Leagues, before they discovered a large Ship, which they attacked with all the Intrepidity that Necessity inspires, and happily found it laden with excellent Provisions.

But finding his Crew growing faint and sickly with their Manner of Living in the Pinnaces, which was less commodious than on Board the Ships, he determined to go back to the *Symerons*, with whom he left his Brother and Part of his Force, and attempt by their Conduct to make his Way over, and invade the *Spaniards* in the inland Parts, where they would probably never dream of an Enemy.

When they arrived at Port *Diego*, so named from the Negro who had procured them their Intercourse with the *Symerons*, they found Captain *John Drake*, and one of his Company dead, being killed, in attempting, almost unarmed, to board a Frigate well provided with all Things necessary for its Defence. The Captain was unwilling to attack it, and represented to them the Madness of their Proposal; but being overborn by their Clamours and Importunities, to avoid the Imputation of Cowardice, complied to his Destruction. So dangerous is it for the chief Commander to be absent!

Nor was this their only Misfortune: for, in a very short Time, many of them were attacked by the *Calenture*, a malignant Fever, very frequent in the

the hot Climates, which carried away, among several others, *Joseph Drake*, another Brother of the Commander.

While *Drake* was employed in taking Care of the sick Men, the *Symerons*, who ranged the Country for Intelligence, brought him an Account, that the *Spanish Fleet* was arrived at *Nombre de Dios*, the Truth of which was confirmed by a Pinnace, which he sent out to make Observations.

This, therefore, was the Time for their Journey, when the Treasures of the *American Mines* were to be transported from *Panama*, over Land, to *Nombre de Dios*. He therefore, by the Direction of the *Symerons*, furnished himself with all Things necessary, and on *February 3*, set out from *Port Diego*.

Having lost already 28 of his Company, and being under a Necessity of leaving some to guard his Ship, he took with him only 18 *English*, and 30 *Symerons*, who, not only served as Guides to shew the Way, but as Purveyors to procure Provisions.

They carried not only Arrows for War, but for Hunting and Fowling; the Heads of which are proportioned in Size to the Game which they are pursuing; for Oxen, Stags, or wild Boars, they have Arrows, or Javelins, with Heads weighing a Pound and half, which they discharge near Hand, and which scarcely ever fail of being mortal. The second Sort are about half as heavy as the other, and are generally shot from their Bows; these are intended for smaller Beasts. With the third Sort, of which the Heads are an Ounce in Weight, they kill Birds. As this Nation is in a State that does not set them above continual Cares for the immediate Necessaries of Life, he that can temper Iron best, is among them most esteemed, and, perhaps, it would be happy for every Nation, if Honours and Applauses were as justly distributed, and he were most distinguished

guished whose Abilities were most useful to Society. How many chimerical Titles to Precedence, how many false Pretences to Respect, would this Rule bring to the Ground!

Every Day, by Sun-rising, they began to march, and having travelled till Ten, rested near some River till Twelve, then travelling again till Four, they reposed all Night in Houses, which the *Symerons* had either left standing in their former Marches, or very readily erected for them, by setting up three or four Posts in the Ground, and laying Poles from one to another in Form of a Roof, which they thatched with Palmetto Boughs and Plantane Leaves. In the Valleys, where they were sheltered from the Winds, they left three or four Foot below open; but on the Hills, where they were more exposed to the chill Blasts of the Night, they thatched them close to the Ground, leaving only a Door for Entrance, and a Vent in the Middle of the Room, for the Smoke of three Fires, which they made in every House.

In their March they met with not only Plenty of Fruits upon the Banks of the Rivers, but with wild Swine in great Abundance, of which the *Symerons*, without Difficulty, killed, for the most Part, as much as was wanted. One Day, however, they found an Otter, and were about to dress it; at which *Drake* expressing his Wonder, was asked by *Pedro*, the chief *Symeron*, *Are you a Man of War, and in Want, and yet doubt whether this be Meat that hath Blood in it?* For which *Drake* in private rebuked him, says the Relator, whether justly or not, it is not very important to determine. There seems to be in *Drake's* Scruple somewhat of Superstition, perhaps not easily to be justified; and the Negroe's Answer was, at least, martial, and will I believe be generally acknowledged to be rational.

On the third Day of their March, *February 6*, they came to a Town of the *Symerons*, situated on the

the Side of a Hill, and encompassed with a Ditch and a Mud Wall, to secure it from any sudden Surprise; here they lived with great Neatness and Plenty, and some Observation of Religion, paying great Reverence to the Cross; a Practice, which *Drake* prevailed upon them to change for the Use of the Lord's Prayer. Here they importuned *Drake* to stay for a few Days, promising to double his Strength; but he either thinking greater Numbers unnecessary, or fearing that if any Difference should arise, he should be overborn by the Number of the *Symerons*, or that they would demand to share the Plunder, that should be taken, in common, or for some other Reason that might easily occur, refused any Addition to his Troop, endeavouring to express his Refusal in such Terms as might heighten their Opinion of his Bravery.

He then proceeded on his Journey through cool Shades and lofty Woods, which sheltered them so effectually from the Sun, that their March was less toilsome than if they had travelled in *England* during the Heat of the Summer. Four of the *Symerons*, that were acquainted with the Way, went about a Mile before the Troop, and scattered Branches to direct them; then followed twelve *Symerons*, after whom came the *English*, with the two Leaders, and the other *Symerons* closed the Rear.

On *February 11*, they arrived at the Top of a very high Hill, on the Summit of which grew a Tree of wonderful Greatness, in which they had cut Steps for the more easy Ascent to the Top, where there was a Kind of Tower, to which they invited *Drake*, and from thence shewed him not only the North Sea, from whence they came, but the great South Sea, on which no *English* Vessel had ever sailed. This Prospect exciting his natural Curiosity and Ardour for Adventures and Discoveries, he lifted up his Hands to God, and implored his Blessing

upon the Resolution, which he then formed, of sailing in an *English Ship* on that Sea.

Then continuing their March, they came, after two Days, into an open, level Country, where their Passage was somewhat incommoded with the Grass, which is of a peculiar Kind, consisting of a Stalk like that of Wheat, and a Blade, on which the Oxen and other Cattle feed, till it grows too high for them to reach; then the Inhabitants set it on Fire, and in three Days it springs up again; this they are obliged to do thrice a Year, so great is the Fertility of the Soil.

At length, being within view of *Panama*, they left all frequented Roads, for fear of being discovered, and posted themselves in a Grove near the Way between *Panama* and *Nombre de Dios*; then they sent a *Symeron*, in the Habit of a Negro of *Panama*, to enquire on what Night the *Recoes*, or Drivers of Mules, on which the Treasure is carried, were to set forth. The Messenger was so well qualified for his Undertaking, and so industrious in the Prosecution of it, that he soon returned with an Account that the Treasurer of *Lima*, intending to return to *Europe*, would pass that Night, with eight Mules laden with Gold, and one with Jewels.

Having received this Information, they immediately marched towards *Venta Cruz*, the first Town on the Way to *Nombre de Dios*, sending, for Security, two *Symerons* before, who, as they went, perceived, by the Scent of a Match, that some *Spaniard* was before them, and going silently forwards surprised a Soldier asleep upon the Ground. They immediately bound him, and brought him to *Drake*, who, upon Enquiry, found that their Spy had not deceived them in his Intelligence. The Soldier having informed himself of the Captain's Name, conceived such a Confidence in his well-known Clemency, that after having made an ample Discovery of

of the Treasure that was now at hand, he petitioned not only that he would command the *Symerons* to spare his Life, but that, when the Treasure should fall into his Hands, he would allow him as much as might maintain him and his Mistress, since they were about to gain more than their whole Company could carry away.

Drake then ordered his Men to lie down in the long Grass, about fifty Paces from the Road, half on one Side, with himself, and half on the other, with *Oxenham* and the Captain of the *Symerons*, so much behind, that one Company might seize the foremost *Recoe*, and the other the hindermost; for the Mules of these *Recoes*, or Drivers, being tied together, travel on a Line, and are all guided by leading the first.

When they had lain about an Hour in this Place, they began to hear the Bells of the Mules on each Hand; upon which Orders were given, that the Drovers which came from *Venta Cruz* should pass unmolested, because they carried nothing of great Value, and those only be intercepted which were travelling thither, and that none of the Men should rise up till the Signal should be given. But one *Robert Pike*, heated with strong Liquor, left his Company, and prevailed upon one of the *Symerons* to creep with him to the Way-side, that they might signalize themselves by seizing the first Mule; and hearing the Trampling of a Horse, as he lay, could not be restrained by the *Symeron* from rising up to observe who was passing by. This he did so imprudently, that he was discovered by the Passenger; for by *Drake's* Order, the *English* had put their Shirts on over their Coats, that the Night and the Tumult might not hinder them from knowing one another.

The Gentleman was immediately observed by *Drake* to change his Trot into a Gallop; but the

Reason of it not appearing, it was imputed to his Fear of the Robbers that usually infest that Road, and the *English* still continued to expect the Treasure.

In a short Time one of the *Recoes* that were passing towards *Venta Cruz*, came up, and was eagerly seized by the *English*, who expected nothing less than half the Revenue of the *Indies*; nor is it easy to imagine their Mortification and Perplexity when they found only two Mules laden with Silver, the rest having no other Burthen than Provisions.

The Driver was brought immediately to the Captain, and informed him that the Horseman whom he had observed pass by with so much Precipitation, had informed the Treasurer of what he had observed, and advised him to send back the Mules that carried his Gold and Jewels, and suffer only the rest to proceed, that he might by that cheap Experiment discover whether there was any Ambush on the Way.

That *Drake* was not less disgusted than his Followers at the Disappointment, cannot be doubted; but there was now no Time to be spent in Complaints. The whole Country was alarmed, and all the Force of the *Spaniards* was summoned to overwhelm him. He had no Fortrefs to retire to, every Man was his Enemy, and every Retreat better known to the *Spaniards* than to himself.

This was an Occasion that demanded all the Qualities of an Hero, an Intrepidity never to be shaken, and a Judgment never to be perplexed. He immediately considered all the Circumstances of his present Situation, and found that it afforded him only the Choice of marching back by the same Way through which he came, or of forcing his Passage to *Venta Cruz*.

To march back was to confess the Superiority of his Enemies, and to animate them to the Pursuit; the Woods would afford Opportunities of Ambush,
and

and his Followers must often disperse themselves in search of Provisions, who would become an easy Prey, dispersed by their Disappointment, and fatigued by their March. On the Way to *Venta Cruz* he should have nothing to fear but from open Attacks, and expected Enemies.

Determining therefore to pass forward to *Venta Cruz*, he asked *Pedro*, the Leader of the *Symerons*, whether he was resolved to follow him; and having received from him the strongest Assurances that nothing should separate them, commanded his Men to refresh themselves, and prepare to set forward.

When they came within a Mile of the Town, they dismissed the Mules which they had made use of for their more easy and speedy Passage, and continued their March along a Road cut through thick Woods, in which a Company of Soldiers, who were quartered in the Place to defend it against the *Symerons*, had posted themselves, together with a Convent of Friars headed by one of the Brethren, whose Zeal against the Northern Heresy had incited him to hazard his Person, and assume the Province of a General.

Drake, who was advertised by two *Symerons*, whom he sent before, of the Approach of the *Spaniards*, commanded his Followers to receive the first Volley without firing.

In a short Time he heard himself summoned by the *Spanish* Captain to yield, with a Promise of Protection and kind Treatment; to which he answered with Defiance, Contempt, and the Discharge of his Pistol.

Immediately the *Spaniards* poured in their Shot, by which only one Man was killed, and *Drake*, with some others, slightly wounded; upon which the Signal was given by *Drake's* Whistle to fall upon them. The *English*, after discharging their Arrows and Shot, pressed furiously forward, and drove the *Spaniards*

niards before them, which the *Symerons*, whom the Terror of the Shot had driven to some Distance, observed, and recalling their Courage, animated each other with Songs in their own Language, and rushed forward with such Impetuosity, that they overtook them near the Town, and, supported by the *English*, dispersed them with the Loss of only one Man, who, after he had received his Wound, had Strength and Resolution left to kill his Assailant.

They pursued the Enemy into the Town, in which they met with some Plunder, which was given to the *Symerons*, and treated the Inhabitants with great Clemency, *Drake* himself going to the *Spanish* Ladies to assure them that no Injuries should be offered them; so inseparable is Humanity from true Courage.

Having thus broken the Spirits, and scattered the Forces of the *Spaniards*, he pursued his March to his Ship, without any Apprehension of Danger, yet with great Speed, being very solicitous about the State of the Crew; so that he allowed his Men, harrassed as they were, but little Time for Sleep or Refreshment, but by kind Exhortations, gentle Authority, and a chearful Participation of all their Hardships, prevailed upon them to bear, without Murmurs, not only the Toil of Travelling, but on some Days the Pain of Hunger.

In this March he owed much of his Expedition to the Assistance of the *Symerons*, who being accustomed to the Climate, and naturally robust, not only brought him Intelligence, and shewed the Way, but carried Necessaries, provided Victuals, and built Lodgings, and when any of the *English* fainted in the Way, two of them would carry him between them for two Miles together; nor was their Valour less than their Industry, after they had learned, from their *English* Companions, to despise the Fire-arms of the *Spaniards*.

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When they were within five Leagues of the Ships, they found a Town built in their Absence by the *Symerons*, at which *Drake* consented to halt, sending a *Symeron* to the Ship with his Gold Tooth-pick as a Token, which, though the Master knew it, was not sufficient to gain the Messenger Credit, till upon Examination he found that the Captain, having ordered him to regard no Message without his Handwriting, had engraven his Name upon it with the Point of his Knife. He then sent the Pinnace up the River, which they met, and afterwards sent to the Town for those whose Weariness had made them unable to march farther. On *February* 23. the whole Company was reunited, and *Drake*, whose good or ill Success never prevailed over his Piety, celebrated their Meeting with Thanks to God.

Drake, not yet discouraged, now turned his Thoughts to new Prospects, and without languishing in melancholy Reflections upon his past Miscarriages, employed himself in forming Schemes for repairing them. Eager of Action, and acquainted with Man's Nature, he never suffered Idleness to infect his Followers with Cowardice, but kept them from sinking under any Disappointment by diverting their Attention to some new Enterprize.

Upon Consultation with his own Men and the *Symerons* he found them divided in their Opinions: Some declaring that before they engaged in any new Attempt it was necessary to increase their Stores of Provisions, and others urging, that the Ships in which the Treasure was conveyed should be immediately attacked. The *Symerons* proposed a third Plan, and advised him to undertake another March over Land to the House of one *Pezoro* near *Veregua*, whose Slaves brought him every Day more than two hundred Pounds Sterling from the Mines, which he heaped together in a strong Stone-house,

which might by the Help of the *English* be easily forced.

Drake, being unwilling to fatigue his Followers with another Journey, determined to comply with both the other Opinions; and manning his two Pinnaces the *Bear* and the *Minion*, he sent *John Oxenham* in the *Bear* towards *Tolon*, to seize upon Provisions, and went himself in the *Minion* to the *Cabezas*, to intercept the Treasure that was to be transported from *Veragua* and that Coast to the Fleet at *Nombre de Dios*, first dismissing with Presents those *Symerons* that desired to return to their Wives, and ordering those that chose to remain to be entertained in the Ship.

Drake took at the *Cabezas* a Frigate of *Nicaragua*, the Pilot of which informed him that there was in the Harbour of *Veragua*, a Ship freighted with more than a Million of Gold, to which he offered to conduct him (being well acquainted with the Soundings) if he might be allowed his Share of the Prize; so much was his Avarice superiour to his Honesty.

Drake, after some Deliberation, complying with the Pilot's Importunities, sailed towards the Harbour, but had no sooner entered the Mouth of it than he heard the Report of Artillery, which was answered by others at a greater Distance; upon which the Pilot told him that they were discovered, this being the Signal appointed by the Governor to alarm the Coast.

Drake now thought it convenient to return to the Ship, that he might enquire the Success of the other Pinnace, which he found with a Frigate, that she had taken with twenty-eight fat Hogs, two hundred Hens, and great Store of *Maiz*, or *Indian Corn*. The Vessel itself was so strong and well built, that he fitted it out for War, determining to attack the Fleet at *Nombre de Dios*.

On *March* the 21st he set sail with the new Frigate and the *Bear* towards the *Cabezas*, at which he arrived in about two Days, and found there *Tetu*, a *Frenchman*, with a Ship of War, who after having received from him a Supply of Water, and other Necessaries, intreated that he might join with him in his Attempt, which *Drake* consenting to, admitted him to accompany him with 20 of his Men, stipulating to allow them an equal Share of whatever Booty they should gain. Yet were they not without some Suspensions of Danger from this new Ally, he having eighty Men, and they being now reduced to thirty-one.

Then manning the Frigate and two Pinnaces, they set sail for the *Cabezas*, where they left the Frigate, which was too large for the Shallows over which they were to pass, and proceeded to *Rio Francisco*. Here they landed, and having ordered the Pinnaces to return to the same Place on the 4th Day following, travelled through the Woods towards *Nombre de Dios*, with such Silence and Regularity, as surprised the *French*, who did not imagine the *Symerons* so discreet or obedient as they appeared, and were therefore in perpetual Anxiety about the Fidelity of their Guides, and the Probability of their Return. Nor did the *Symerons* treat them with that Submission and Regard which they paid to the *English*, whose Bravery and Conduct they had already tried.

At length, after a laborious March of more than seven Leagues, they began to hear the Hammers of the Carpenters in the Bay, it being the Custom in that hot Season to work in the Night, and in a short Time they perceived the Approach of the *Recoes*, or Drovers of Mules, from *Panama*. They now no longer doubted that their Labours would be rewarded, and every Man imagined himself secure from Poverty and Labour for the remaining Part of his Life.

Life. They, therefore, when the Mules came up, rushed out and seized them, with an Alacrity proportioned to their Expectations. The three Drovers consisted of one hundred and nine Mules, each of which carried three hundred Pounds Weight of Silver. It was to little Purpose that the Soldiers, ordered to guard the Treasure, attempted Resistance. After a short Combat, in which the *French* Captain, and one of the *Symerons*, were wounded, it appeared with how much greater Ardour Men are animated by Interest than Fidelity.

As it was possible for them to carry away but a small Part of this Treasure, after having wearied themselves with hiding it in Holes and shallow Waters, they determined to return by the same Way, and without being pursued entered the Woods, where the *French* Captain, being disabled by his Wound, was obliged to stay, two of his Company continuing with him.

When they had gone forward about two Leagues, the *Frenchmen* missed another of their Company, who upon Enquiry was known to be intoxicated with Wine, and supposed to have lost himself in the Woods, by neglecting to observe the Guides.

But common Prudence not allowing them to hazard the whole Company by too much Solitude for a single Life, they travelled on towards *Rio Francisco*, at which they arrived *April* the 3d; but looking out for their Pinnaces, were surprized with the Sight of seven *Spanish* Shallops, and immediately concluded that some Intelligence of their Motions had been carried to *Nombre de Dios*, and that these Vessels had been fitted out to pursue them, which might undoubtedly have overpowered the Pinnaces and their feeble Crew. Nor did their Suspicion stop here: but immediately it occurred to them, that their Men had been compelled by Torture to discover where their Frigate and Ship were stationed,

stationed; which being weakly manned, and without the Presence of the chief Commander, would fall into their Hands, almost without Resistance, and all Possibility of escaping be entirely cut off.

These Reflections sunk the whole Company into Despair, and every one, instead of endeavouring to break through the Difficulties that surrounded him, resigned up himself to his Ill-Fortune; when *Drake*, whose Intrepidity was never to be shaken, and whose Reason was never to be surprized, or embarrassed, represented to them that, though the *Spaniards* should have made themselves Masters of their Pinnaces, they might yet be hindred from discovering the Ships. He put them in mind that the Pinnaces could not be taken, the Men examined, their Examinations compared, the Resolutions formed, their Vessels sent out, and the Ships taken in an Instant. Some Time must necessarily be spent before the last Blow could be struck; and if that Time were not negligently lost, it might be possible for some of them to reach the Ships before the Enemy, and direct them to change their Station.

They were animated with this Discourse, by which they discovered that their Leader was not without Hope; but when they came to look more nearly into their Situation, they were unable to conceive upon what it was founded. To pass by Land was impossible, as the Way lay over high Mountains, through thick Woods, and deep Rivers, and they had not a single Boat in their Power; so that a Passage by Water seemed equally impracticable. But *Drake*, whose Penetration immediately discovered all the Circumstances and Inconveniencies of every Scheme, soon determined upon the only Means of Success which their Condition afforded them; and ordering his Men to make a Raft out of the Trees that were then floating on the River, offered himself to put off to Sea upon it, and cheerfully
asked

asked who would accompany him. *John Owen*, *John Smith*, and two *Frenchmen*, who were willing to share his Fortune, embarked with him on the Raft, which was fitted out with a Sail made of a Bisket-sack, and an Oar to direct its Course instead of a Rudder.

Then having comforted the rest with Assurances of his Regard for them, and Resolution to leave nothing unattempted for their Deliverance, he put off, and after having, with much Difficulty, sailed 3 Leagues, descried two Pinnaces hastening towards him, which, upon a nearer Approach, he discovered to be his own, and perceiving that they anchored behind a Point that jutted out into the Sea, he put to Shore, and crossing the Land on Foot, was received by his Company with that Satisfaction which is only known to those that have been acquainted with Dangers and Distresses.

The same Night they rowed to *Rio Francisco*, where they took in the rest, with what Treasure they had been able to carry with them through the Woods; then sailing back with the utmost Expedition, they returned to their Frigate, and soon after to their Ship, where *Drake* divided the Gold and Silver equally between the *French* and the *English*.

Here they spent about 14 Days in fitting out their Frigate more compleatly, and then dismissing the *Spaniards* with their Ship, lay a few Days among the *Cabezas*; while twelve *English* and sixteen *Symyrons* travelled once more into the Country, as well to recover the *French* Captain, whom they had left wounded, as to bring away the Treasure which they had hid in the Sands. *Drake*, whom his Company would not suffer to hazard his Person in another Land Expedition, went with them to *Rio Francisco*, where he found one of the *Frenchmen* who had stayed to attend their Captain, and was informed by him, upon his Enquiries after his Fortune, that half an
Hour

Hour after their Separation, the *Spaniards* came upon them, and easily seized upon the wounded Captain; but that his Companion might have escaped with him, had he not preferred Money to Life; for seeing him throw down a Box of Jewels that retarded him, he could not forbear taking it up, and with that, and the Gold which he had already, was so loaded that he could not escape. With regard to the Bars of Gold and Silver, which they had concealed in the Ground, he informed them that two thousand Men had been employed in digging for them.

The Men, however, either mistrusting the Informer's Veracity, or confident that what they had hidden could not be found, pursued their Journey; but upon their Arrival at the Place, found the Ground turned up for two Miles round, and were able to recover no more than thirteen Bars of Silver, and a small Quantity of Gold. They discovered afterwards that the *Frenchman* who was left in the Woods, falling afterwards into the Hands of the *Spaniards*, was tortured by them till he confessed where *Drake* had concealed his Plunder. So fatal to *Drake's* Expedition was the Drunkenness of his Followers.

Then dismissing the *French*, they passed by *Carthagena* with their Colours flying, and soon after took a Frigate laden with Provisions and Honey, which they valued as a great Restorative, and then sailed away to the *Cabezas*.

Here they stayed about a Week to clean their Vessels, and fit them for a long Voyage, determining to set sail for *England*. And that the faithful *Symmons* might not go away unrewarded, broke up their Pinnaces, and gave them the Iron, the most valuable Present in the World to a Nation whose only Employments were War and Hunting, and amongst whom Show and Luxury had no Place.

Pedro,

Pedro, their Captain, being desired by *Drake* to go through the Ship, and to choose what he most desired, fixed his Eye upon a Scymeter set with Diamonds, which the *French* Captain had presented to *Drake*; and being unwilling to ask for so valuable a Present, offered for it four large Quoits, or thick Plates of Gold, which he had hitherto concealed; but *Drake*, desirous to show him that Fidelity seldom is without a Recompence, gave it him with the highest Professions of Satisfaction and Esteem. *Pedro* receiving it with the utmost Gratitude, informed him, that by bestowing it, he had conferred Greatness and Honour upon him; for by presenting it to his King, he doubted not of obtaining the highest Rank amongst the *Symerons*. He then persisted in his Resolution of leaving the Gold, which was generously thrown by *Drake* into the common Stock; for he said, that those at whose Expences he had been sent out, ought to share in all the Gain of the Expedition, whatever Pretence Cavil and Chicanery might supply for the Appropriation of any Part of it. Thus was *Drake's* Character consistent with itself; he was equally superior to Avarice and Fear, and through whatever Danger he might go in quest of Gold, he thought it not valuable enough to be obtained by Artifice or Dishonesty.

They now forsook the Coast of *America*, which for many Months they had kept in perpetual Alarms, having taken more than two hundred Ships of all Sizes between *Carthagena* and *Nombre de Dios*, of which they never destroyed any, unless they were fitted out against them, nor ever detained the Prisoners longer than was necessary for their own Security or Concealment, providing for them in the same Manner as for themselves, and protecting them from the Malice of the *Symerons*: A Behaviour, which Humanity dictates, and which, perhaps, even Policy

Policy cannot disapprove. He must certainly meet with obstinate Opposition, who makes it equally dangerous to yield as to resist, and who leaves his Enemies no Hopes but from Victory.

What Riches they acquired, is not particularly related; but it is not to be doubted, that the Plunder of so many Vessels, together with the Silver which they seized at *Nombre de Dios*, must amount to a very large Sum, though the Part that was allotted to *Drake* was not sufficient to lull him in Effeminacy, or to repress his natural Inclination to Adventures.

They arrived at *Plymouth* on the 9th of *August*, 1573, on *Sunday* in the Afternoon; and so much were the People delighted with the News of their Arrival, that they left the Preacher, and ran in Crowds to the Key with Shouts and Congratulations.

Drake having, in his former Expedition, had a View of the South Sea, and formed a Resolution to sail upon it, did not suffer himself to be diverted from his Design by the Prospect of any Difficulties that might obstruct the Attempt, nor any Dangers that might attend the Execution; Obstacles which brave Men often find it much more easy to overcome, than secret Envy and domestic Treachery.

Drake's Reputation was now sufficiently advanced to incite Detraction and Opposition; and it is easy to imagine that a Man by Nature superior to mean Artifices, and bred, from his earliest Years, to the Labour and Hardships of a Sea Life, was very little acquainted with Policy and Intrigue, very little versed in the Methods of Application to the Powerful and Great, and unable to obviate the Practices of those whom his Merit had made his Enemies.

Nor are such the only Opponents of great Enterprises: There are some Men of narrow Views, and grovelling Conceptions, who, without the Instigation of personal Malice, treat every new Attempt as
wild

wild and chimerical, and look upon every Endeavour to depart from the beaten Track, as the rash Effort of a warm Imagination, or the glittering Speculation of an exalted Mind, that may please and dazzle for a Time, but can produce no real or lasting Advantage.

These Men value themselves upon a perpetual Scepticism, upon believing nothing but their own Senses, upon calling for Demonstration where it cannot possibly be obtained, and sometimes upon holding out against it when it is laid before them; upon inventing Arguments against the Success of any new Undertaking, and, where Arguments cannot be found, upon treating it with Contempt and Ridicule.

Such have been the most formidable Enemies of the great Benefactors to Mankind, and to these we can hardly doubt but that much of the Opposition which *Drake* met with is to be attributed; for their Notions and Discourse are so agreeable to the Lazy, the Envious, and the Timorous, that they seldom fail of becoming popular, and directing the Opinions of Mankind.

Whatsoever were his Obstacles, and whatsoever the Motives that produced them, it was not till the Year 1577, that he was able to assemble a Force proportioned to his Design, and to obtain a Commission from the Queen, by which he was constituted Captain-General of a Fleet consisting of five Vessels, of which the *Pelican* Admiral, of an hundred Tuns, was commanded by himself; the *Elizabeth*, Vice-Admiral, of eighty Tuns, by *John Winter*; the *Marigold*, of thirty Tuns, by *John Thomas*; the *Swan*, of fifty Tuns, by *John Chester*; the *Christopher*, of fifteen Tuns, by *Thomas Moche*, the same, as it seems, who was Carpenter in the former Voyage, and destroyed one of the Ships by *Drake's* Direction.

These

These Ships, equipped partly by himself, and partly by other private Adventurers, he manned with 164 stout Sailors, and furnished with such Provisions as he judged necessary for the long Voyage in which he was engaged. Nor did he confine his Concern to naval Stores, or military Preparations, but carried with him whatever he thought might contribute to raise in those Nations, with which he should have any Intercourse, the highest Ideas of the Politeness and Magnificence of his native Country. He therefore not only procured a compleat Service of Silver for his own Table, and furnished the Cook-room with many Vessels of the same Metal, but engaged several Musicians to accompany him; rightly judging that nothing would more excite the Admiration of any savage and uncivilised People.

Having been driven back by a Tempest in their first Attempt, and obliged to return to *Plymouth*, to repair the Damages which they had suffered, they set sail again from thence on the 13th of *December*, 1577, and on the 25th had Sight of *Cape Cantire* in *Barbary*, from whence they coasted on Southward to the Island of *Mogadore*, which *Drake* had appointed for the first Place of Rendezvous, and on the 27th brought the whole Fleet to anchor in a Harbour on the main Land.

They were soon after their Arrival discovered by the *Moors* that inhabited those Coasts, who sent two of the principal Men amongst them on board *Drake's* Ship, receiving at the same Time two of his Company as Hostages. These Men he not only treated in the most splendid Manner, but presented with such Things as they appeared most to admire; it being with him an established Maxim, to endeavour to secure in every Country a kind Reception to such *Englishmen* as might come after him, by treating the Inhabitants with Kindness and Generosity; a Conduct at once just and politic, to the Neglect of

which may be attributed many of the Injuries suffered by our Sailors in distant Countries, which are generally ascribed rather to the Effects of Wickedness and Folly of our own Commanders, than the Barbarity of the Natives, who seldom fall upon any unless they have been first plundered or insulted; and in revenging the Ravages of one Crew upon another of the same Nation, are guilty of nothing but what is countenanced by the Example of the *Europeans* themselves.

But this friendly Intercourse was in Appearance soon broken: for on the next Day, observing the *Moors* making Signals from the Land, they sent out their Boat, as before, to fetch them to the Ship, and one *John Fry* leaped ashore, intending to become an Hostage as on the former Day, when immediately he was seized by the *Moors*, and the Crew, observing great Numbers to start up from behind the Rock with Weapons in their Hands, found it Madness to attempt his Rescue, and therefore provided for their own Security by returning to the Ship.

Fry was immediately carried to the King, who being then in continual Expectation of an Invasion from *Portugal*, suspected that these Ships were sent only to observe the Coast, and discover a proper Harbour for the main Fleet; but being informed who they were, and whither they were bound, not only dismissed his Captive, but made large Offers of Friendship and Assistance, which *Drake*, however, did not stay to receive, but being disgusted at this Breach of the Laws of Commerce, and afraid of farther Violence, after having spent some Days in searching for his Man, in which he met with no Resistance, left the Coast on *December 31*, some Time before *Fry's* Return, who being obliged by this Accident to somewhat a longer Residence among the *Moors*, was afterwards sent home in a Merchant's Ship.

On

On *January 16*, they arrived at *Cape Blanc*, having in their Passage taken several *Spanish Vessels*. Here, while *Drake* was employing his Men in catching Fish, of which this Coast affords great Plenty, and various Kinds, the Inhabitants came down to the Sea-side with their *Alisorges*, or Leather-Bottles, to traffick for Water, which they were willing to purchase with Ambergrise, and other Gums. But *Drake*, compassionating the Misery of their Condition, gave them Water whenever they asked for it, and left them their Commodities to traffick with, when they should be again reduced to the same Distress, without finding the same Generosity to relieve them.

Here having discharged some *Spanish Ships*, which they had taken, they set sail towards the Isles of *Cape Verd*, and on *January 28*, came to anchor before *Mayo*, hoping to furnish themselves with fresh Water; but having landed, they found the Town by the Water's Side entirely deserted, and marching farther up the Country, saw the Vallies extremely fruitful, and abounding with ripe Figs, Coccoes and Plantains, but could by no means prevail upon the Inhabitants to converse or traffick with them: However they were suffered by them to range the Country without Molestation, but found no Water, except at such a Distance from the Sea that the Labour of conveying it to their Ships was greater than it was at that Time necessary for them to undergo. Salt, had they wanted it, might have been obtained with less Trouble, being left by the Sea upon the Sand, and hardened by the Sun, during the Ebb, in such Quantities, that the chief Traffick of their Island is carried on with it.

January 31. they passed by *St. Jago*, an Island at that Time divided between the Natives and the *Portuguese*, who first entering these Islands under the Show of Traffick, by Degrees established them-

selves, claimed a Superiority over the original Inhabitants, and harraised them with such Cruelty, that they obliged them either to fly to the Woods and Mountains, and perish with Hunger, or to take Arms against their Oppressors, and under the insuperable Disadvantages with which they contended, to die almost without a Battle in defence of their natural Rights, and antient Possessions.

Such Treatment had the Natives of *St. Fogo* received, which had driven them into the rocky Parts of the Island, from whence they made IncurSIONS into the Plantations of the *Portuguese*, sometimes with Loss, but generally with that Success which Desperation naturally procures; so that the *Portuguese* were in continual Alarms, and lived with the natural Consequences of Guilt, Terror and Anxiety. They were wealthy, but not happy, and possessed the Island, but not enjoyed it.

They then sailed on within sight of *Fogo*, an Island so called from a Mountain, about the Middle of it, continually burning, and like the rest inhabited by the *Portuguese*; two Leagues to the South of which lies *Brava*, which has received its Name from its Fertility, abounding, though uninhabited, with all Kinds of Fruits, and watered with great Numbers of Springs and Brooks, which would easily invite the Possessors of the adjacent Islands to settle in it, but that it affords neither Harbour nor Anchorage. *Drake*, after having sent out his Boats with Plummets, was not able to find any Ground about it, and it is reported that many Experiments have been made with the same Success; however, he took in Water sufficient, and on the 2d of *February* set sail for the Straits of *Magellan*.

On *February* 17, they passed the Equator, and continued their Voyage, with sometimes Calms, and sometimes contrary Winds, but without any memorable Accident, to *March* 28, when one of their Vessels,

Vessels, with 28 Men, and the greatest Part of their fresh Water on board, was, to their great Discouragement, separated from them; but their Perplexity lasted not long, for on the next Day they discovered and rejoined their Associates.

In their long Course, which gave them Opportunities of observing several Animals, both in the Air and Water, at that Time very little known, nothing entertained, or surprized them more, than the *Flying Fish*, which is near of the same Size with a Herring, and has Fins of the Length of his whole Body, by the Help of which, when he is pursued by the *Bonito*, or Great Mackerel, as soon as he finds himself upon the Point of being taken, he springs up into the Air, and flies forward as long as his Wings continue wet; Moisture being, as it seems, necessary to make them pliant and moveable, and when they become dry and stiff, he falls down into the Water, unless some Bark or Ship intercept him, and dips them again for a second Flight. This unhappy Animal is not only pursued by Fishes in his natural Element, but attacked in the Air, where he hopes for Security, by the *Don*, or *Sparkite*, a great Bird that preys upon Fish; and their Species must surely be destroyed, were not their Increase so great, that the young Fry, in one Part of the Year, covers the Sea.

There is another Fish, named the *Cuttil*, of which whole Shoals will sometimes rise at once out of the Water, and of which a great Multitude fell into their Ship.

At length, having sailed without Sight of Land for 63 Days, they arrived, April 5, at the Coasts of *Brasil*, where, on the 7th, the *Christopher* was separated again from them by a Storm, after which they sailed near the Land to the Southward, and on the 14th anchored under a Cape, which they

afterwards called *Cape Joy*, because in two Days the Vessel which they had lost, returned to them.

Having spent a Fortnight in the River of *Plate*, to refresh his Men after their long Voyage, and then standing out to Sea, he was again surprized by a sudden Storm, in which they lost Sight of the *Swan*. This Accident determined *Drake* to contract the Number of his Fleet, that he might not only avoid the Inconvenience of such frequent Separations, but ease the Labour of his Men, by having more Hands in each Vessel.

For this Purpose he sailed along the Coast in quest of a commodious Harbour, and, on *May 13*, discovered a Bay, which seemed not improper for their Purpose, but which they durst not enter till it was examined; an Employment in which *Drake* never trusted any, whatever might be his Confidence in his Followers on other Occasions. He well knew how fatal one Moment's Inattention might be, and how easily almost every Man suffers himself to be surprized by Indolence and Security. He knew that the same Credulity that might prevail upon him to trust another, might induce another to commit the same Office to a third; and it must be, at length, that some of them would be deceived. He therefore, as at other Times, ordered the Boat to be hoisted out, and taking the Line into his Hand, went on sounding the Passage till he was three Leagues from his Ship; when, on a sudden, the Weather changed, the Skies blackened, the Winds whistled, and all the usual Forerunners of a Storm began to threaten them: Nothing was now desired but to return to the Ship; but the Thickness of the Fog intercepting it from their Sight, made the Attempt little other than desperate. By so many unforeseen Accidents is Prudence itself liable to be embarrassed! So difficult is it sometimes for the quickest Sagacity, and most enlightened Experience, to judge what
Mea-

Measures ought to be taken ! To trust another to sound an unknown Coast, appeared to *Drake* Folly and Presumption ; to be absent from his Fleet, though but for an Hour, proved nothing less than to hazard the Success of all their Labours, Hardships and Dangers.

In this Perplexity, which *Drake* was not more sensible of than those whom he had left in the Ships, nothing was to be omitted, however dangerous, that might contribute to extricate them from it. As they could venture nothing of equal Value with the Life of their General ; Captain *Thomas*, therefore, having the lightest Vessel, steered boldly into the Bay, and taking the General aboard, dropped Anchor, and lay out of Danger, while the rest that were in the open Sea, suffered much from the Tempest, and the *Mary*, a *Portuguese* Prize, was driven away before the Wind ; the others, as soon as the Tempest was over, discovering by the Fires which were made on Shore, where *Drake* was, repaired to him.

Here going on shore they met with no Inhabitants, though there were several Houses or Huts standing, in which they found a good Quantity of dried Fowls, and among them a great Number of Ostriches, of which the Thighs were as large as those of a Sheep. These Birds are too heavy and unwieldy to rise from the Ground, but with the Help of their Wings run so swiftly, that the *English* could never come near enough to shoot at them. The *Indians*, commonly, by holding a large Plume of Feathers before them, and walking gently forward, drive the Ostriches into some narrow Neck, or Point of Land, then spreading a strong Net from one Side to the other, to hinder them from returning back to the open Fields, set their Dogs upon them, thus confined between the Net and the Water,

ter, and when they are thrown on their Backs, rush in and take them.

Not finding this Harbour convenient, or well stored with Wood and Water, they left it on the 15th of *May*, and on the 18th entered another much safer, and more commodious, which they no sooner arrived at, than *Drake*, whose restless Application never remitted, sent *Winter* to the Southward, in quest of those Ships which were absent, and immediately after sailed himself to the Northward, and happily meeting with the *Swan*, conducted it to the rest of the Fleet; after which, in Pursuance of his former Resolution, he ordered it to be broken up, reserving the Iron Work for a future Supply. The other Vessel which they lost in the late Storm could not be discovered.

While they were thus employed upon an Island about a Mile from the main Land, to which, at low Water, there was a Passage on Foot, they were discovered by the Natives, who appeared upon a Hill at a Distance, dancing, and holding up their Hands, as beckoning the *English* to them; which *Drake* observing, sent out a Boat with Knives, Bells, and Bugles, and such Things as, by their Usefulness or Novelty, he imagined would be agreeable. As soon as the *English* landed, they observed two Men running towards them, as deputed by the Company, who came within a little Distance, and then standing still, could not be prevailed upon to come nearer. The *English* therefore tied their Presents to a Pole, which they fixed in the Ground, and then retiring, saw the *Indians* advance, who taking what they found upon the Pole, left, in Return, such Feathers as they wear upon their Heads, with a small Bone about six Inches in length, carved round the Top, and burnished.

Drake observing their Inclination to Friendship and Traffic, advanced with some of his Company towards

towards the Hill, upon Sight of whom the *Indians* ranged themselves in a Line from East to West, and one of them running from one End of the Rank to the other, backwards and forwards, bowed himself towards the Rising and Setting of the Sun, holding his Hands over his Head, and frequently stopping in the Middle of the Rank, leaped up towards the Moon, which then shone directly over their Heads; thus calling the Sun and Moon, the Deities they worship, to witness the Sincerity of their Professions of Peace and Friendship. While this Ceremony was performed, *Drake* and his Company ascended the Hill, to the apparent Terror of the *Indians*, whose Apprehensions when the *English* perceived, they peaceably retired; which gave the Natives so much Encouragement, that they came forward immediately, and exchanged their Arrows, Feathers, and Bones, for such Trifles as were offered them.

Thus they traded for some Time, but by frequent Intercourse finding that no Violence was intended, they became familiar, and mingled with the *English* without the least Distrust.

They go quite naked, except a Skin of some Animal, which they throw over their Shoulders when they lie in the open Air. They knit up their Hair, which is very long, with a Roll of Ostrich Feathers, and usually carry their Arrows wrapped up in it, that they may not encumber them, they being made with Reeds, headed with Flint, and therefore not heavy. Their Bows are about an Ell long.

Their chief Ornament is Paint, which they use of several Kinds, delineating generally upon their Bodies the Figures of the Sun and Moon, in Honour of their Deities.

It is observable, that most Nations, amongst whom the Use of Cloaths is unknown, paint their Bodies.

Such

Such was the Practice of the first Inhabitants of our own Country. From this Custom did our earliest Enemies, the *Picts*, owe their Denomination. As it is not probable that Caprice or Fancy should be uniform, there must be, doubtless, some Reason for a Practice so general and prevailing in distant Parts of the World, which have no Communication with each other. The original End of painting their Bodies was, probably, to exclude the Cold; an End, which, if we believe some Relations, is so effectually produced by it, that the Men thus painted never shiver at the most piercing Blasts. But doubtless any People so hardened by continual Severities would, even without Paint, be less sensible of the Cold than the civilized Inhabitants of the same Climate. However this Practice may contribute, in some Degree, to defend them from the Injuries of Winter, and in those Climates where little evaporates by the Pores, may be used with no great Inconvenience; but in hot Countries, where Perspiration in greater Degree is necessary, the Natives only use Uction to preserve them from the other Extream of Weather: So well do either Reason or Experience supply the Place of Science in Savage Countries!

They had no Canoes like the other *Indians*, nor any Method of crossing the Water, which was probably the Reason why the Birds in the adjacent Islands were so tame, that they might be taken with the Hand, having never been before frightened or molested. The great Plenty of Fowls and Seals, which crowded the Shallows in such Numbers, that they killed at their first Arrival two Hundred of them in an Hour, contributed much to the Refreshment of the *English*, who named the Place *Seal Bay* from that Animal.

These Seals seem to be the chief Food of the Natives, for the *English* often found raw Pieces of their

their Flesh halfeaten, and left, as they supposed, after a full Meal by the *Indians*, whom they never knew to make use of Fire, or any Art, in dressing or preparing their Victuals.

Nor were their other Customs less wild or uncouth, than their Way of feeding. One of them having received a Cap off the General's Head, and being extremely pleased as well with the Honour as the Gift, to express his Gratitude, and confirm the Alliance between them, retired to a little Distance, and thrusting an Arrow into his Leg, let the Blood run upon the Ground, testifying, as it is probable, that he valued *Drake's* Friendship above Life.

Having staid fifteen Days among these friendly Savages in 47 Deg. 30 Min. S. Lat. on *June* 3, they set sail towards the South Sea, and six Days afterwards stopped at another little Bay to break up the *Christopher*. Then passing on, they cast Anchor in another Bay, not more than 20 Leagues distant from the Straits of *Magellan*.

It was now Time seriously to deliberate in what Manner they should act with regard to the *Portuguese* Prize, which having been separated from them by the Storm, had not yet rejoined them. To return in Search of it was sufficiently mortifying; to proceed without it, was not only to deprive themselves of a considerable Part of their Force, but to expose their Friends and Companions, whom common Hardships and Dangers had endeared to them, to certain Death or Captivity. This Consideration prevailed, and therefore on the 18th, after Prayers to God, with which *Drake* never forgot to begin an Enterprize, he put to Sea, and the next Day, near Port *Julian*, discovered their Associates, whose Ship was now grown leaky, having suffered much both in the first Storm by which they were dispersed, and

and afterwards in fruitless Attempts to regain the Fleet.

Drake therefore being desirous to relieve their Fatigues, entered Port *Julian*, and as it was his Custom always to attend in Person when any important Business was in hand, went ashore with some of the chief of his Company, to seek for Water, where he was immediately accosted by two Natives, of whom *Magellan* left a very terrible Account, having described them as a Nation of Giants and Monsters; nor is his Narrative entirely without Foundation, for they are of the largest Size, though not taller than some *Englishmen*; their Strength is proportioned to their Bulk, and their Voice loud, boisterous, and terrible. What were their Manners before the Arrival of the *Spaniards*, it is not possible to discover; but the Slaughter made of their Countrymen, perhaps without Provocation, by these cruel Intruders, and the general Massacre with which that Part of the World had been depopulated, might have raised in them a Suspicion of all Strangers, and by Consequence made them inhospitable, treacherous and bloody.

The two who associated themselves with the *English*, appeared much pleased with their new Guests, received willingly what was given them, and very exactly observed every thing that passed, seeming more particularly delighted with seeing *Oliver*, the Master Gunner, shoot an *English* Arrow. They shot themselves likewise in Emulation, but their Arrows always fell to the Ground far short of his.

Soon after this friendly Contest came another, who observing the Familiarity of his Countrymen with the Strangers, appeared much displeased, and, as the *Englishmen* perceived, endeavoured to dissuade them from such an Intercourse. What Effect his Arguments had, was soon after apparent, for another of *Drake's* Companions being desirous

to

to show the third *Indian* a Specimen of the *English* Valour and Dexterity, attempted likewise to shoot an Arrow, but drawing it with his full Force, burst the Bow-string; upon which the *Indians*, who were unacquainted with their other Weapons, imagined him disarmed, followed the Company, as they were walking negligently down towards their Boat, and let fly their Arrows, aiming particularly at *Winter*, who had the Bow in his Hand. He finding himself wounded in the Shoulder, endeavoured to refit his Bow, and turning about, was pierced with a second Arrow in the Breast. *Oliver*, the Gunner, immediately presented his Piece at the insidious Assailants, which failing to take fire, gave them Time to level another Flight of Arrows, by which he was killed; nor, perhaps, had any of them escaped, surprized and perplexed as they were, had not *Drake*, with his usual Presence of Mind, animated their Courage, and directed their Motions, ordering them, by perpetually changing their Places, to elude, as much as they could, the Aim of their Enemies, and to defend their Bodies with their Targets; and instructing them, by his own Example, to pick up, and break the Arrows as they fell; which they did with so much Diligence, that the *Indians* were soon in Danger of being disarmed. Then *Drake* himself taking the Gun, which *Oliver* had so unsuccessfully attempted to make use of, discharged it at the *Indian* that first began the Fray, and had killed the Gunner, aiming it so happily, that the Hail Shot, with which it was loaded, tore open his Belly, and forced him to such terrible Outcries, that the *Indians*, though their Numbers increased, and many of their Countrymen showed themselves from different Parts of the adjoining Wood, were too much terrified to renew the Assault, and suffered *Drake*, without Molestation, to withdraw his wounded Friend, who being hurt in his Lungs, languished two Days, and then

then dying, was interred with his Companion, with the usual Ceremony of a military Funeral.

They stayed here two Months afterwards, without receiving any other Injuries from the Natives, who finding the Danger to which they exposed themselves by open Hostilities, and not being able any more to surprize the Vigilance of *Drake*, preferred their Safety to Revenge.

But *Drake* had other Enemies to conquer or escape, far more formidable than these *Barbarians*, and insidious Practices to obviate, more artful and dangerous than the Ambushes of the *Indians*; for in this Place was laid open a Design formed by one of the Gentlemen of the Fleet, not only to defeat the Voyage, but to murder the General.

This Transaction is related in so obscure and confused a Manner, that it is difficult to form any Judgment upon it. The Writer who gives the largest Account of it, has suppressed the Name of the Criminal, which we learn, from a more succinct Narrative published in a Collection of Travels near that Time, to have been *Thomas Doughtie*. What were his Inducements to attempt the Destruction of his Leader, and the Ruin of the Expedition, or what were his Views if his Designs had succeeded, what Measures he had hitherto taken, whom he had endeavoured to corrupt, with what Arts, or what Success, we are no where told.

The Plot, as the Narrative assures us, was laid before their Departure from *England*, and discovered, in its whole Extent, to *Drake* himself in his Garden at *Plymouth*, who nevertheless not only entertained the Person so accused as one of his Company, but, this Writer very particularly relates, treated him with remarkable Kindness and Regard, setting him always at his own Table; and lodging him in the same Cabbin with himself. Nor did he ever discover the least Suspicion of his Intentions, till they arrived

arrived at this Place, but appeared, by the Authority with which he invested him, to consider him as one to whom, in his Absence, he could most securely intrust the Direction of his Affairs. At length, in this remote Corner of the World, he found out a Design formed against his Life, called together all his Officers, laid before them the Evidence on which he grounded the Accusation, and summoned the Criminal, who, full of all the Horrors of Guilt, and confounded at so clear a Detection of his whole Scheme, immediately confessed his Crimes, and acknowledged himself unworthy of longer Life: Upon which the whole Assembly, consisting of thirty Persons, after having considered the Affair with the Attention which it required, and heard all that could be urged in Extenuation of his Offence, unanimously signed the Sentence by which he was condemned to suffer Death. *Drake*, however, unwilling, as it seemed, to proceed to extreme Severities, offered him his Choice, either of being executed on the Island, or set ashore on the main Land, or being sent to *England* to be tried before the Council; of which, after a Day's Consideration, he chose the first, alledging the Improbability of persuading any to leave the Expedition for the Sake of transporting a Criminal to *England*, and the Danger of his future State among Savages and Infidels. His Choice, I believe, few will approve: To be set ashore on the main Land, was indeed only to be executed in a different Manner: for what Mercy could be expected from the Natives so incensed, but the most cruel and lingering Death? But why he should not rather have requested to be sent to *England* it is not so easy to conceive. In so long a Voyage he might have found a thousand Opportunities of escaping, perhaps with the Conivance of his Keepers, whose Resentment must probably in Time have given way to Compassion, or

at least by their Negligence, as it is easy to believe, they would, in Times of Ease and Refreshment, have remitted their Vigilance, at least he would have gained longer Life; and to make Death desirable seems not one of the Effects of Guilt. However, he was, as 'tis related, obstinately deaf to all Persuasions, and adhering to his first Choice, after having received the Communion, and dined chearfully with the General, was excuted in the Afternoon, with many Proofs of Remorse, but none of Fear.

How far it is probable that *Drake*, after having been acquainted with this Man's Designs, should admit him into his Fleet, and afterwards caress, respect, and trust him; or that *Doughtie*, who is represented as a Man of eminent Abilities, should engage in so long and hazardous a Voyage with no other View than that of defeating it, is left to the Determination of the Reader. What Designs he could have formed with any Hope of Success, or to what Actions worthy of Death he could have proceeded without Accomplices, for none are mentioned, is equally difficult to imagine. Nor, on the other Hand, though the Obscurity of the Account, and the remote Place chosen for the Discovery of this wicked Project, seem to give some Reason for Suspicion, does there appear any Temptation, from either Hope, Fear, or Interest, that might induce *Drake*, or any Commander in his State, to put to death an innocent Man upon false Pretences.

After the Execution of this Man, the whole Company, either convinced of the Justice of the Proceeding, or awed by the Severity, applied themselves without any Murmurs, or Appearance of Discontent, to the Prosecution of the Voyage; and having broken up another Vessel, and reduced the Number of their Ships to three, they left the Port, and on *August* the 20th entered the Straits of *Magellan*, in which they struggled with contrary Winds, and the

the Intricacy of that winding Passage exposed them till Night, and then entered a more open Sea, in which they discovered an Island with a burning Mountain. On the 24th they fell in with three more Islands to which *Drake* gave Names, and, landing to take Possession of them in the Name of his Sovereign, found in the largest so prodigious a Number of Birds, that they killed three thousand of them in one Day. This Bird, of which they knew not the Name, was somewhat less than a wild Goose, without Feathers, and covered with a Kind of Down, unable to fly or rise from the Ground, but capable of running and swimming with amazing Celerity; they feed on the Sea, and come to Land only to rest at Night or lay their Eggs, which they deposit in Holes like those of Conies.

From these Islands to the South-Sea, the Strait becomes very crooked and narrow, so that sometimes, by the Interposition of Headlands, the Passage seems shut up, and the Voyage entirely stopped. To double these Capes is very difficult, on Account of the frequent Alterations to be made in the Course. There are indeed, as *Magellan* observes, many Harbours, but in most of them no Bottom is to be found.

The Land on both Sides rises into innumerable Mountains, the Tops of them are encircled with Clouds and Vapours, which being congealed fall down in Snow, and increase their Height by hardening into Ice, which is never dissolved; but the Valleys are, nevertheless, green, fruitful, and pleasant.

Here *Drake* finding the Strait in Appearance shut up, went in his Boat to make farther Discoveries, and having found a Passage towards the North, was returning to his Ships; but Curiosity soon prevailed upon him to stop, for the Sake of observing a Canoe or Boat, with several Natives of the Country in it. He could not at a Distance forbear admiring the

Form of this little Vessel, which seemed inclining to a Semicircle, the Stern and Prow standing up, and the Body sinking inward; but much greater was his Wonder, when, upon a nearer Inspection, he found it made only of the Barks of Trees sewed together with Thongs of Seal-skin, so artificially, that scarcely any Water entered the Seams. The People were well-shaped and painted, like those which have been already described. On the Land they had a Hut built with Poles and covered with Skins, in which they had Water-vessels and other Utensils, made likewise of the Barks of Trees.

Among these People they had an Opportunity of remarking, what is frequently observable in savage Countries, how natural Sagacity, and unwearied Industry may supply the Want of such Manufactures, or natural Productions as appear to us absolutely necessary for the Support of Life. The Inhabitants of these Islands are wholly Strangers to Iron and its Use, but instead of it make Use of the Shell of a Muscle of prodigious Size, found upon their Coasts; this they grind upon a Stone to an Edge, which is so firm and solid, that neither Wood nor Stone is able to resist it.

September 6, they entered the great South-Sea, on which no *English* Vessel had ever been navigated before, and proposed to have directed their Course towards the Line, that their Men, who had suffered by the Severity of the Climate, might recover their Strength in a warmer Latitude. But their Designs were scarce formed before they were frustrated; for on September 7, after an Eclipse of the Moon, a Storm arose, so violent, that it left them little Hopes of surviving it; nor was its Fury so dreadful, as its Continuance, for it lasted with little Intermision till October 28, fifty-two Days, during which Time they were tossed incessantly from one Part of the Ocean to another; without any Power of spreading their Sails,

Sails, or lying upon their Anchors, amidst shelving Shores, scattered Rocks, and unknown Islands, the Tempest continually roaring, and the Waves dashing over them.

In this Storm, on the 30th of *September*, the *Margold*, commanded by Captain *Thomas*, was separated from them. On the 7th of *October*, having entered a Harbour, where they hoped for some Intermission of their Fatigues, they were in a few Hours forced out to Sea by a violent Gust, which broke the Cable, at which Time they lost Sight of the *Elizabeth*, the Vice-Admiral, whose Crew, as was afterwards discovered, wearied with Labour, and discouraged by the Prospect of future Dangers, recovered the Straits on the next Day, and returning by the same Passage through which they came, sailed along the Coast of *Brasil*, and on the 2d of *June*, in the Year following, arrived at *England*.

From this Bay they were driven Southward to fifty-five Degrees, where, among some Islands, they stayed two Days to the great Refreshment of the Crew; but being again forced into the main Sea, they were tossed about with perpetual Expectations of perishing, till soon after they came again to anchor near the same Place, where they found the Natives, whom the Continuance of the Storm had probably reduced to equal Distress, rowing from one Island to another, and providing the Necessaries of Life.

It is, perhaps, a just Observation, that, with regard to outward Circumstances, Happiness and Misery are very equally diffused through all States of human Life. In civilized Countries where regular Policies have secured the Necessaries of Life, Ambition, Avarice, and Luxury, find the Mind at Leisure for their Reception, and soon engage it in new Pursuits; Pursuits that are to be carried on by incessant Labour, and whether vain or successful, produce

duce Anxiety and Contention. Among savage Nations, imaginary Wants find, indeed, no Place, but their Strength is exhausted by necessary Toils, and their Passions agitated not by Contests about Superiority, Affluence, or Precedence, but by perpetual Care for the present Day, and by Fear of perishing for want of Food.

But for such Reflections as these they had no Time; for having spent three Days in supplying themselves with Wood and Water, they were by a new Storm driven to the Latitude of fifty-six Degrees, where they beheld the Extremities of the *American* Coast, and the Confluence of the Atlantic and Southern Ocean.

Here they arrived on the 28th of *October*, and at last were blessed with the Sight of a calm Sea, having for almost two Months endured such a Storm as no Traveller has given an Account of; and such, as in that Part of the World, though accustomed to Hurricanes, they were before unacquainted with.

On the 30th of *October* they steered away towards the Place appointed for the Rendezvous of the Fleet, which was in thirty Degrees, and on the next Day discovered two Islands so well stocked with Fowls, that they victualled their Ships with them, and then sailed forwards, along the Coast of *Peru*, till they came to thirty-seven Degrees, where finding neither their Ships, nor any convenient Port, they came to Anchor, *November* the 25th, at *Mucho*, an Island inhabited by such *Indians* as the Cruelty of their *Spanish* Conquerors had driven from the Continent, to whom they applied for Water and Provisions, offering them in return, such Things as they imagined most likely to please them. The *Indians* seemed willing to traffick, and having presented them with Fruits, and two fat Sheep, would have shewed them a Place whither they should come for Water.

The next Morning, according to Agreement, the *English* landed with their Water-vessels, and sent two Men forward towards the Place appointed, who, about the Middle of the Way, were suddenly attacked by the *Indians*, and immediately slain. Nor were the rest of the Company out of Danger; for behind the Rocks was lodged an Ambush of five hundred Men, who, starting up from their Retreat, discharged their Arrows into the Boat with such Dexterity, that every one of the Crew was wounded by them, the Sea being then high and hindering them from either retiring or making use of their Weapons. *Drake* himself received an Arrow under his Eye, which pierced him almost to the Brain, and another in his Head. The Danger of these Wounds was much encreased by the Absence of their Surgeon, who was in the Vice-Admiral, so that they had none to assist them but a Boy, whose Age did not admit of much Experience or Skill; yet so much were they favoured by Providence, that they all recovered.

No Reason could be assigned for which the *Indians* should attack them with so furious a Spirit of Malignity, but that they mistook them for *Spaniards*, whose Cruelties might very reasonably incite them to Revenge, whom they had driven by incessant Persecution from their Country, wasting immense Tracks of Land by Massacre and Devastation.

On the Afternoon of the same Day, they set Sail, and on the 30th of *November* dropped Anchor in *Philips Bay*, where their Boat having been sent out to discover the Country, returned with an *Indian* in his Canoe, whom they had intercepted. He was of a graceful Stature, dressed in a white Coat or Gown, reaching almost to his Knees, very mild, humble, and docile, such as perhaps were all the *Indians*, till the *Spaniards* taught them Revenge, Treachery and Cruelty.

This *Indian*, having been kindly treated, was dismissed with Presents, and informed, as far as the *English* could make him understand, what they chiefly wanted, and what they were willing to give in return, *Drake* ordering his Boat to attend him in his Canoe, and to set him safe on the Land.

When he was ashore, he directed them to wait till his Return, and meeting some of his Countrymen, gave them such an Account of his Reception, that, within a few Hours, several of them repaired with him to the Boat with Fowls, Eggs, and a Hog, and with them one of their Captains, who willingly came into the Boat, and desired to be conveyed by the *English* to their Ship.

By this Man *Drake* was informed, that no Supplies were to be expected here; but that southward, in a Place to which he offered to be his Pilot, there was great Plenty. This Proposal was accepted, and on the 5th of *December*, under the Direction of the good-natured *Indian*, they came to Anchor in the Harbour called by the *Spaniards* *Valperizo*, near the Town of *St. James of Chiuli*, where they met not only with sufficient Stores of Provision, and with Store-houses full of the Wines of *Chili*, but with a Ship called the *Captain of Morial*, richly laden, having, together with large Quantities of the same Wines, some of the fine Gold of *Baldivia*, and a great Cross of Gold set with Emeralds.

Having spent three Days in storing their Ships with all Kinds of Provision in the utmost Plenty, they departed and landed their *Indian* Pilot, where they first received him, after having rewarded him much above his Expectations or Desires.

They had now little other Anxiety than for their Friends who had been separated from them, and whom they now determined to seek; but considering that by entering every Creek and Harbour with their Ship, they exposed themselves to unnecessary Dan-

gers,

gers, and that their Boat would not contain such a Number as might defend themselves against the *Spaniards*, they determined to station their Ship at some Place, where they might commodiously build a Pinnace, which being of light Burthen, might easily sail where the Ship was in Danger of being stranded, and at the same Time might carry a sufficient Force to resist the Enemy, and afford better Accommodation than could be expected in the Boat.

To this End, on the 19th of *December*, they entered a Bay near *Cippo*, a Town inhabited by *Spaniards*, who discovering them, immediately issued out, to the Number of an hundred Horsemen, with about two hundred naked *Indians* running by their Sides. The *English* observing their Approach, retired to their Boat without any Loss, except of one Man, whom no Persuasions or Entreaties could move to retire with the rest, and who, therefore, was shot by the *Spaniards*, who exulting at the Victory, commanded the *Indians* to draw the dead Carcase from the Rock on which he fell, and in the Sight of the *English* beheaded it, then cut off the right Hand, and tore out the Heart, which they carried away, having first commanded the *Indians* to shoot their Arrows all over the Body. The Arrows of the *Indians* were made of green Wood, for the immediate Service of the Day, the *Spaniards*, with the Fear that always harrasses Oppressors, forbidding them to have any Weapons, when they do not want their present Assistance.

Leaving this Place, they soon found a Harbour more secure and convenient, where they built their Pinnace, in which *Drake* went to seek his Companions, but finding the Wind contrary, he was obliged to return in two Days.

Leaving this Place soon after, they sailed along the Coast in search of fresh Water, and landing at *Turapaca*, they found a *Spaniard* asleep, with Silver

Bars lying by him to the Value of three thousand Ducats; not all the Insults which they had received from his Countrymen, could provoke them to offer any Violence to his Person, and therefore they carried away his Treasure without doing him any farther Harm.

Landing in another Place, they found a *Spaniard* driving eight *Peruvian* Sheep, which are the Beasts of Burthen in that Country, each laden with an hundred Pounds weight of Silver, which they seized likewise, and drove to their Boats.

Further along the Coast lay some *Indian* Towns, from which the Inhabitants repaired to the Ship, on Floats made of Seal-skins, blown full of Wind, two of which they fasten together, and sitting between them, row with great Swiftnes, and carry considerable Burthens. They very readily traded for Glasse and such Trifles, with which the Old and the Young seemed equally delighted.

Arriving at *Mormorena* on the 26th of *January*, *Drake* invited the *Spaniards* to traffick with him, which they agreed to, and supplied him with Necessaries, selling to him, among other Provisions, some of those Sheep which have been mentioned, whose Bulk is equal to that of a Cow, and whose Strength is such, that one of them can carry three tall Men upon his Back: Their Necks are like a Camel's, and their Heads like those of our Sheep. They are the most useful Animals of this Country, not only affording excellent Fleeces, and wholesome Flesh, but serving as Carriages over Rocks and Mountains where no other Beast can travel; for their Foot is of a peculiar Form, which enables them to tread firm in the most steep and slippery Places.

On all this Coast the whole Soil is so impregnated with Silver, that five Ounces may be separated from an hundred Pounds weight of common Earth.

Still coasting in Hopes of meeting their Friends, they anchored on the 7th of *February* before *Aria*, where they took two Barks with about eight hundred Pound weight of Silver, and pursuing their Course seized another Vessel laden with Linens.

On the 15th of *February* 1578, they arrived at *Lima*, and entered the Harbour without Resistance, though thirty Ships were stationed there, of which seventeen were equipped for their Voyage, and many of them are represented in the Narrative as Vessels of considerable Force; so that their Security seems to have consisted not in their Strength, but in their Reputation, which had so intimidated the *Spaniards*, that the Sight of their own Superiority could not rouse them to Opposition. Instances of such panick Terrors are to be met with in other Relations, but as they are, for the most Part, quickly dissipated by Reason and Reflection, a wise Commander will rarely found his Hopes of Success on them; and, perhaps, on this Occasion, the *Spaniards* scarcely deserve a severer Censure for their Cowardice than *Drake* for his Temerity.

In one of these Ships they found fifteen hundred Bars of Silver, in another a Chest of Money, and very rich Lading in many of the rest, of which the *Spaniards* tamely suffered them to carry the most valuable Part away, and would have permitted them no less peaceably to burn their Ships; but *Drake* never made War with a Spirit of Cruelty or Revenge, or carried Hostilities further than was necessary for his own Advantage or Defence.

They set Sail the next Morning towards *Panama*, in quest of the *Caca Fuego*, a very rich Ship, which had sailed fourteen Days before bound thither from *Lima*, which they overtook on the First of *March*, near *Cape Francisco*, and boarding it, found not only a Quantity of Jewels, and twelve Chests of Ryals of Plate, but eighty Pounds weight of Gold, and twenty-

twenty-six Tuns of uncoined Silver, with Pieces of wrought Plate to a great Value. In unlading this Prize, they spent six Days, and then dismissing the *Spaniards* stood off to Sea.

Being now sufficiently enriched, and having lost all Hopes of finding their Associates, and perhaps beginning to be infected with that Desire of Ease and Pleasure which is the natural Consequence of Wealth obtained by Dangers and Fatigues, they began to consult about their return Home, and in Pursuance of *Drake's* Advice, resolved first to find out some convenient Harbour, where they might supply themselves with Wood and Water, and then endeavour to discover a Passage from the South-Sea into the Atlantic Ocean; a Discovery which would not only enable them to return Home with less Danger, and in a shorter Time, but would much facilitate the Navigation in those Parts of the World.

For this Purpose they had Recourse to a Port in the Island of *Caines*, where they met with Fish, Wood, and fresh Water, and in their Course took a Ship laden with Silk and Linen, which was the last that they met with on the Coast of *America*.

But being desirous of storing themselves for a long Course, they touched, *April* the 15th, at *Guatulco*, a *Spanish* Island, where they supplied themselves with Provisions, and seized a Bushel of Ryals of Silver.

From *Guatulco*, which lies in fifteen Degrees forty Minutes, they stood out to Sea, and without approaching any Land; sailed forward, till on the Night following, the 3d of *June*, being then in the Latitude of thirty-eight Degrees, they were suddenly benumbed with such cold Blasts, that they were scarcely able to handle the Ropes. This Cold increased upon them, as they proceeded, to such a Degree, that the Sailors were discouraged from mounting upon the Deck; nor were the Effects of the Climate to be imputed to the Warmth of the Regions

Regions to which they had been lately accustomed, for the Ropes were stiff with Frost, and the Meat could scarcely be conveyed warm to the Table.

On *June* 17th they came to Anchor in thirty-eight Degrees thirty Minutes, where they saw the Land naked, and the Trees without Leaves, and in a short Time had Opportunities of observing, that the Natives of that Country were not less sensible of the Cold than themselves; for the next Day came a Man rowing in his Canoe towards the Ship, and at a Distance from it, made a long Oration, with very extraordinary Gesticulations, and great Appearance of Vehemence, and a little Time afterwards made a second Visit in the same Manner, and then returning a third Time, he presented them, after his Harangue was finished, with a Kind of Crown of black Feathers, such as their Kings wear upon their Heads, and a Basket of Rushes filled with a particular Herb, both which he fastened to a short Stick, and threw into the Boat; nor could he be prevailed upon to receive any Thing in return, though pushed towards him upon a Board; only he took up a Hat which was flung into the Water.

Three Days afterwards, their Ship having received some Damage at Sea, was brought nearer to Land, that the Lading might be taken out. In order to which, the *English*, who had now learned not too negligently to commit their Lives to the Mercy of savage Nations, raised a Kind of Fortification with Stones, and built their Tents within it. All this was not beheld by the Inhabitants without the utmost Astonishment, which incited them to come down in Crowds to the Coast, with no other View, as it appeared, than to worship the new Divinities that had condescended to touch upon their Country.

Drake was far from countenancing their Errors, or taking Advantage of their Weakness to injure or molest

molest them; and therefore, having directed them to lay aside their Bows and Arrows, he presented them with Linen, and other Necessaries, of which he shewed them the Use. They then returned to their Habitation, about three Quarters of a Mile from the *English* Camp, where they made such loud and violent Outcries, that they were heard by the *English*, who found that they still persisted in their first Notions, and were paying them their kind of melancholy Adoration.

Two Days afterwards they perceived the Approach of a far more numerous Company, who stopped at the Top of a Hill which overlooked the *English* Settlement, while one of them made a long Oration, at the End of which all the Assembly bowed their Bodies, and pronounced the Syllable *Oh* with a solemn Tone, as by way of Confirmation of what had been said by the Orator. Then the Men laying down their Bows, and leaving the Women and Children on the Top of the Hill, came down towards the Tents, and seemed transported in the highest Degree, at the Kindness of the General, who received their Gifts, and admitted them to his Presence. The Women at a Distance appeared seized with a Kind of Frenzy, such as that of old among the *Pagans* in some of their religious Ceremonies, and in Honour, as it seemed, of their Guests, tore their Cheeks and Bosoms with their Nails, and threw themselves upon the Stones with their naked Bodies till they were covered with Blood.

These cruel Rites, and mistaken Honours, were by no Means agreeable to *Drake*, whose predominant Sentiments were Notions of Piety; and therefore not to make that criminal in himself by his Concurrence, which, perhaps, Ignorance might make guiltless in them, he ordered his whole Company to fall upon their Knees, and with their Eyes lifted up to Heaven, that the Savages might observe that

that their Worship was addressed to a Being residing there, they all joined in praying that this harmless and deluded People might be brought to the Knowledge of the true Religion, and the Doctrines of our blessed Saviour; after which they sung Psalms, a Performance so pleasing to their wild Audience, that in all their Visits they generally first accosted them with a Request that they would sing. They then returned all the Presents which they had received, and retired.

Three Days after this, on *June 25, 1579*, our General received two Embassadors from the *Hioh*, or King of the Country, who intending to visit the Camp, required that some Token might be sent him of Friendship and Peace; this Request was readily complied with, and soon after came the King, attended by a Guard of about an hundred tall Men, and preceded by an Officer of State, who carried a Scepter made of black Wood, adorned with Chains of a Kind of Bone or Horn, which are Marks of the highest Honour among them, and having two Crowns, made as before, with Feathers fastened to it, with a Bag of the same Herb which was presented to *Drake* at his first Arrival.

Behind him was the King himself, dressed in a Coat of Coney-Skins, with a Cawl woven with Feathers upon his Head, an Ornament so much in Estimation there, that none but the Domesticks of the King are allowed to wear it; his Attendants followed him, adorned nearly in the same Manner, and after them came the common People, with Baskets plaited so artificially that they held Water, in which, by Way of Sacrifice, they brought Roots and Fish.

Drake, not lulled into Security, ranged his Men in Order of Battle, and waited their Approach, who coming nearer, stood still while the Scepter-bearer made an Oration, at the Conclusion of which they
again

again came forward to the Foot of the Hill, and then the Scepter-bearer began a Song, which he accompanied with a Dance, in both which the Men joined, but the Women danced without singing.

Drake, now distrusting them no longer, admitted them into his Fortification, where they continued their Song and Dance a short Time, and then both the King, and some others of the Company, made long Harangues, in which it appeared, by the rest of their Behaviour, that they entreated him to accept of their Country, and to take the Government of it into his own Hands; for the King with the apparent Concurrence of the rest, placed the Crown upon his Head, graced him with the Chains, and other Signs of Authority, and saluted him by the Title of *Hiah*.

The Kingdom thus offered, though of no farther Value to him than as it furnished him with present Necessaries, *Drake* thought it not prudent to refuse, and therefore took Possession of it in the Name of Queen *Elizabeth*, not without ardent Wishes that this Acquisition might have been of Use to his native Country, and that so mild and innocent a People might have been united to the Church of Christ.

The Kingdom being thus consigned, and the grand Affair at an End, the common People left their King and his Domesticks with *Drake*, and dispersed themselves over the Camp; and when they saw any one that pleased them by his Appearance more than the rest, they tore their Flesh, and vented their Outcries as before, in Token of Reverence and Admiration.

They then proceeded to shew them their Wounds and Diseases, in Hopes of a miraculous and instantaneous Cure; to which the *English*, to beresit and undeceive them at the same Time, applied such Remedies as they used on the like Occasions.

They

They were now grown confident and familiar, and came down to the Camp, every Day repeating their Ceremonies and Sacrifices, till they were more fully informed how disagreeable they were to those whose Favour they were so studious of obtaining: They then visited them without Adoration, indeed, but with a Curiosity so ardent, that it left them no Leisure to provide the Necessaries of Life, with which the *English* were therefore obliged to supply them.

They had then sufficient Opportunity to remark the Customs and Dispositions of these new Allies, whom they found tractable and benevolent, strong of Body, far beyond the *English*, yet unfurnished with Weapons, either for Assault or Defence, their Bows being too weak for any Thing but Sport. Their Dexterity in taking Fish was such, that if they saw them so near the Shore that they could come to them without swimming, they never missed them.

The same Curiosity that had brought them in such Crowds to the Shore, now induced *Drake*, and some of his Company, to travel up into the Country, which they found, at some Distance from the Coast, very fruitful, filled with large Deer, and abounding with a peculiar Kind of Conies smaller than ours, with Tails like that of a Rat, and Paws such as those of a Mole; they have Bags under their Chin, in which they carry Provisions to their Young.

The Houses of the Inhabitants are round Holes dug in the Ground, from the Brink of which they raise Rafter or Piles, shelving towards the Middle, where they all meet, and are cramped together; they lie upon Rushes, with the Fire in the Midst, and let the Smoak fly out at the Door.

The Men are generally naked; but the Women make a Kind of Petticoat of Bulrushes, which they
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comb like Hemp, and throw the Skin of a Deer over their Shoulders. They are very modest, tractable and obedient to their Husbands.

Such is the Condition of this People, and not very different is, perhaps, the State of the greatest Part of Mankind. Whether more enlightened Nations ought to look upon them with Pity, as less happy than themselves, some Sceptics have made, very unnecessarily, a Difficulty of determining. More, they say, is lost by the Perplexities than gained by the Instruction of Science; we enlarge our Vices with our Knowledge, and multiply our Wants with our Attainments, and the Happiness of Life is better secured by the Ignorance of Vice than by the Knowledge of Virtue.

The Fallacy by which such Reasoners have imposed upon themselves, seems to arise from the Comparison which they make, not between two Men equally inclined to apply the Means of Happiness in their Power to the End for which Providence conferred them, but furnished in unequal Proportions with the Means of Happiness, which is the true State of savage and polished Nations, but between two Men, of which he to whom Providence has been most bountiful, destroys the Blessings by Negligence, or obstinate Misuse; while the other, steady, diligent, and virtuous, employs his Abilities and Conveniencies to their proper End. The Question is not, whether a good *Indian* or bad *Englishman* be most happy; but, which State is most desirable, supposing Virtue and Reason the same in both.

Nor is this the only Mistake which is generally admitted in this Controversy; for these Reasoners frequently confound Innocence with the mere Incapacity of Guilt. He that never saw, or heard, or thought of strong Liquors, cannot be proposed as a Pattern of Sobriety.

This Land was named by *Drake*, ALBION, from its white Cliffs, in which it bore some Resemblance to his native Country; and the whole History of the Resignation of it to the *English*, was engraven on a Piece of Brass, then nailed on a Post, and fixed up before their Departure, which being now discovered by the People to be near at Hand, they could not forbear perpetual Lamentations. When the *English* on the 23d of *July* weighed Anchor, they saw them climbing to the Tops of Hills, that they might keep them in sight, and observed Fires lighted up in many Parts of the Country, on which, as they supposed, Sacrifices were offered.

Near this Harbour they touched at some Islands, where they found great Numbers of Seals, and despairing now to find any Passage through the Northern Parts, he after a general Consultation determined to steer away to the *Moluccas*, and setting Sail *July* the 25th, he sailed for sixty-eight Days without Sight of Land; and on *September* 30th, arrived within View of some Islands, situate about eight Degrees Northward from the Line, from whence the Inhabitants resorted to them in Canoes, hollowed out of the solid Trunk of a Tree, and raised at both Ends so high above the Water, that they seemed almost a Semicircle; they were burnished in such a Manner, that they shone like Ebony, and were kept steady by a Piece of Timber, fixed on each Side of them, with strong Canes, that were fastened at one End to the Boat, and at the other to the End of the Timber.

The first Company that came brought Fruits, Potatoes, and other Things of no great Value, with an Appearance of Traffick, and exchanged their Lading for other Commodities, with great Shew of Honesty and Friendship; but having, as they imagined, laid all Suspicion asleep, they soon sent another Fleet of Canoes, of which the Crews behaved

with all the Insolence of Tyrants, and all the Rapacity of Thieves; for whatever was suffered to come into their Hands, they seemed to consider as their own, and would neither pay for it nor restore it; and at length, finding the *English* resolved to admit them no longer, they discharged a Shower of Stones from their Boats, which Insult, *Drake* prudently and generously returned by ordering a Piece of Ordnance to be fired without hurting them; at which they were so terrified, that they leaped into the Water, and hid themselves under the Canoes.

Having for some Time but little Wind, they did not arrive at the *Moluccas* till the 3d of *November*, and then designing to touch at *Tidore*, they were visited, as they sailed by a little Island belonging to the King of *Ternate*, by the Viceroy of the Place, who informed them, that it would be more advantageous for them to have recourse to his Master for Supplies and Assistance than to the King of *Ternate*, who was in some Degree dependent on the *Portuguese*, and that he would himself carry the News of their Arrival, and prepare their Reception.

Drake was by the Arguments of the Viceroy prevailed upon to alter his Resolution; and on *November* 5, cast Anchor before *Ternate*, and scarce was he arrived, before the Viceroy, with others of the chief Nobles, came out in three large Boats, rowed by forty Men on each Side, to conduct the Ship into a safe Harbour, and soon after the King himself having received a velvet Cloak by a Messenger from *Drake*, as a Token of Peace, came with such a Retinue and Dignity of Appearance as was not expected in those remote Parts of the World. He was received with Discharges of Cannons and every Kind of Musick, with which he was so much delighted, that desiring the Musicians to come down into the Boat, he was towed along in it at the Stern of the Ship.

The King was of a graceful Stature, and regal Carriage, of a mild Aspect, and low Voice; his Attendants were dressed in white Cotton or Callicoe, of whom some, whose Age gave them a venerable Appearance, seemed his Counsellors, and the rest Officers or Nobles; his Guards were not ignorant of Fire-arms, but had not many among them, being equipped for the most Part with Bows and Darts.

The King having spent some Time in admiring the Multitude of new Objects that presented themselves, retired as soon as the Ship was brought to Anchor, and promised to return on the Day following; and in the mean Time, the Inhabitants having Leave to traffick, brought down Provisions in great Abundance.

At the Time when the King was expected his Brother came aboard, to request of *Drake* that he would come to the Castle, proposing to stay himself as a Hostage for his Return; *Drake* refused to go, but sent some Gentlemen, detaining the King's Brother in the mean Time.

These Gentlemen were received by another of the King's Brothers, who conducted them to the Council-house near the Castle, in which they were directed to walk; there they found threescore old Men, Privy-Counsellors to the King, and on each Side of the Door without, stood four old Men of foreign Countries, who served as Interpreters in Commerce.

In a short Time the King came from the Castle, dressed in Cloth of Gold, with his Hair woven into gold Rings, a Chain of Gold upon his Neck, and on his Hands Rings very artificially set with Diamonds and Jewels of great Value; over his Head was born a rich Canopy, and by his Chair of State, on which he sat down when he had entered the House, stood a Page with a Fan set with Sapphires, to moderate the Excess of the Heat. Here he received the

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Compliments of the *English*, and then honourably dismissed them.

The Castle, which they had some Opportunity of observing, seemed of no great Force; it was built by the *Portuguese*, who attempting to reduce this Kingdom into an absolute Subjection, murdered the King, and intended to pursue their Scheme by the Destruction of all his Sons; but the general Abhorrence, which Cruelty and Perfidy naturally excites, armed all the Nation against them, and procured their total Expulsion from all the Dominions of *Ternate*, which from that Time increasing in Power, continued to make new Conquests, and to deprive them of other Acquisitions.

While they lay before *Ternate*, a Gentleman came on Board attended by his Interpreter. He was dressed somewhat in the *European* Manner, and soon distinguished himself from the Natives of *Ternate*, or any Country that they had seen, by his Civility and Apprehension. Such a Visitant may easily be imagined to excite their Curiosity, which he gratified by informing them that he was a Native of *China*, of the Family of the King then reigning, and that being accused of a capital Crime, of which, though he was innocent, he had not Evidence to clear himself, he had petitioned the King that he might not be exposed to a Trial, but that his Cause might be referred to divine Providence, and that he might be allowed to leave his Country, with a Prohibition against returning, unless Heaven, in Attestation of his Innocence, should enable him to bring back to the King some Intelligence that might be to the Honour and Advantage of the Empire of *China*. In Search of such Information he had now spent three Years, and had left *Tidore* for the Sake of conversing with the *English* General, from whom he hoped to receive such Accounts as would enable him to return with Honour and Safety.

Drake

Drake willingly recounted all his Adventures and Observations, to which the *Chinese* Exile listened with the utmost Attention and Delight, and having fixed them in his Mind, thanked God for the Knowledge he had gained. He then proposed to the *English* General to conduct him to *China*, recounting, by Way of Invitation, the Wealth, Extent, and Felicity of that Empire; but *Drake* could not be induced to prolong his Voyage.

He therefore set sail on the 9th of *November* in quest of some convenient Harbour, in a desert Island, to refit his Ship, not being willing, as it seems, to trust the Generosity of the King of *Ternate*. Five Days afterwards he found a very commodious Harbour in an Island overgrown with Wood, where he repaired his Vessel, and refreshed his Men without Danger or Interruption.

Leaving this Place the 12th of *December*, they sailed towards the *Celebes*; but having a Wind not very favourable, they were detained among a Multitude of Islands, mingled with dangerous Shallows, till *January* 9, 1580. When they thought themselves clear, and were sailing forwards with a strong Gale, they were at the Beginning of the Night surprized in their Course by a sudden Shock, of which the Cause was easily discovered, for they were thrown upon a Shoal, and by the Speed of their Course, fixed too fast for any Hope of escaping. Here even the Intrepidity of *Drake* was shaken, and his Dexterity baffled; but his Piety, however, remained still the same, and what he could not now promise himself from his own Ability, he hoped from the Assistance of Providence. The Pump was plied, and the Ship found free from new Leaks.

The next Attempt was to discover towards the Sea some Place where they might fix their Boat, and from thence drag the Ship into deep Water; but upon Examination it appeared, that the Rock on

which they had struck, rose perpendicularly from the Water, and that there was no Anchorage, nor any Bottom to be found a Boat's Length from the Ship. But this Discovery, with its Consequences, was by *Drake* wisely concealed from the common Sailors, lest they should abandon themselves to Despair; for which there was, indeed, Cause, there being no Prospect left, but that they must there sink with the Ship, which must undoubtedly be soon dashed to Pieces; or perish in attempting to reach the Shore in their Boat; or be cut in Pieces by Barbarians if they should arrive at Land.

In the Midst of this Perplexity and Distress, *Drake* directed that the Sacrament should be administered, and his Men fortified with all the Consolation which Religion affords; then persuaded them to lighten the Vessel by throwing into the Sea Part of their Lading, which was chearfully complied with, but without Effect. At length, when their Hopes had forsaken them, and no new Struggles could be made, they were on a sudden relieved by a Remission of the Wind, which having hitherto blown strongly against the Side of the Ship which lay towards the Sea, held it upright against the Rock; but when the Blast slackened (being then low Water) the Ship lying higher with that Part which rested on the Rock than with the other, and being borne up no longer by the Wind, reeled into the deep Water, to the Surprise and Joy of *Drake* and his Companions.

This was the greatest and most inextricable Distress which they had ever suffered, and made such an Impression upon their Minds, that for some Time afterwards they durst not adventure to spread their Sails, but went slowly forward with the utmost Circumspection.

They thus continued their Course without any observable Occurrence, till on the 11th of *March* they came to Anchor before the Island *Java*, and sending

to the King a Present of Cloth and Silks, received from him, in Return, a large Quantity of Provisions; and the Day following *Drake* went himself on Shore, and entertained the King with his Musick, and obtained Leave to store his Ship with Provisions.

The Island is governed by a great Number of petty Kings, or *Raias*, subordinate to one Chief; of these Princes three came on Board together a few Days after their Arrival; and having upon their Return recounted the Wonders which they had seen, and the Civility with which they had been treated, incited others to satisfy their Curiosity in the same Manner; and *Raia Donan*, the chief King, came himself to view the Ship, with the warlike Armaments and Instruments of Navigation.

This Intercourse of Civilities somewhat retarded the Business for which they came; but at length they not only victualled their Ship, but cleansed the Bottom, which, in the long Course, was overgrown with a Kind of Shell-fish that impeded her Passage.

Leaving *Java*, on *March 26*, they sailed homewards by the *Cape of Good Hope*, which they saw on *June the 5th*; on the *15th of August* passed the *Tropic*, and on the *26th of September* arrived at *Plymouth*, where they found that by passing through so many different Climates, they had lost a Day in their Account of Time, it being *Sunday* by their Journals, but *Monday* by the general Computation.

In this hazardous Voyage they had spent two Years, ten Months, and some odd Days; but were recompensed for their Toils by great Riches, and the universal Applause of their Countrymen. *Drake* afterwards brought his Ship up to *Deptford*, where *Queen Elizabeth* visited him on Board his Ship, and conferred the Honour of Knighthood upon him; an Honour in that illustrious Reign not made cheap by

Prostitution, nor even bestowed without uncommon Merit.

It is not necessary to give an Account equally particular of the remaining Part of his Life, as he was no longer a private Man, but engaged in public Affairs, and associated in his Expeditions with other Generals, whose Attempts, and the Success of them, are related in the Histories of those Times.

In 1585, on the 12th of September, Sir Francis Drake set sail from *Plymouth* with a Fleet of five-and-twenty Ships and Pinnaces, of which himself was Admiral, Captain *Martin Forbisher* Vice-Admiral, and Captain *Francis Knollis* Rear-Admiral: They were fitted out to cruize upon the *Spaniards*; and having touched at the Isle of *Bayonne*, and plundered *Vigo*, put to Sea again, and on the 16th of November arrived before St. *Jago*, which they entered without Resistance, and rested there fourteen Days, visiting in the mean Time *San Domingo*, a Town within the Land, which they found likewise deserted; and carrying off what they pleased of the Produce of the Island, they, at their Departure, destroyed the Town and Villages, in Revenge of the Murder of one of their Boys, whose Body they found mangled in a most inhuman Manner:

From this Island they pursued their Voyage to the *West-Indies*, determining to attack St. *Domingo* in *Hispaniola*, as the richest Place in that Part of the World; they therefore landed a thousand Men, and with small Loss entered the Town, of which they kept Possession for a Month without Interruption or Alarm; during which Time a remarkable Accident happened, which deserves to be related.

Drake having some Intention of treating with the *Spaniards*, sent to them a Negro-Boy with a Flag of Truce, which one of the *Spaniards* so little regarded, that he stabbed him through the Body with a Lance. The Boy, notwithstanding his Wound, came back

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to the General, related the Treatment which he had found, and died in his Sight. *Drake* was so incensed at this Outrage, that he ordered two Friars, then his Prisoners, to be conveyed with a Guard to the Place where the Crime was committed, and hanged up in the Sight of the *Spaniards*, declaring that two *Spanish* Prisoners should undergo the same Death every Day, till the Offender should be delivered up by them: They were too well acquainted with the Character of *Drake* not to bring him on the Day following, when, to impress the Shame of such Actions more effectually upon them, he compelled them to execute him with their own Hands. Of this Town, at their Departure, they demolished Part, and admitted the rest to be ransomed for five-and-twenty thousand Ducats.

From thence they sailed to *Carthagena*, where the Enemy having received Intelligence of the Fate of *St. Domingo*, had strengthened their Fortifications, and prepared to defend themselves with great Obstinacy; but the *English* landing in the Night, came upon them by a Way which they did not suspect, and being better armed, partly by Surprise, and partly by Superiority of Order and Valour, became Masters of the Place, where they stayed without Fear or Danger six Weeks, and at their Departure received an hundred and ten thousand Ducats for the Ransom of the Town.

They afterwards took *St. Augustin*, and touching at *Virginia*, took on Board the Governor, Mr. *Lane*, with the *English* that had been left there the Year before by Sir *Walter Raleigh*, and arrived at *Portsmouth* on July 28, 1586, having lost in the Voyage seven hundred and fifty Men. The Gain of this Expedition amounted to sixty thousand Pounds, of which forty were the Share of the Adventurers, who fitted out the Ships, and the rest distributed among
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the several Crews, amounted to six Pounds each Man. So cheaply is Life sometimes hazarded.

The Transactions against the *Armada*, 1588, are in themselves far more memorable, but less necessary to be recited in this succinct Narrative; only let it be remembered, that the Post of Vice-Admiral of *England*, to which Sir *Francis Drake* was then raised, is a sufficient Proof that no Obscurity of Birth, or Meanness of Fortune, is unsurmountable to Bravery and Diligence.

In 1595 Sir *Francis Drake*, and Sir *John Hawkins*, were sent with a Fleet to the *West-Indies*, which Expedition was only memorable for the Destruction of *Nombre de Dios*, and the Death of the two Commanders, of whom Sir *Francis Drake* died January 9, 1597, and was thrown into the Sea in a Leaden Coffin, with all the Pomp of naval Obsequies. It is reported by some, that the ill Success of this Voyage hastened his Death. Upon what this Conjecture is grounded does not appear, and we may be allowed to hope, for the Honour of so great a Man, that it is without Foundation; and that he whom no Series of Success could ever betray to Vanity or Negligence, could have supported a Change of Fortune without Impatience or Dejection.

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LIFE OF ROGER ASCHAM.

A John 1515
ROGER ASCHAM was born in the Year 1515, at Kirby Wiske, (or Kirby Wicke) a Village near Northallerton in Yorkshire, of a Family above the Vulgar. His Father *John Ascham* was House-steward in the Family of *Scroop*, and in that Age, when the different Orders of Men were at a greater Distance from each other, and the Manners of Gentlemen were regularly formed by menial Services in great Houses, lived with a very conspicuous Reputation. *Margaret Ascham*, his Wife, is said to have been allied to many considerable Families, but her maiden Name is not recorded. She had three Sons, of whom *Roger* was the youngest, and some Daughters; but who can hope, that of any Progeny more than one shall deserve to be mentioned? They lived married sixty-seven Years, and at last died together almost on the same Hour of the same Day.

Roger having passed his first Years under the Care of his Parents, was adopted into the Family of *Anthony Wingfield*, who maintained him, and committed his Education, with that of his own Sons, to the Care of one *Bond*, a domestick Tutor. He very early discovered an unusual Fondness for Literature by an eager Perusal of *English* Books, and having passed happily through the scholastick Rudiments, was put, in 1530, by his Patron *Wingfield*, to *St. John's* College in *Cambridge*.

Ascham entered *Cambridge* at a Time when the last great Revolution of the intellectual World was filling every academical Mind with Ardour or Anxiety.

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The Destruction of the *Constantinopolitan* Empire had driven the *Greeks* with their Language into the interiour Parts of *Europe*, the Art of Printing had made the Books easily attainable, and *Greek* now began to be taught in *England*. The Doctrines of *Luther* had already filled all the Nations of the *Romish* Communion with Controversy and Dissention, New Studies of Literature, and new Tenets of Religion, found Employment for all who were desirous of Truth, or ambitious of Fame. Learning was at that Time prosecuted with that Eagerness and Perseverance which in this Age of Indifference and Dissipation it is not easy to conceive. To teach or to learn was at once the Business and the Pleasure of the academical Life; and an Emulation of Study was raised by *Cheke* and *Smith*, to which even the present Age perhaps owes many Advantages, without remembering or knowing its Benefactors.

Ascham soon resolved to unite himself to those who were enlarging the Bounds of Knowledge, and immediately upon his Admission into the College, applied himself to the Study of *Greek*. Those who were zealous for the new Learning, were often no great Friends to the old Religion; and *Ascham*, as he became a *Grecian*, became a Protestant. The Reformation was not yet begun, Disaffection to Popery was considered as a Crime justly punished by Exclusion from Favour and Preferment, and was not yet openly professed, though Superstition was gradually losing its hold upon the Publick. The Study of *Greek* was reputable enough, and *Ascham* pursued it with Diligence and Success equally conspicuous. He thought a Language might be most easily learned by teaching it; and when he had obtained some Proficiency in *Greek*, read Lectures, while he was yet a Boy, to other Boys who were desirous of Instruction. His Industry was much encouraged by *Pember*, a Man of great Eminence at that

that Time, though I know not that he has left any Monuments behind him, but what the Gratitude of his Friends and Scholars has bestowed. He was one of the great Encouragers of *Greek Learning*, and particularly applauded *Ascham's Lectures*, assuring him in a Letter, of which *Graunt* has preserved an Extract, that he would gain more Knowledge by explaining one of *Æsop's Fables* to a Boy, than by hearing one of *Homer's Poems* explained by another.

Ascham took his Bachelor's Degree in 1534, February 18, in the eighteenth Year of his Age; a Time of Life at which it is more common now to enter the Universities than to take Degrees, but which, according to the Modes of Education then in Use, had nothing of remarkable Prematurity. On the 23d of *March* following, he was chosen Fellow of the College; which Election he considered as a second Birth. Dr. *Metcalf*, the Master of the College, a Man, as *Ascham* tells us, *meanly learned himself, but no mean Encourager of Learning in others*, clandestinely promoted his Election, though he openly seemed first to oppose it, and afterwards to censure it, because *Ascham* was known to favour the new Opinions; and the Master himself was accused of giving an unjust Preference to the northern Men, one of the Factions into which this Nation was divided, before we could find any more important Reason of Dissention, than that some were born on the northern and some on the southern Side of *Trent*. Any Cause is sufficient for a Quarrel; and the Zealots of the North and South lived long in such Animosity, that it was thought necessary at *Oxford* to keep them quiet by chusing one Proctor every Year from each.

He seems to have been hitherto supported by the Bounty of *Wingfield*, which his Attainment of a Fellowship now freed him from the Necessity of receiving.

ceiving. Dependance, though in those Days it was more common, and less irksome than in the present State of Things, can never have been free from Discontent; and therefore he that was released from it must always have rejoiced. The Danger is, lest the Joy of escaping from the Patron may not leave sufficient Memory of the Benefactor. Of this Forgetfulness *Ascham* cannot be accused; for he is recorded to have preserved the most grateful and affectionate Reverence for *Wingfield*, and to have never grown weary of recounting his Benefits.

His Reputation still increased, and many resorted to his Chamber to hear the *Greek* Writers explained. He was likewise eminent for other Accomplishments. By the Advice of *Pember*, he had learned to play on musical Instruments; and he was one of the Few who excelled in the mechanical Art of Writing, which then began to be cultivated among us, and in which we now surpass all other Nations. He not only wrote his Pages with Neatness, but embellished them with elegant Draughts and Illuminations; an Art at that Time so highly valued, that it contributed much both to his Fame and his Fortune.

He became Master of Arts in *March* 1537, in his twenty-first Year; and then, if not before, commenced Tutor, and publicly undertook the Education of young Men. A Tutor of one-and-twenty, however accomplished with Learning, however exalted by Genius, would now gain little Reverence or Obedience; but in those Days of Discipline and Regularity, the Authority of the Statutes easily supplied that of the Teacher; all Power that was lawful was revered. Besides, young Tutors had still younger Pupils.

Ascham is said to have courted his Scholars to Study by every Incitement, to have treated them with great Kindness, and to have taken Care at once to instill Learning and Piety, to enlighten their Minds, and

to form their Manners. Many of his Scholars rose to great Eminence; and among them *William Grindal* was so much distinguished, that by *Cheke's* Recommendation he was called to Court as a proper Master of Languages for the Lady *Elizabeth*.

There was yet no established Lecture of *Greek*; the University therefore appointed *Ascham* to read in the open Schools, and paid him out of the publick Purse an honorary Stipend, such as was then reckoned sufficiently liberal: A Lecture was afterwards founded by King *Henry*, and he then quitted the Schools, but continued to explain *Greek* Authours in his own College.

He was at first an Opponent of the new Pronunciation introduced, or rather of the ancient restored, about this Time by *Cheke* and *Smith*, and made some cautious Struggles for the common Practice, which the Credit and Dignity of his Antagonists did not permit to defend very publickly, or with much Vehemence: Nor were they long his Antagonists; for either his Affection for their Merit, or his Conviction of the Cogency of their Arguments, soon changed his Opinion and his Practice, and he adhered ever after to their Method of Utterance.

Of this Controversy it is not necessary to give a circumstantial Account; something of it may be found in *Strype's* Life of *Smith*, and something in *Baker's* Reflexions upon Learning: It is sufficient to remark here, that *Cheke's* Pronunciation was that which now prevails in the Schools of *England*. Disquisitions not only verbal, but merely literal, are too minute for popular Narration.

He was not less eminent as a Writer of *Latin*, than as a Teacher of *Greek*. All the publick Letters of the University were of his Composition; and as little Qualifications must often bring great Abilities into Notice, he was recommended to this honourable

nourable Employment not less by the Neatness of his Hand, than the Elegance of his Style.

However great was his Learning, he was not always immured in his Chamber; but being valetudinary, and weak of Body, thought it necessary to spend many Hours in such Exercises as might best relieve him after the Fatigue of Study. His favourite Amusement was Archery, in which he spent, or, in the Opinion of others, lost so much Time, that those whom either his Faults or Virtues made his Enemies, and perhaps some whose Kindness wished him always worthily employed, did not scruple to censure his Practice, as unsuitable to a Man professing Learning, and perhaps of bad Example in a Place of Education.

To free himself from this Censure was one of the Reasons for which he published, in 1544, his *Toxophilus*, or the Schole or Partitions of Shooting, in which he joins the Praise with the Precepts of Archery. He designed not only to teach the Art of Shooting, but to give an Example of Diction more natural and more truly *English* than was used by the common Writers of that Age, whom he censures for mingling exotick Terms with their native Language, and of whom he complains, that they were made Authours not by Skill or Education, but by Arrogance and Temerity.

He has not failed in either of his Purposes. He has sufficiently vindicated Archery as an innocent, salutary, useful, and liberal Diversion; and if his Precepts are of no great Use, he has only shown by one Example among many, how little the Hand can derive from the Mind, how little Intelligence can conduce to Dexterity. In every Art, Practice is much; in Arts manual, Practice is almost the Whole. Precept can at most but warn against Error, it can never bestow Excellence.

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The Bow has been so long disused, that most *English* Readers have forgotten its Importance, though it was the Weapon by which we gained the Battle of *Agincourt*, a Weapon which when handled by *English* Yeomen, no foreign Troops were able to resist. We were not only abler of Body than the *French*, and therefore superiour in the Use of Arms, which are forcible only in Proportion to the Strength with which they are handled, but the national Practice of Shooting for Pleasure or for Prizes, by which every Man was inured to Archery from his Infancy, gave us insuperable Advantage, the Bow requiring more Practice to skilful Use than any other Instrument of Offence.

Fire-arms were then in their Infancy; and though Battering-pieces had been some Time in Use, I know not whether any Soldiers were armed with Hand-guns when the *Toxophilus* was first published: They were soon after used by the *Spanish* Troops, whom other Nations made haste to imitate: But how little they could yet effect, will be understood from the Account given by the ingenious Authour of the Exercise for the *Norfolk* Militia.

‘ The first Muskets were very heavy, and could not be fired without a Rest; they had Matchlocks, and Barrels of a wide Bore, that carried a large Ball and Charge of Powder, and did Execution at a greater Distance.

‘ The Musketeers on a March carried only their Rests and Ammunition, and had Boys to bear their Muskets after them, for which they were allowed great additional Pay.

‘ They were very slow in loading, not only by Reason of the Unwieldiness of the Pieces, and because they carried the Powder and Balls separate, but from the Time it took to prepare and adjust the Match; so that their Fire was not near so brisk as ours is now. Afterwards a lighter Kind

of match-lock Musket came into Use, and they carried their Ammunition in Bandeliers, which were broad Belts that came over the Shoulder, to which were hung several little Cases of Wood covered with Leather, each containing a Charge of Powder; the Balls they carried loose in a Pouch; and they had also a Priming-horn hanging by their Side.

The old *English* Writers call those large Muskets Calivers: The Harquebuze was a lighter Piece, that could be fired without a Rest. The Match-lock was fired by a Match fixed by a Kind of Tongs in the Serpentine or Cock, which by pulling the Trigger, was brought down with great Quickness upon the Priming in the Pan; over which there was a sliding Cover, which was drawn back by the Hand just at the Time of Firing. There was a great Deal of Nicety and Care required to fit the Match properly to the Cock, so as to come down exactly true on the Priming, to blow the Ashes from the Coal, and to guard the Pan from the Sparks that fell from it. A great Deal of Time was also lost in taking it out of the Cock, and returning it between the Fingers of the left Hand every Time that the Piece was fired; and wet Weather often rendered the Matches useless.

While this was the State of Fire-arms, and this State continued among us to the Civil War with very little Improvement, it is no Wonder that the Long-bow was preferred by Sir *John Smith*, who wrote of the Choice of Weapons in the Reign of *Queen Elizabeth*, when the Use of the Bow still continued, though the Musket was gradually prevailing. Sir *John Hayward*, a Writer yet later, has, in his History of the *Norman* Kings, endeavoured to evince the Superiority of the Archer to the Musketeer: However, in the long Peace of King *James*, the Bow

was wholly forgotten. Guns have from that Time been the Weapons of the *English*, as of other Nations; and as they are now improved, are certainly more efficacious.

Afcham had yet another Reason; if not for Writing his Book, at least for presenting it to King *Henry*. *England* was not then what it may be now justly termed, the Capital of Literature, and therefore those who aspired to superiour Degrees of Excellence, thought it necessary to travel into other Countries. The Purse of *Afcham* was not equal to the Expence of Peregrination; and therefore he hoped to have it augmented by a Pension. Nor was he wholly disappointed; for the King rewarded him with an yearly Payment of ten Pounds.

A Pension of ten Pounds granted by a King of *England* to a Man of Letters, appears to modern Readers so contemptible a Benefaction, that it is not unworthy of Enquiry what might be its Value at that Time, and how much *Afcham* might be enriched by it. Nothing is more uncertain than the Estimation of Wealth by denominated Money; the precious Metals never retain long the same Proportion to real Commodities, and the same Names in different Ages do not imply the same Quantity of Metal; so that it is equally difficult to know how much Money was contained in any nominal Sum, and to find what any supposed Quantity of Gold or Silver would purchase; both which are necessary to the Commensuration of Money, or the Adjustment of Proportion between the same Sums at different Periods of Time.

A numeral Pound in King *Henry's* Time contained, as now, twenty Shillings; and therefore it must be inquired what twenty Shillings could perform. Bread-corn is the most certain Standard of the Necessaries of Life. Wheat was generally sold at that Time for one Shilling the Bushel; If there-

fore we take five Shillings the Bushel for the current Price, ten Pounds were equivalent to fifty. But here is Danger of a Fallacy. It may be doubted, whether Wheat was the general Bread-corn of that Age; and if Rye, Barley, or Oats, were the common Food, and Wheat, as I suspect, only a Delicacy, the Value of Wheat will not regulate the Price of other Things. This Doubt is however in Favour of *Ascham*, for if we raise the Worth of Wheat, we raise that of his Pension.

But the Value of Money has another Variation, which we are still less able to ascertain: The Rules of Custom, or the different Needs of artificial Life, make that Revenue little at one Time which is great at another. Men are Rich and Poor, not only in Proportion to what they have, but to what they want. In some Ages, not only Necessaries are cheaper, but fewer Things are necessary. In the Age of *Ascham*, most of the Elegancies and Expences of our present Fashions were unknown: Commerce had not yet distributed Superfluity thro' the lower Classes of the People, and the Character of a Student implied Frugality, and required no Splendour to support it. His Pension, therefore, reckoning together the Wants which he could supply, and the Wants from which he was exempt, may be estimated, in my Opinion, at more than one hundred Pounds a Year; which, added to the Income of his Fellowship, put him far enough above Distress.

This was an Year of good Fortune to *Ascham*. He was chosen Orator to the University on the Removal of Sir *John Cheke* to Court, where he was made Tutor to Prince *Edward*. A Man once distinguished soon gains Admirers. *Ascham* was now received to Notice by many of the Nobility, and by great Ladies, among whom it was then the Fashion to study the ancient Languages. *Lee*, Archbishop

of

of *York*, allowed him an yearly Pension; how much, we are not told. He was, probably about this Time, employed in teaching many illustrious Persons to write a fine Hand; and, among others, *Henry* and *Charles*, Dukes of *Suffolk*, the Princess *Elizabeth*, and Prince *Edward*.

Henry VIII. died two Years after, and a Reformation of Religion being now openly prosecuted by King *Edward* and his Council, *Ascham*, who was known to favour it, had a new Grant of his Pension, and continued at *Cambridge*, where he lived in great Familiarity with *Bucer*, who had been called from *Germany* to the Professorship of Divinity. But his Retirement was soon at an End; for in 1548 his Pupil *Grindal*, the Master of the Princess *Elizabeth*, died, and the Princess, who had already some Acquaintance with *Ascham*, called him from his College to direct her Studies. He obeyed the Summons, as we may easily believe, with Readiness, and for two Years instructed her with great Diligence; but then being disgusted either by her or her Domesticks, or perhaps eager for another Change of Life, he left her without her Consent, and returned to the University. Of this Precipitation he long repented; and as those who are not accustomed to Disrespect, cannot easily forgive it, he probably felt the Effects of his Imprudence to his Death.

After having visited *Cambridge*, he took a Journey into *Yorkshire* to see his native Place and his old Acquaintance, and there received a Letter from the Court, informing him, that he was appointed Secretary to Sir *Richard Morisine*, who was to be dispatched as Ambassador into *Germany*. In his Return to *London* he paid that memorable Visit to Lady *Jane Gray*, in which he found her reading the *Phædo* in *Greek*, as he has related in his *Schoolmaster*.

In the Year 1550, he attended *Morisine* to *Germany*, and wandered over a great Part of the Country,

making Observations upon all that appeared worthy of his Curiosity, and contracting Acquaintance with Men of Learning. To his Correspondent *Sturmius* he paid a Visit, but *Sturmius* was not at Home, and those two illustrious Friends never saw each other. During the Course of this Embassy, *Ascham* undertook to improve *Morisine* in Greek, and for four Days in the Week explained some Pages of *Herodotus* every Morning, and more than two hundred Verses of *Sophocles* or *Euripides* every Afternoon. He read with him likewise some of the Orations of *Demosthenes*. On the other Days he compiled the Letters of Business, and in the Night filled up his Diary, digested his Remarks, and wrote private Letters to his Friends in *England*, and particularly to those of his College, whom he continually exhorted to Perseverance in Study. Amidst all the Pleasures of Novelty, which his Travels supplied, and in the Dignity of his publick Station, he preferred the Tranquillity of private Study, and the Quiet of academical Retirement. The Reasonableness of this Choice has been always disputed; and in the Contrariety of human Interests and Dispositions, the Controversy will not easily be decided.

He made a short Excursion into *Italy*, and mentions in his *Schoolmaster* with great Severity the Vices of *Venice*. He was desirous of visiting *Trent* while the Council were sitting; but the Scantiness of his Purse defeated his Curiosity.

In this Journey he wrote his *Report and Discourse of the Affairs in Germany*, in which he describes the Dispositions and Interests of the German Princes like a Man inquisitive and judicious, and recounts many Particularities which are lost in the Mass of general History, in a Style which to the Ears of that Age was undoubtedly mellifluous, and which is now a very valuable Specimen of genuine *English*.

By

By the Death of King *Edward* in 1553, the Reformation was stopped, *Morifine* was recalled, and *Ascham's* Pension and Hopes were at an End. He therefore retired to his Fellowship in a State of Disappointment and Despair, which his Biographer has endeavoured to express in the deepest Strain of plaintive Declamation. *He was deprived of all his Support, says Graunt, stripped of his Pension, and cut off from the Assistance of his Friends, who had now lost their Influence; so that he had NEC PRÆMIA NEC PRÆDIA, neither Pension nor Estate to support him at Cambridge.* There is no Credit due to a Rhetorician's Account either of Good or Evil. The Truth is, that *Ascham* still had in his Fellowship all that in the early Part of his Life had given him Plenty, and might have lived like the other Inhabitants of the College, with the Advantage of more Knowledge and higher Reputation. But notwithstanding his Love of academical Retirement, he had now too long enjoyed the Pleasures and Festivities of publick Life, to return with a good Will to academical Poverty.

He had however better Fortune than he expected, and, if he lamented his Condition like his Historian, better than he deserved. He had during his Absence in *Germany* been appointed Latin Secretary to King *Edward*; and by the Interest of *Gardiner*, Bishop of *Winchester*, he was instated in the same Office under *Philip* and *Mary*, with a Salary of twenty Pounds a Year.

Soon after his Admission to his new Employment, he gave an extraordinary Specimen of his Abilities and Diligence, by composing and transcribing with his usual Elegance, in three Days, forty-seven Letters to Princes and Personages, of whom Cardinals were the lowest.

How *Ascham*, who was known to be a Protestant, could preserve the Favour of *Gardiner*, and hold a

Place of Honour and Profit in Queen *Mary's* Court, it must be very natural to inquire. *Cheke*, as is well known, was compelled to a Recantation; and why *Ascham* was spared, cannot now be discovered. *Graunt*, at a Time when the Transactions of Queen *Mary's* Reign must have been well enough remembered, declares, that *Ascham* always made open Profession of the reformed Religion, and that *Englesfield* and others often endeavoured to incite *Gardiner* against him, but found their Accusations rejected with Contempt: Yet he allows, that Suspicions and Charges of Temporization and Compliance had somewhat sullied his Reputation. The Authour of the *Biographia Britannica* conjectures, that he owed his Safety to his Innocence and Usefulness; that it would have been unpopular to attack a Man so little liable to Censure, and that the Loss of his Pen could not have been easily supplied. But the Truth is, that Morality was never suffered in the Days of Persecution to protect Heresy; nor are we sure that *Ascham* was more clear from common Failings than those who suffered more; and whatever might be his Abilities, they were not so necessary but *Gardiner* could have easily filled his Place with another Secretary. Nothing is more vain, than at a distant Time to examine the Motives of Discrimination and Partiality; for the Inquirer, having considered Interest and Policy, is obliged at last to omit more frequent and more active Motives of human Conduct, Caprice, Accident, and private Affections.

At that Time, if some were punished, many were forborn; and of many why should not *Ascham* happen to be one? He seems to have been calm and prudent, and content with that Peace which he was suffered to enjoy; a Mode of Behaviour that seldom fails to produce Security. He had been abroad in the last Years of King *Edward*, and had at least given no recent Offence. He was certainly, according

ing to his own Opinion, not much in Danger; for in the next Year he resigned his Fellowship, which by *Gardiner's* Favour he had continued to hold, though not resident; and married *Margaret Howe*, a young Gentlewoman of a good Family.

He was distinguished in this Reign by the Notice of Cardinal *Poole*, a Man of great Candour, Learning, and Gentleness of Manners, and particularly eminent for his Skill in *Latin*, who thought highly of *Ascham's* Style; of which it is no inconsiderable Proof, that when *Poole* was desirous of communicating a Speech made by himself as Legate, in Parliament, to the Pope, he employed *Ascham* to translate it.

He is said to have been not only protected by the Officers of State, but favoured and countenanced by the Queen herself; so that he had no Reason of Complaint in that Reign of Turbulence and Persecution: Nor was his Fortune much mended, when in 1558 his Pupil *Elizabeth* mounted the Throne. He was continued in his former Employment, with the same Stipend: But though he was daily admitted to the Presence of the Queen, assisted her private Studies, and partook of her Diversions; sometimes read to her in the learned Languages, and sometimes played with her at Draughts and Chess; he added nothing to his twenty Pounds a Year but the Prebend of *Westwang* in the Church of *York*, which was given him the Year following. His Fortune was therefore not proportionate to the Rank which his Offices and Reputation gave him, or to the Favour in which he seemed to stand with his Mistress. Of this parsimonious Allotment it is again a hopeless Search to inquire the Reason. The Queen was not naturally bountiful, and perhaps did not think it necessary to distinguish by any Prodigality of Kindness a Man who had formerly deserted her, and whom she might still suspect of serving rather for Interest

Interest than Affection. *Graunt* exerts his rhetorical Powers in Praise of *Ascham's* Disinterestedness and Contempt of Money; and declares, that though he was often reproached by his Friends with Neglect of his own Interest, he never would ask any Thing, and inflexibly refused all Presents which his Office or imagined Interest induced any to offer him. *Camden*, however, imputes the Narrowness of his Condition to his Love of Dice and Cock-fights: And *Graunt* forgetting himself, allows that *Ascham* was sometimes thrown into Agonies by disappointed Expectations. It may be easily discovered from his *Schoolmaster*, that he felt his Wants, though he might neglect to supply them; and we are left to suspect, that he shewed his Contempt of Money only by losing at Play. If this was his Practice, we may excuse *Elizabeth*, who knew the domestick Character of her Servants, if she did not give much to him who was lavish of a little.

However he might fail in his Oeconomy, it were indecent to treat with wanton Levity the Memory of a Man who shared his Frailties with all, but whose Learning or Virtues few can attain, and by whose Excellencies many may be improved, while himself only suffered by his Faults.

In the Reign of *Elizabeth* nothing remarkable is known to have befallen him, except that, in 1563, he was invited by Sir *Edward Sackville* to write the *Schoolmaster*, a Treatise on Education, upon an Occasion which he relates in the Beginning of the Book. This Work, though begun with Alacrity, in Hopes of a considerable Reward, was interrupted by the Death of the Patron, and afterwards sorrowfully and slowly finished, in the Gloom of Disappointment, under the Pressure of Distress. But of the Authour's Disinclination or Dejection there can be found no Tokens in the Work, which is conceived with great Vigour, and finished with great Accuracy; and perhaps

haps contains the best Advice that was ever given for the Study of Languages.

This Treatise he compleated, but did not publish; for that Poverty which in our Days drives Authours so hastily in such Numbers to the Press, in the Time of *Ascham*, I believe, debarred them from it. The Printers gave little for a Copy, and, if we may believe the Tale of *Raleigh's* History, were not forward to print what was offered them for nothing. *Ascham's* Book therefore lay unseen in his Study, and was at last dedicated to Lord *Cecil* by his Widow.

Ascham never had a robust or vigorous Body, and his Excuse for so many Hours of Diversion was his Inability to endure a long Continuance of sedentary Thought. In the latter Part of his Life he found it necessary to forbear any intense Application of the Mind from Dinner to Bed-time, and rose to read and write early in the Morning. He was for some Years hectically feverish; and though he found some Alleviation of his Distemper, never obtained a perfect Recovery of his Health. The immediate Cause of his last Sickness was too close Application to the Composition of a Poem, which he purposed to present to the Queen on the Day of her Accession. To finish this, he forbore to sleep at his accustomed Hours, till in December 1568 he fell sick of a Kind of lingering Disease, which *Graunt* has not named, nor accurately described. The most afflictive Symptom was want of Sleep, which he endeavoured to obtain by the Motion of a Cradle. Growing every Day weaker, he found it vain to contend with his Distemper, and prepared to die with the Resignation and Piety of a true Christian. He was attended on his Deathbed by *Gravet* Vicar of *St. Sepulchre*, and *Dr. Nowel* the learned Dean of *St. Paul's*, who gave ample Testimony to the Decency and Devotion of his concluding Life. He frequently testified his

Desire of that Dissolution which he soon obtained. His funeral Sermon was preached by Dr. Nowel.

Roger Ascham died in the fifty-third Year of his Age, at a Time when, according to the general Course of Life, much might yet have been expected from him, and when he might have hoped for much from others: But his Abilities and his Wants were at an End together; and who can determine, whether he was cut off from Advantages, or rescued from Calamities? He appears to have been not much qualified for the Improvement of his Fortune. His Disposition was kind and social; he delighted in the Pleasures of Conversation, and was probably not much inclined to Business. This may be suspected from the Paucity of his Writings. He has left little behind him, and of that little nothing was published by himself but the *Toxophilus*; and the Account of *Germany*. The *Schoolmaster* was printed by his Widow; and the Epistles were collected by *Graunt*, who dedicated them to Queen *Elizabeth*, that he might have an Opportunity of recommending his Son *Giles Ascham* to her Patronage. The Dedication was not lost: The young Man was made, by the Queen's Mandate, Fellow of a College in *Cambridge*, where he obtained considerable Reputation. What was the Effect of his Widow's Dedication to *Cecil*, is not known: It may be hoped that *Ascham's* Works obtained for his Family, after his Decease, that Support which he did not in his Life very plenteously procure them.

Whether he was Poor by his own Fault, or the Fault of others, cannot now be decided; but it is certain that many have been Rich with less Merit. His philological Learning would have gained him Honour in any Country; and among us it may justly call for that Reverence which all Nations owe to those who first rouse them from Ignorance, and kindle among them the Light of Literature. Of his

his Manners nothing can be said but from his own Testimony, and that of his Contemporaries. Those who mention him allow him many Virtues. His Courtesy, Benevolence, and Liberality, are celebrated; and of his Piety we have not only the Testimony of his Friends, but the Evidence of his Writings.

That his *English Works* have been so long neglected, is a Proof of the Uncertainty of literary Fame. He was scarcely known as an Authour in his own Language till Mr. *Upton* published his *Schoolmaster* with learned Notes. His other Pieces were read only by those few who delight in obsolete Books; but as they are now collected into one Volume, with the Addition of some Letters never printed before, the Publick has an Opportunity of recompensing the Injury, and allotting *Ascham* the Reputation due to his Knowledge and his Eloquence.

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LIFE of Sir THOMAS BROWNE,

John 162
SIR THOMAS BROWNE was born at *London*, in the Parish of *St. Michael in Cheap*, on the 19th of *October*, 1605.* His Father was a Merchant of an antient Family at *Upton in Cheshire*. Of the Name or Family of his Mother, I find no Account.

Of his Childhood or Youth, there is little known; except that he lost his Father very early; that he was, according to the common † Fate of Orphans, defrauded by one of his Guardians; and that he was placed for his Education at the School of *Winchester*.

His Mother, having taken ‡ three thousand Pounds, as the third Part of her Husband's Property, left her Son, by Consequence, six thousand; a large Fortune for a Man destined to Learning at that Time, when Commerce had not yet filled the Nation with nominal Riches. But it happened to him, as to many others, to be made poorer by Opulence; for his Mother soon married *Sir Thomas Dutton*, probably by the Inducement of her Fortune; and he was left to the Rapacity of his Guardian, deprived now of both his Parents, and therefore helpless and unprotected.

* Life of *Sir Thomas Browne*, prefixed to the *Antiquities of Norwich*.

† *Whitefoot's Character of Sir Thomas Browne* in a marginal Note.

‡ Life of *Sir Thomas Browne*.

He was removed in the Beginning of the Year 1623 from *Winchester* to *Oxford*; * and entered a Gentleman-commoner of *Broadgate-Hall*, which was soon afterwards endowed, and took the Name of *Pembroke-College*, from the Earl of *Pembroke*, then Chancellor of the University. He was admitted to the Degree of Bachelor of Arts, *January 31, 1626-7*; being, as *Wood* Remarks, the first Man of Eminence graduated from the new College, to which the Zeal or Gratitude of those that love it most, can wish little better, than that it may long proceed as it began.

Having afterwards taken his Degree of Master of Arts, he turned his Studies to Physick, † and practised it for some Time in *Oxfordshire*; but soon afterwards, either induced by Curiosity, or invited by Promises, he quitted his Settlement, and accompanied his † Father-in-law, who had some Employment in *Ireland*, in a Visitation of the Forts and Castles, which the State of *Ireland* then made necessary.

He that has once prevailed on himself to break his Connexions of Acquaintance, and begin a wandering Life, very easily continues it. *Ireland* had, at that Time, very little to offer to the Observation of a Man of Letters: He, therefore, passed ‖ into *France* and *Italy*; made some Stay at *Montpellier* and *Padua*, which were then the celebrated Schools of Physick; and returning home through *Holland*, procured himself to be created Doctor of Physick at *Leyden*.

When he began his Travels, or when he concluded them, there is no certain Account; nor do there remain any Observations made by him in his Passage through those Countries which he visited. To consider, therefore, what Pleasure or Instruction

* *Wood's Atbenæ Oxonienses.*

† *Wood.* ‡ *Life of Sir Thomas Browne.* ‖ *Ibid.*

might have been received from the Remarks of a Man so curious and diligent, would be voluntarily to indulge a painful Reflection, and load the Imagination with a Wish, which, while it is formed, is known to be vain. It is, however, to be lamented, that those who are most capable of improving Mankind, very frequently neglect to communicate their Knowledge; either because it is more pleasing to gather Ideas than to impart them, or because, to minds naturally great, few Things appear of so much Importance as to deserve the Notice of the Publick.

About the Year 1634,* he is supposed to have returned to *London*; and the next Year to have written his celebrated Treatise, called *Religio Medici*, 'The Religion of a Physician,' † which he declares himself never to have intended for the Press, having composed it only for his own Exercise and Entertainment. It, indeed, contains many Passages, which, relating merely to his own Person, can be of no great Importance to the Publick: But when it was written, it happened to him as to others, he was too much pleased with his Performance, not to think that it might please others as much; he, therefore, communicated it to his Friends, and receiving, I suppose, that exuberant Applause with which every Man repays the Grant of perusing a Manuscript, he was not very diligent to obstruct his own Praise by recalling his Papers, but suffered them to wander from Hand to Hand, till at last, without his own Consent, they were in 1642 given to a Printer.

This has, perhaps, sometimes befallen others; and this, I am willing to believe, did really happen to Dr. Browne: But there is, surely, some Reason to doubt the Truth of the Complaint so frequently made of surreptitious Editions. A Song, or an Epi-

* *Biographia Britannica*.

† Letter to Sir Kenelm Digby, prefixed to the *Religio Medici*, Folio Edition.

gram, may be easily printed without the Authour's Knowledge; because it may be learned when it is repeated, or may be written out with very little Trouble: But a long Treatise, however elegant, is not often copied by mere Zeal or Curiosity, but may be worn out in passing from Hand to Hand, before it is multiplied by a Transcript. It is easy to convey an imperfect Book, by a distant Hand, to the Press, and plead the Circulation of a false Copy as an Excuse for publishing the true, or to correct what is found faulty or offensive, and charge the Errors on the Transcriber's Depravations.

This is a Stratagem, by which an Authour panting for Fame, and yet afraid of seeming to challenge it, may at once gratify his Vanity, and preserve the Appearance of Modesty; may enter the Lists, and secure a Retreat: And this Candour might suffer to pass undetected as an innocent Fraud, but that indeed no Fraud is innocent; for the Confidence which makes the Happiness of Society, is in some Degree diminished by every Man, whose Practice is at Variance with his Words.

The *Religio Medici* was no sooner published than it excited the Attention of the Publick, by the Novelty of Paradoxes, the Dignity of Sentiment, the quick Succession of Images, the Multitude of abstruse Allusions, the Subtlety of Disquisition, and the Strength of Language.

What is much read, will be much criticised. The Earl of *Dorset* recommended this Book to the Perusal of Sir *Kenelm Digby*, who returned his Judgment upon it, not in a Letter, but a Book; in which, though mingled with some Positions fabulous and uncertain, there are acute Remarks, just Censures, and profound Speculations, yet its principal Claim to Admiration is, that * it was written

* *Digby's* Letter to *Browne*, prefixed to the *Religio Medici*, Fol. Edit.

in twenty-four Hours, of which Part was spent in procuring *Browne's* Book, and Part in reading it.

Of these Animadversions, when they were yet not all printed, either Officiousness or Malice informed *Dr. Browne*; who wrote to Sir *Kenelm* with much Softness and Ceremony, declaring the Unworthiness of his Work to engage such Notice, the intended Privacy of the Composition, and the Corruptions of the Impression; and received an Answer equally gentle and respectful, containing high Commendations of the Piece, pompous Professions of Reverence, meek Acknowledgments of Inability, and anxious Apologies for the Hastiness of his Remarks.

The reciprocal Civility of Authours is one of the most risible Scenes in the Farce of Life. Who would not have Thought, that these two Luminaries of their Age had ceased to endeavour to grow bright by the Obscuration of each other? Yet the Animadversions thus weak, thus precipitate, upon a Book thus injured in the Transcription, quickly passed the Press; and *Religio Medici* was more accurately published, with an Admonition prefixed 'to those who have or shall peruse the Observations upon a former corrupt Copy;' in which there is a severe Censure, not upon *Digby*, who was to be used with Ceremony, but upon the Observer who had usurped his Name: Nor was this Investiture written by *Dr. Browne*, who was supposed to be satisfied with his Opponent's Apology; but by some officious Friend, zealous for his Honour, without his Consent.

Browne has, indeed, in his own Preface, endeavoured to secure himself from rigorous Examination, by alleging, that 'many Things are delivered Rhetorically, many Expressions merely Tropical, and therefore many Things to be taken in a soft and flexible Sense, and not to be called unto the rigid Test of Reason.' The first Glance upon his Book

will

will indeed discover Examples of this Liberty of Thought and Expression: 'I could be content (says he) to be nothing almost to Eternity, if I might enjoy my Saviour at the last.' He has little Acquaintance with the Acuteness of *Browne*, who suspects him of a serious Opinion, that any Thing can be 'almost Eternal,' or that any Time beginning and ending is not infinitely Less than infinite Duration.

In this Book he speaks much, and, in the Opinion of *Digby*, too much of himself; but with such Generality and Conciseness as affords very little Light to his Biographer: He declares, that, besides the Dialects of different Provinces, he understood six Languages; that he was no Stranger to Astronomy; and that he had seen several Countries: But what most awakens Curiosity, is his solemn Assertion, that 'His Life has been a Miracle of thirty Years; which to relate, were not History but a Piece of Poetry, and would sound like a Fable.'

There is, undoubtedly, a Sense in which all Life is miraculous; as it is an Union of Powers of which we can image no Connexion, a Succession of Motions of which the first Cause must be supernatural: But Life, thus explained, whatever it may have of Miracle, will have nothing of Fable; and therefore, the Authour undoubtedly had regard to something, by which he imagined himself distinguished from the rest of Mankind.

Of these Wonders, however, the View that can be now taken of his Life offers no Appearance. The Course of his Education was like that of others, such as put him little in the Way of extraordinary Casualties. A scholastick and academical Life is very uniform; and has, indeed, more Safety than Pleasure. A Traveller has greater Opportunities of Adventure; but *Browne* traversed no unknown Seas, or *Arabian* Desarts: And, surely, a Man may visit

France and *Italy*, reside at *Montpellier* and *Padua*, and at last take his Degree at *Leyden*, without any Thing miraculous. What it was that would, if it was related, sound so poetical and fabulous, we are left to guess; I believe without Hope of guessing rightly. The Wonders probably were transacted in his own Mind: Self-love, co-operating with an Imagination vigorous and fertile as that of *Browne*; will find or make Objects of Astonishment in every Man's Life: And, perhaps, there is no human Being, however hid in the Crowd from the Observation of his Fellow-mortals, who, if he has Leisure and Disposition to recollect his own Thoughts and Actions, will not conclude his Life in some Sort a Miracle, and imagine himself distinguished from all the rest of his Species by many Discriminations of Nature or of Fortune.

The Success of this Performance was such, as might naturally encourage the Authour to new Undertakings. A Gentleman of *Cambridge*, * whose Name was *Merryweather*, turned it not inelegantly into *Latin*; and from his Version it was again translated into *Italian*, *German*, *Dutch*, and *French*; and at *Strasbourg* the *Latin* Translation was published with large Notes, by *Lenuus Nicolaus Molfarius*. Of the *English* Annotations, which in all the Editions from 1644 accompany the Book, the Authour is unknown.

Of *Merryweather*, to whose Zeal *Browne* was so much indebted for the sudden Extension of his Reputation, I know nothing, but that he published a small Treatise for the Instruction of young Persons in the Attainment of a *Latin* Style. He printed his Translation in *Holland* with some Difficulty. † The first Printer to whom he offered it, carried it to *Salmasius*, ' who laid it by (says he) in State for three

* Life of Sir Thomas Browne.

† *Merryweather's* Letter, inserted in the Life of Sir Thomas Browne.

‘Months,’ and then discouraged its Publication: It was afterwards rejected by two other Printers, and at last was received by *Hackius*.

The Peculiarities of this Book raised the Authour, as is usual, many Admirers and many Enemies; but we know not of more than one professed Answer, written under * the Title of *Medicus Medicatus*, by *Alexander Ross*, which was universally neglected by the World.

At the Time when this Book was published, Dr. Browne resided at *Norwich*, where he had settled in 1636, by † the Persuasion of Dr. *Lushington* his Tutor, who was then Rector of *Barnham Westgate* in the Neighbourhood. It is recorded by *Wood*, that his Practice was very extensive, and that many Patients resorted to him. In 1637 ‖ he was incorporated Doctor of Physick in *Oxford*.

He married in 1641 § Mrs. *Mileham*, of a good Family in *Norfolk*; ‘a Lady (says *Whitefoot*) of such ‘symmetrical Proportion to her worthy Husband, ‘both in the Graces of her Body and Mind, that ‘they seemed to come together by a Kind of natural ‘Magnetism.’

This Marriage could not but draw the Raillery of contemporary Wits ¶ upon a Man, who had just been wishing in his new Book, ‘that we might pro- ‘create, like Trees, without Conjunction;’ and had ** lately declared, that ‘the whole World was ‘made for Man, but only the twelfth Part of Man ‘for Woman;’ and, that ‘Man is the whole World, ‘but Woman only the Rib or crooked Part of ‘Man.’

Whether the Lady had been yet informed of these contemptuous Positions, or whether she was pleased with the Conquest of so formidable a Rebel, and considered it as a double Triumph, to attract so

* Life of Sir Thomas Browne. † *Wood's Athenæ Oxonienses*.
‖ *Wood*. § *Whitefoot*. ¶ *Howel's Letters*. ** *Religio Medici*.

much Merit, and overcome so powerful Prejudices; or whether, like most others, she married upon mingled Motives, between Convenience and Inclination; she had, however, no Reason to repent: For she lived happily with him one and forty Years; and bore him ten Children, of whom one Son and three Daughters outlived their Parents: She survived him two Years, and passed her Widowhood in Plenty, if not in Opulence.

Browne having now entered the World as an Author, and experienced the Delights of Praise and Molestations of Censure, probably found his Dread of the publick Eye diminished; and, therefore, was not long before he trusted his Name to the Criticks a second Time: For in 1646 * he printed *Enquiries into vulgar and common Errors*; a Work, which as it arose not from Fancy and Invention, but from Observation and Books, and contained not a single Discourse of one continued Tenor, of which the latter Part rose from the former, but an Enumeration of many unconnected Particulars, must have been the Collection of Years, and the Effect of a Design early formed and long persued, to which his Remarks had been continually referred, and which arose gradually to its present Bulk by the daily Aggregation of new Particles of Knowledge. It is, indeed, to be wished, that he had longer delayed the Publication, and added what the remaining Part of his Life might have furnished: The thirty-six Years which he spent afterwards in Study and Experience, would doubtless have made large Additions to an *Enquiry into vulgar Errors*. He published in 1673 the sixth Edition, with some Improvements; but I think rather with Explication of what he had already written, than any new Heads of Disquisition. But with the Work, such as the Author, whether

* Life of Sir Thomas Browne.

hindered from continuing it by Eagerness of Praise, or Weariness of Labour, thought fit to give, we must be content; and remember, that in all sublimary Things there is something to be wished which we must wish in vain.

This Book, like his former, was received with great Applause, was answered by *Alexander Ross*, and translated into *Dutch* and *German*, and not many Years ago into *French*. It might now be proper, had not the Favour with which it was at first received filled the Kingdom with Copies, to reprint it with Notes, partly Supplemental and partly Emen-datory, to subjoin those Discoveries which the Industry of the last Age has made, and correct those Mistakes which the Authour has committed not by Idleness or Negligence, but for Want of *Boyle's* and *Newton's* Philosophy.

He appears, indeed, to have been willing to pay Labour for Truth. Having heard a flying Rumour of sympathetick Needles, by which, suspended over a circular Alphabet, distant Friends or Lovers might correspond, he procured two such Alphabets to be made, touched his Needles with the same Magnet, and placed them upon proper Spindles: The Result was, that when he moved one of his Needles, the other, instead of taking by Sympathy the same Direction, 'stood like the Pillars of *Hercules*.' That it continued motionless, will be easily believed; and most Men would have been content to believe it, without the Labour of so hopeless an Experiment. *Browne* might himself have obtained the same Conviction by a Method less operose, if he had thrust his Needles through Corks, and then set them afloat in two Basons of Water.

Notwithstanding his Zeal to detect old Errors, he seems not very easy to admit new Positions; for he never mentions the Motion of the Earth but with Contempt and Ridicule, though the Opinion, which

admits it, was then growing popular, and was, surely, plausible, even before it was confirmed by later Observations.

The Reputation of *Browne* encouraged some low Writer to publish, under his Name, a Book called, * *Nature's Cabinet unlocked*, translated, according to *Wood*, from the *Physicks* of *Magirus*; of which *Browne* took care to clear himself, by modestly advertising, that 'if any Man † had been benefited by it, he was not so ambitious as to challenge the Honour thereof, as having no Hand in that Work.'

In 1658 the Discovery of some antient Urns in *Norfolk* gave him occasion to write *Hydriotaphia, Urnburial, or a Discourse of sepulchral Urns*, in which he treats with his usual Learning on the funeral Rites of the antient Nations; exhibits their various Treatment of the Dead; and examines the Substances found in his *Norfolcian* Urns. There is, perhaps, none of his Works which better exemplifies his Reading or Memory. It is scarcely to be imagined, how many Particulars he has amassed together, in a Treatise which seems to have been occasionally written; and for which, therefore, no Materials could have been previously collected. It is, indeed, like other Treatises of Antiquity, rather for Curiosity than Use; for it is of small Importance to know which Nation buried their Dead in the Ground, which threw them into the Sea, or which gave them to Birds and Beasts; when the Practice of Cremation began, or when it was disused; whether the Bones of different Persons were mingled in the same Urn; what Oblations were thrown into the Pyre; or how the Ashes of the Body were distinguished from those of other Substances. Of the Uselessness of all these Enquiries, *Browne* seems not to have been ignorant; and, therefore, concludes them with

* *Wood*, and Life of *Thomas Browne*.

† At the End of *Hydriotaphia*.

an Observation which can never be too frequently recollected.

‘ All or most Apprehensions rested in Opinions of
 ‘ some future Being, which ignorantly or coldly be-
 ‘ lieved, begat those perverted Conceptions, Cere-
 ‘ monies, Sayings, which Christians pity or laugh
 ‘ at. Happy are they, which live not in that Dis-
 ‘ advantage of Time, when Men could say little for
 ‘ Futurity, but from Reason; whereby the noblest
 ‘ Mind fell often upon doubtful Deaths, and melan-
 ‘ choly Dissolutions: With these Hopes *Socrates*
 ‘ warmed his doubtful Spirits against the cold Po-
 ‘ tion; and *Cato*, before he durst give the fatal Stroke,
 ‘ spent Part of the Night in reading the Immor-
 ‘ tality of *Plato*, thereby confirming his wavering
 ‘ Hand unto the Animosity of that Attempt.

‘ It is the heaviest Stone that Melancholy can
 ‘ throw at Man, to tell him he is at the End of his
 ‘ Nature; or that there is no further State to come,
 ‘ unto which this seems progressional, and otherwise
 ‘ made in vain: Without this Accomplishment, the
 ‘ natural Expectation and Desire of such a State,
 ‘ were but a Fallacy in Nature; unsatisfied Consi-
 ‘ derators would quarrel the Justice of their Consti-
 ‘ tution, and rest content that *Adam* had fallen lower,
 ‘ whereby, by knowing no other Original, and
 ‘ deeper Ignorance of themselves, they might have
 ‘ enjoyed the Happiness of inferior Creatures, who
 ‘ in Tranquillity possess their Constitutions, as having
 ‘ not the Apprehension to deplore their own Na-
 ‘ tures; and being framed below the Circumference
 ‘ of these Hopes or Cognition of better Things, the
 ‘ Wisdom of God hath necessitated their Content-
 ‘ ment. But the superior Ingredient and obscured
 ‘ Part of ourselves, whereto all present Felicities af-
 ‘ ford no resting Contentment, will be able at last
 ‘ to tell us we are more than our present Selves; and

‘ evacuate

‘evacuate such Hopes in the Fruition of their own Accomplishments.’

To his Treatise on *Urburial* was added *The Garden of Cyrus, or the quincunxial Lozenge, or network Plantation of the Antients, artificially, naturally, mystically considered.* This Discourse he begins with the *Sacred Garden*, in which the first Man was placed; and deduces the Practice of Horticulture from the earliest Accounts of Antiquity to the Time of the *Persian Cyrus*, the first Man whom we actually know to have planted a Quincunx; which, however, our Authour is inclined to believe of longer Date, and not only discovers it in the Description of the hanging Gardens of *Babylon*, but seems willing to believe, and to persuade his Reader, that it was practised by the Feeders on Vegetables before the Flood.

Some of the most pleasing Performances have been produced by Learning and Genius exercised upon Subjects of little Importance. It seems to have been, in all Ages, the Pride of Wit, to shew how it could exalt the low, and amplify the little. To speak not inadequately of Things really and naturally great, is a Task not only difficult but disagreeable; because the Writer is degraded in his own Eyes by standing in Comparison with his Subject, to which he can hope to add nothing from his Imagination: But it is a perpetual Triumph of Fancy to expand a scanty Theme, to raise glittering Ideas from obscure Properties, and to produce to the World an Object of Wonder to which Nature had contributed little. To this Ambition, perhaps, we owe the Frogs of *Homer*, the Gnat and the Bees of *Virgil*, the Butterfly of *Spenser*, the Shadow of *Wowerus*, and the Quincunx of *Browne*.

In the Prosecution of this Sport of Fancy, he considers every Production of Art and Nature, in which he could find any Decussation or Approaches to the Form of a Quincunx; and as a Man once resolved

upon ideal Discoveries, seldom searches long in vain, he finds his favourite Figure in almost every Thing, whether natural or invented, antient or modern, rude or artificial, sacred and civil; so that a Reader, not watchful against the Power of his Infusions, would imagine that Decussation was the great Business of the World, and that Nature and Art had no other Purpose than to exemplify and imitate a Quincunx.

To shew the Excellence of this Figure, he enumerates all its Properties; and finds in it almost every Thing of Use or Pleasure: And to shew how readily he supplies what he cannot find, one Instance may be sufficient; 'though therein (says he) we meet not with right Angles, yet every Rhombus containing four Angles equal unto two Right, it virtually contains two Right in every one.'

The fanciful Sports of great Minds are never without some Advantage to Knowledge. *Browne* has interspersed many curious Observations on the Form of Plants, and the Laws of Vegetation; and appears to have been a very accurate Observer of the Modes of Germination, and to have watched with great Nicety the Evolution of the Parts of Plants from their feminal Principles.

He is then naturally led to treat of the number Five; and finds, that by this Number many Things are circumscribed; that there are five Kinds of vegetable Productions, five Sections of a Cone, five Orders of Architecture, and five Acts of a Play. And observing that five was the antient Conjugal, or wedding Number, he proceeds to a Speculation which I shall give in his own Words; 'The antient Numerists made out the conjugal Number by two and three, the first Parity and Imparity, the active and passive Digits, the material and formal Principles in generative Societies.'

These are all the Tracts which he published: But many Papers were found in his Closet, 'Some of them,

‘ them, (says *Whitefoot*) designed for the Press, were
 ‘ often transcribed and corrected by his own Hand,
 ‘ after the Fashion of great and curious Writers.’

Of these, two Collections have been published; one by Dr. *Tennison*, the other in 1722 by a nameless Editor. Whether the one or the other selected those Pieces which the Authour would have preferred, cannot be known: But they have both the Merit of giving to Mankind what was too valuable to be suppressed; and what might, without their Interposition, have, perhaps, perished among other innumerable Labours of learned Men, or have been burnt in a Scarcity of Fuel like the Papers of *Peregrinus*.

The first of these posthumous Treatises contains *Observations upon several Plants mentioned in Scripture*. These Remarks, though they do not immediately either rectify the Faith, or refine the Morals of the Reader, yet are by no Means to be censured as superfluous Niceties, or useless Speculations; for they often shew some Propriety of Description, or Elegance of Allusion, utterly undiscoverable to Readers not skilled in oriental Botany; and are often of more important Use, as they remove some Difficulty from Narratives, or some Obscurity from Precepts.

The next is, *Of Garlands, or coronary and garland Plants*; a Subject merely of learned Curiosity, without any other End than the Pleasure of reflecting on antient Customs, or on the Industry with which studious Men have endeavoured to recover them.

The next is a Letter, *On the Fishes eaten by our Saviour with his Disciples, after his Resurrection from the Dead*; which contains no determinate Resolution of the Question, what they were, for indeed it cannot be determined. All the Information that Diligence or Learning could supply, consists in an Enumeration of the Fishes produced in the Waters of *Judea*.

Then

Then follow, *Answers to certain Queries about Fishes, Birds, and Insects*; and *A Letter of Hawks and Falconry antient and modern*: In the first of which he gives the proper Interpretation of some antient Names of Animals, commonly mistaken; and in the other has some curious Observations on the Art of Hawking, which he considers as a Practice unknown to the Antients. I believe all our Sports of the Field are of *Gothick* Original; the Antients neither hunted by the Scent, nor seem much to have practised Horsemanship as an Exercise; and though, in their Works, there is mention of *aucupium* and *piscatio*, they seem no more to have been considered as Diversions, than Agriculture or any other manual Labour.

In two more Letters he speaks of *the Cymbals of the Hebrews*, but without any satisfactory Determination; and of *repalick or gradual Verses*, that is, of Verses beginning with a Word of one Syllable, and proceeding by Words of which each has a Syllable more than the former; as,

O Deus, æternæ stationis conciliator. AUSONIUS.

and, after his Manner, pursuing the Hint, he mentions many other restrained Methods of versifying, to which industrious Ignorance has sometimes voluntarily subjected itself.

His next Attempt is, *On Languages, and particularly the Saxon Tongue*. He Discourses with great Learning, and generally with great Justness, of the Derivation and Changes of Languages; but, like other Men of multifarious Learning, he receives some Notions without Examination. Thus he observes, according to the popular Opinion, that the *Spaniards* have retained so much *Latin*, as to be able to compose Sentences that shall be at once grammatically *Latin* and *Castilian*: This will appear very unlikely to a Man that considers the *Spanish* Terminations;

tions; and *Howel*, who was eminently Skilful in the three provincial Languages, declares, that after many Essays he never could effect it.

The principal Design of this Letter, is to shew the Affinity between the modern *English* and the antient *Saxon*; and he observes, very rightly, that ‘ though we have borrowed many Substantives, ‘ Adjectives, and some Verbs from the *French*; yet ‘ the great Body of Numerals, auxiliary Verbs, Articles, Pronouns, Adverbs, Conjunctions, and ‘ Prepositions, which are the distinguishing and lasting Parts of a Language, remain with us from the ‘ *Saxon*.’

To prove this Position more evidently, he has drawn up a short Discourse of six Paragraphs, in *Saxon* and *English*; of which every Word is the same in both Languages, excepting the Terminations and Orthography. The Words are, indeed, *Saxon*, but the Phraseology is *English*; and, I think, would not have been understood by *Bede* or *Ælfric*, notwithstanding the Confidence of our Authour. He has, however, sufficiently proved his Position, that the *English* resembles its parental Language, more than any modern *European* Dialect.

There remain five Tracts of this Collection yet unmentioned; one *Of artificial Hills, Mounts, or Barrows, in England*; in reply to an interrogatory Letter of *E. D.* whom the Writers of *Biographia Britannica* suppose to be, if rightly printed, *W. D.* or Sir *William Dugdale*, one of *Browne*’s Correspondents. These are declared by *Browne*, in concurrence, I think, with all other Antiquaries, to be for the most Part funeral Monuments. He proves, that both the *Danes* and *Saxons* buried their Men of Eminence under Piles of Earth, ‘ which admitting ‘ (says he) neither Ornament, Epitaph, nor Inscription, may, if Earthquakes spare them, outlast ‘ other Monuments: Obelisks have their Term, ‘ and

‘and Pyramids will tumble; but these mountainous
 ‘Monuments may stand, and are like to have the
 ‘same Period with the Earth.’

In the next, he Answers two Geographical Questions; one concerning *Troas*, mentioned in the Acts and Epistles of St. Paul, which he determines to be the City built near the antient *Ilium*; and the other concerning the dead Sea, of which he gives the same Account with other Writers.

Another Letter treats *Of the Answers of the Oracle of Apollo at Delphos, to Croesus King of Lydia*. In this Tract nothing deserves Notice, more than that Browne considers the Oracles as evidently and indubitably supernatural, and sounds all his Disquisition upon that Postulate. He wonders why the Physiologists of old, having such Means of Instruction, did not inquire into the Secrets of Nature: But judiciously concludes, that such Questions would probably have been vain; ‘for in Matters cognoscible, and formed for our Disquisition, our Industry must be our Oracle, and Reason our Apollo.’

The Pieces that remain are, *A Prophecy concerning the future State of several Nations*; in which Browne plainly discovers his Expectation to be the same with that entertained lately with more Confidence by Dr. Berkley, ‘that America will be the Seat of the fifth Empire:’ and *Museum clausum, sive Bibliotheca abscondita*; in which the Authour amuses himself with imagining the Existence of Books and Curiosities, either never in being, or irrecoverably lost.

These Pieces I have recounted as they are ranged in *Tennison’s* Collection, because the Editor has given no Account of the Time at which any of them were written. Some of them are of little Value, more than as they gratify the Mind with the Picture of a great Scholar, turning his Learning into Amusement; or shew, upon how great a Variety of Enquiries the same Mind has been successfully employed.

The

The other Collection of his posthumous Pieces, published in Octavo, London 1721, contains *Repertorium; or some Account of the Tombs and Monuments in the Cathedral of Norwich*; where, as Telford observes, there is not Matter proportionate to the Skill of the Antiquary.

The other Pieces are, *Answers to Sir William Dugdale's Enquiries about the Pews*; *A Letter concerning Ireland*; *Another relating to Urns newly discovered*; *Some short Strictures on different Subjects*; and *A Letter to a Friend on the Death of his intimate Friend*, published singly by the Authour's Son in 1690.

There is inserted, in the *Biographia Britannica*, *A Letter containing Instructions for the Study of Physick*; which, with the Essays here offered to the Publick, completes the Works of Dr. Browne.

To the Life of this learned Man, there remains little to be added, but that in 1665 he was chosen honorary Fellow of the College of Physicians, as a Man, *Virtute et Literis ornatissimus*,—*eminently embellished with Literature and Virtue*: And, in 1671, received, at Norwich, the Honour of Knighthood from Charles II. a Prince, who with many Frailties and Vices, had yet Skill to discover Excellence, and Virtue to reward it, with such honorary Distinctions at least as cost him nothing, yet conferred by a King so judicious and so much beloved, had the Power of giving Merit new Lustre and greater Popularity.

Thus he lived in high Reputation; till in his seventy-sixth Year he was seized with a Colick, which, after having tortured him about a Week, put an End to his Life at Norwich, on his Birthday, October 19, 1682.* Some of his last Words were Expressions of Submission to the Will of God, and Fearlessness of Death.

* Browne's Remains.

Whitfoot.

He lies buried in the Church of *St. Peter, Mancroft*, in *Norwich*, with this Inscription on a mural Monument, placed on the south Pillar of the Altar:

M. S.

Hic situs est THOMAS BROWNE, M. D.

Et Miles.

Anno 1605. Londini natus

Generosa Familia apud Upton

In agro Cestriensi oriundus.

Scholâ primum Wintoniensi, postea

In Coll. Pembr.

Apud Oxonienses bonis literis

Haud leviter imbutus

In urbe hâc Nordovicensi medicinam

Arte egregia, & sælici successu professus,

Scriptis quibus tituli, RELIGIO MEDICI

ET PSEUDODOXIA EPIDEMICA aliisque

Per Orbem notissimus.

Vir Prudentissimus, Integerrimus, Doctissimus;

Obiit Octob. 19. 1682.

Pie posuit mæstissima Conjux

Da. Dorothe. Br.

Near the Foot of this Pillar

Lies Sir Thomas Browne, Kt. and Doctor in Physick,

Author of *Religio Medici*, and other learned Books,

Who practic'd Physick in this City 46 Years,

And died Oct. 1682, in the 77 Year of his Age.

In Memory of whom

Dame Dorothy Browne, who had bin his Affectionate

Wife 47 Years, caused this Monument

to be Erected.

Besides his Lady, who died in 1685, he left a Son and three Daughters. Of the Daughters nothing very remarkable is known; but his Son, *Edward Browne*, requires a particular mention.

He was born about the Year 1642; and after having passed through the Classes of the School at *Norwich*, became Bachelor of Physick at *Cambridge*; and afterwards removing to *Merton-College* in *Oxford*, was admitted there to the same Degree, and afterwards made a Doctor. In 1668 he visited Part of *Germany*; and in the Year following made a wider Excursion into *Austria*, *Hungary*, and *Tiessaly*; where the *Turkish* Sultan then kept his Court at *Larissa*. He afterwards passed through *Italy*. His Skill in Natural History made him particularly attentive to Mines and Metallurgy. Upon his Return he published an Account of the Countries thro' which he had passed; which I have heard commended by a learned Traveller, who has visited many Places after him, as written with scrupulous and exact Veracity, such as is scarcely to be found in any other Book of the same Kind. But whatever it may contribute to the Instruction of a Naturalist, I cannot recommend it as likely to give much Pleasure to common Readers: For whether it be that the World is very uniform, and therefore he who is resolved to adhere to Truth, will have few Novelties to relate; or that Dr. Browne was, by the Train of his Studies, led to enquire most after those Things, by which the greatest Part of Mankind is little affected; a great Part of his Book seems to contain very unimportant Accounts of his Passage from one Place where he saw little, to another where he saw no more.

Upon his Return, he practised Physick in *London*; was made Physician first to *Charles II.* and afterwards, in 1682, to *St. Bartholomew's Hospital*. About the same Time he joined his Name to those of many other eminent Men, in *A Translation of Plutarch's Lives*. He was first Censor, then Elect, and Treasurer of the College of Physicians; of which in 1705 he was chosen President, and held

his

his Office till in 1708 he died in a Degree of Estimation suitable to a Man so variously accomplished, that King *Charles* had honoured him with this Panegyrick, that 'He was as learned as any of the College, and as well-bred as any of the Court.'

Of every great and eminent Character, part breaks forth into publick View, and part lies hid in domestick Privacy. Those Qualities which have been exerted in any known and lasting Performances, may, at any Distance of Time, be traced and estimated; but silent Excellencies are soon forgotten; and those minute Peculiarities which discriminate every Man from all others, if they are not recorded by those whom personal Knowledge enabled to observe them, are irrecoverably lost. This Mutilation of Character must have happened, among many others, to Sir *Thomas Browne*, had it not been delineated by his friend Mr. *Whitefoot*, who 'esteemed it an especial Favour of Providence, to have had a particular Acquaintance with him for two-thirds of his Life.' Part of his Observations I shall therefore copy.

'For a Character of his Person, his Complexion and Hair was answerable to his Name; his Stature was moderate, and habit of Body neither fat nor lean, but even.' *εὐκαρπύς*.

'In his Habit of Clothing, he had an Aversion to all Finery, and affected Plainness, both in the Fashion and Ornaments. He ever wore a Cloke, or Boots, when few others did. He kept himself always very warm, and thought it most safe so to do, though he never loaded himself with such a Multitude of Garments, as *Suetonius* reports of *Augustus*, enough to clothe a good Family.

'The Horizon of his Understanding was much larger than the Hemisphere of the World: All

• that was visible in the Heavens he comprehended
 • so well, that few that are under them knew so
 • much: He could tell the Number of the visible
 • Stars in his Horizon, and call them all by their
 • Names that had any; and of the Earth he had
 • such a minute and exact geographical Knowledge,
 • as if he had been by divine Providence ordained
 • Surveyor-general of the whole terrestrial Orb, and
 • its Products, Minerals, Plants, and Animals. He
 • was so curious a Botanist, that besides the specifical
 • Distinctions, he made nice and elaborate Observa-
 • tions, equally useful as entertaining.

• His Memory, though not so eminent as that of
 • *Seneca* or *Scaliger*, was capacious and tenacious,
 • inasmuch as he remembered all that was remark-
 • able in any Book that he had read; and not only
 • knew all Persons again that he had ever seen at any
 • Distance of Time, but remembered the Circum-
 • stances of their Bodies, and their particular Dis-
 • courses and Speeches.

• In the *Latin* Poets he remembered every Thing
 • that was acute and pungent; he had read most of
 • the Historians, antient and modern, wherein his
 • Observations were singular, not taken Notice of
 • by common Readers; he was excellent Company
 • when he was at Leisure, and expressed more Light
 • than Heat in the Temper of his Brain.

• He had no despotical Power over his Affections
 • and Passions, (that was a Privilege of original Per-
 • fection, forfeited by the Neglect of the Use of it) but
 • as large a political Power over them, as any Stoick,
 • or Man of his Time, whereof he gave so great
 • Experiment, that he hath very rarely been known
 • to have been overcome with any of them. The
 • strongest that were found in him, both of the
 • Irascible and Concupiscible, were under the Con-
 • trol of his Reason. Of Admiration, which is
 • one of them, being the only Product, either of
 • Ignorance,

Ignorance, or uncommon Knowledge, he had more, and less, than other Men, upon the same Account of his knowing more than others; so that though he met with many Rarities, he admired them not so much as others do.

He was never seen to be transported with Mirth, or dejected with Sadness; always chearful, but rarely merry, at any sensible Rate; seldom heard to break a Jest; and when he did, he would be apt to blush at the Levity of it: His Gravity was Natural, without Affectation.

His Modesty was visible in a natural habitual Blush, which was increased upon the least Occasion, and oft discovered without any observable Cause.

They that knew no more of him than by the Briskness of his Writings, found themselves deceived in their Expectation, when they came in his Company, noting the Gravity and Sobriety of his Aspect and Conversation; so free from Loquacity, or much Talkativeness, that he was something difficult to be engaged in any Discourse; though when he was so, it was always singular, and never trite or vulgar. Parsimonious in nothing but his Time, whereof he made as much Improvement, with as little Loss as any Man in it: When he had any to spare from his drudging Practice, he was scarce patient of any Diversion from his Study; so impatient of Sloth and Idleness, that he would say, he could not do nothing.

Sir Thomas understood most of the *European* Languages; viz. all that are in *Hutter's Bible*, which he made use of. The *Latin* and *Greek* he understood critically; the *Oriental Languages*, which never were vernacular in this Part of the World, he thought the Use of them would not answer the Time and Pains of Learning them; yet had so great a Veneration for the Matrix of them, viz. the *Hebrew*, consecrated to the Oracles of God, that

‘ he was not content to be totally ignorant of it;
 ‘ though very little of his Science is to be found in
 ‘ any Books of that primitive Language. And tho’
 ‘ much is said to be written in the derivative Idioms
 ‘ of that Tongue, especially the *Arabic*, yet he was
 ‘ satisfied with the Translations, wherein he found
 ‘ nothing admirable.

‘ In his Religion he continued in the same Mind
 ‘ which he had declared in his first Book, written
 ‘ when he was but thirty Years old, his *Religio Me-*
 ‘ *dici*, wherein he fully assented to that of the Church
 ‘ of *England*, preferring it before any in the World,
 ‘ as did the learned *Gratius*. He attended the pub-
 ‘ lick Service very constantly, when he was not with-
 ‘ held by his Practice. Never missed the Sacrament
 ‘ in his Parish, if he were in Town. Read the best
 ‘ *English* Sermons he could hear of, with liberal Ap-
 ‘ plause; and delighted not in Controversies. In
 ‘ his last Sickness, wherein he continued about a
 ‘ week’s Time, enduring great Pain of the Colick,
 ‘ besides a continual Fever, with as much Patience
 ‘ as hath been seen in any Man, without any Pre-
 ‘ tence of *Stoical* Apathy, Animosity, or Vanity of
 ‘ not being concerned thereat, or suffering no Im-
 ‘ peachment of Happiness. *Nihil agit dubit.*

‘ His Patience was founded upon the Christian
 ‘ Philosophy, and a sound Faith of God’s Provi-
 ‘ dence, and a meek and humble Submission there-
 ‘ unto, which he expressed in few Words: I visited
 ‘ him near his End, when he had not Strength to
 ‘ hear or speak much; the last Words which I heard
 ‘ from him, were, besides some Expressions of Dear-
 ‘ ness, that he did freely submit to the Will of God,
 ‘ being without Fear: He had oft triumphed over
 ‘ the King of Terrors in others, and given many
 ‘ Repulses in the Defence of Patients; but when his
 ‘ own Turn came, he submitted with a meek, ra-
 ‘ tional, and religious Courage.

‘ He

He might have made good the old saying of *Dar Galenus opes*, had he lived in a Place that could have afforded it. But his Indulgence and Liberality to his Children, especially in their Travels, two of his Sons in divers Countries, and two of his Daughters in *France*, spent him more than a little. He was liberal in his Houle-Entertainments, and in his Charity; he left a comfortable, but no great Estate, both to his Lady and Children, gained by his own Industry.

Such was his Sagacity and Knowledge of all History, ancient and modern, and his Observations thereupon so singular, that it hath been said by them that knew him best, that if his Profession, and Place of Abode, would have suited his Ability, he would have made an extraordinary Man for the Privy-Council, not much inferior to the famous *Padre Paulo*, the late Oracle of the *Venetian State*.

Though he were no Prophet, nor Son of a Prophet, yet in that Faculty which comes nearest it he excelled, i. e. the Stochastick, wherein he was seldom mistaken, as to future Events, as well publick as private; but not apt to discover any Presages or Superstition.

It is observable, that he who in his earlier Years had read all the Books against Religion, was in the latter Part of his Life averse from Controversies. To play with important Truths, to disturb the Repose of established Tenets, to subtilize Objections, and elude Proof, is too often the Sport of youthful Vanity, of which maturer Experience commonly repents. There is a Time when every Man is weary of raising Difficulties only to task himself with the Solution, and desires to enjoy Truth without the Labour or Hazard of Contest. There is, perhaps, no better Method of encountering these troublesome Irruptions of Scepticism, with which inquisitive

Minds are frequently harrassed, than that which *Browne* declares himself to have taken: 'If there arise any Doubts in my Way, I do forget them; or at least defer them, till my better settled Judgment, and more manly Reason be able to resolve them: For I perceive, every Man's Reason is his best *Oedipus*, and will, upon a reasonable Truce, find a Way to loose those Bonds, wherewith the Subtilties of Error have enchained our more flexible and tender Judgments.'

The foregoing Character may be confirmed and enlarged by many Passages in the *Religio Medici*; in which it appears, from *Whitefoot's* Testimony, that the Authour, though no very sparing Panegyrist of himself, has not exceeded the Truth, with respect to his Attainments or visible Qualities.

There are, indeed, some interior and secret Virtues, which a Man may sometimes have without the Knowledge of others; and may sometimes assume to himself, without sufficient Reasons for his Opinion. It is charged upon *Browne*, by *Dr. Watts*, as an Instance of arrogant Temerity, that, after a long Detail of his Attainments, he declares himself to have escaped 'the first and father-sin of Pride.' A Perusal of the *Religio Medici* will not much contribute to produce a Belief of the Authour's Exemption from this Father-sin: Pride is a Vice, which Pride itself inclines every Man to find in others, and to overlook in himself.

As easily may we be mistaken in estimating our own Courage, as our own Humility; and, therefore, when *Browne* shews himself persuaded, that he could lose an Arm without a Tear, or with a few Groans be quartered to Pieces, I am not sure that he felt in himself any uncommon Powers of Endurance; or, indeed, any Thing more than a sudden Effervescence of Imagination, which, uncertain

tain and involuntary as it is, he mistook for settled Resolution.

That there were not many extant, that in a noble Way feared the Face of Death less than himself, he might likewise believe at a very easy Expence, while Death was yet at a Distance; but the Time will come to every human Being, when it must be known how well he can bear to die; and it has appeared, that our Authour's Fortitude did not desert him in the great Hour of Trial.

It was observed by some of the Remarkers on the *Religio Medici*, that the Authour was yet alive, and might grow worse as well as better. It is therefore happy, that this Suspicion can be obviated by a Testimony given to the Continuance of his Virtue, at a Time when Death had set him free from Danger of Change, and his Panegyrist from Temptation to Flattery.

But it is not on the Praises of others, but on his own Writings, that he is to depend for the Esteem of Posterity; of which he will not easily be deprived, while Learning shall have any Reverence among Men: For there is no Science in which he does not discover some Skill; and scarce any Kind of Knowledge, profane or sacred, abstruse or elegant, which he does not appear to have cultivated with Success.

His Exuberance of Knowledge, and Plenitude of Ideas, sometimes obstruct the Tendency of his Reasoning, and the Clearness of his Decisions: On whatever Subject he employed his Mind, there started up immediately so many Images before him, that he lost one by grasping another. His Memory supplied him with so many Illustrations, parallel or dependent Notions, that he was always starting into collateral Considerations: But the Spirit and Vigour of his Pursuit always gives Delight; and the Reader follows him, without Reluctance, through his Mazes.

in

in themselves flowery and pleasing, and ending at the Point originally in View.

To have great Excellencies and great Faults, '*Magnæ virtutes nec minora vitia*, is the Poesy,' says our Authour, 'of the best Natures.' This Poesy may be properly applied to the Style of Browne: It is vigorous, but rugged; it is learned, but pedantick; it is deep, but obscure; it strikes, but does not please; it commands, but does not allure: His Tropes are harsh, and his Combinations uncouth. He fell into an Age in which our Language began to lose the Stability which it had obtained in the Time of Elizabeth; and was considered by every Writer as a Subject on which he might try his plastick Skill, by moulding it according to his own Fancy. Milton, in Consequence of this encroaching Licence, began to introduce the *Latin* Idiom: And Browne, though he gave less Disturbance to our Structures and Phraseology, yet poured in a Multitude of exotick Words; many, indeed, useful and significant, which, if rejected, must be supplied by Circumlocution, such as Commensality for the State of many living at the same Table; but many superfluous, as a Paralogical for an unreasonable Doubt; and some so obscure, that they conceal his Meaning rather than explain it, as arthritical Analogies for Parts that serve some Animals in the Place of Joints.

His Style is, indeed, a Tissue of many Languages; a Mixture of heterogeneous Words, brought together from distant Regions, with Terms originally appropriated to one Art, and drawn by Violence into the Service of another. He must, however, be confessed to have augmented our philosophical Diction; and in Defence of his uncommon Words and Expressions, we must consider, that he had uncommon Sentiments, and was not content to express in many

many Words that Idea for which any Language could supply a single Term.

But his Innovations are sometimes pleasing, and his Temerities happy: He has many *verba ardentia*, forcible Expressions, which he would never have found, but by venturing to the utmost Verge of Propriety; and Flights which would never have been reached, but by one who had very little Fear of the Shame of Falling.

There remains yet an Objection against the Writings of Browne, more formidable than the Animadversions of Criticism. There are Passages, from which some have taken Occasion to rank him among Deists, and others among Atheists. It would be difficult to guess how any such Conclusion should be formed, had not Experience shewn that there are two Sorts of Men willing to enlarge the Catalogue of Infidels.

It has been long observed, that an Atheist has no just Reason for endeavouring Conversions; and yet none harraiss those Minds which they can Influence, with more Importunity of Solicitation to adopt their Opinions. In Proportion as they doubt the Truth of their own Doctrines, they are desirous to gain the Attestation of another Understanding; and industriously labour to win a Proselyte, and eagerly catch at the slightest Pretence to dignify their Sect with a celebrated Name.

The others become Friends to Infidelity only by unskilful Hostility: Men of rigid Orthodoxy, cautious Conversation, and religious Asperity. Among these, it is too frequently the Practice, to make in their Heat Concessions to Atheism, or Deism, which their most confident Advocates had never dared to

* Therefore no Heretics desire to spread
Their wild Opinions like these Epicures,
For so their flagging Thoughts are computed,
And other Mens' Assent their Doubt assures.—DAVIES.

claim,

claim, or to hope. A Sally of Levity, an idle Paradox, an indecent Jest, an unseasonable Objection, are sufficient, in the Opinion of these Men, to efface a Name from the Lists of Christianity, to exclude a Soul from everlasting Life. Such Men are so watchful to censure, that they have seldom much Care to look for favourable Interpretations of Ambiguities, to set the general Tenor of Life against single Failures, or to know how soon any Slip of Inadvertency has been expiated by Sorrow and Retraction; but let fly their Fulminations, without Mercy or Prudence, against slight Offences or casual Temerities, against Crimes never committed, or immediately repented.

The Infidel knows well what he is doing. He is endeavouring to supply, by Authority, the Deficiency of his Arguments; and to make his Cause less invidious, by shewing Numbers on his Side: He will, therefore, not change his Conduct, till he reforms his Principles. But the Zealot should recollect, that he is labouring, by this Frequency of Excommunication, against his own Cause; and voluntarily adding Strength to the Enemies of Truth. It must always be the Condition of a great Part of Mankind to reject and embrace Tenets upon the Authority of those whom they think wiser than themselves; and, therefore, the Addition of every Name to Infidelity, in some Degree invalidates that Argument upon which the Religion of Multitudes is necessarily founded.

Men may differ from each other in many religious Opinions, and yet all may retain the Essentials of Christianity; Men may sometimes eagerly dispute, and yet not differ much from one another: The rigorous Persecutors of Error, should, therefore, enlighten their Zeal with Knowledge, and temper their Orthodoxy with Charity; that Charity, without which Orthodoxy is vain; Charity that thinketh

'no Evil,' but 'hopeth all Things,' and 'endureth all Things.'

Whether *Browne* has been numbered among the Contemners of Religion, by the Fury of its Friends, or the Artifice of its Enemies, it is no difficult Task to replace him among the most zealous Professors of Christianity. He may, perhaps, in the Ardour of his Imagination, have hazarded an Expression, which a Mind intent upon Faults may interpret into Heresy, if considered apart from the rest of his Discourse; but a Phrase is not to be opposed to Volumes: There is scarcely a Writer to be found, whose Profession was not Divinity, that has so frequently testified his Belief of the sacred Writings, has appealed to them with such unlimited Submission, or mentioned them with such unvaried Reverence.

It is, indeed, somewhat wonderful, that he should be placed without the Pale of Christianity, who declares, that 'he assumes the honourable Stile of a 'Christian,' not because it is 'the Religion of his 'Country,' but because 'having in his riper Years 'and confirmed Judgment seen and examined all, 'he finds himself obliged, by the Principles of Grace, 'and the Law of his own Reason, to embrace no 'other Name but this.' Who, to specify his Persuasion yet more, tells us, that 'he is of the re- 'formed Religion; of the same Belief our Saviour 'taught, the Apostles disseminated, the Fathers au- 'thorized, and the Martyrs confirmed.' Who, tho' 'paradoxical in Philosophy, loves in Divinity to 'keep the beaten Road;' and pleases himself that 'he has no Taint of Heresy, Schism, or Error.' To whom 'where the Scripture is silent, the Church is 'a Text; where that speaks, 'tis but a Comment;' and who uses not 'the Dictates of his own Reason, 'but where there is a joint Silence of both.' Who 'blesses himself, that he lived not in the Days of 'Miracles, when Faith had been thrust upon him; 'but

‘but enjoys that greater Blessing, pronounced to all
 ‘that believe and saw not.’ He cannot surely be
 charged with a Defect of Faith, who ‘believes that
 ‘our Saviour was dead, and buried, and rose again,
 ‘and desires to see him in his Glory.’ And who af-
 firms, that ‘this is not much to believe;’ that ‘as
 ‘we have Reason, we owe this Faith unto History;’
 and that ‘they only had the Advantage of a bold
 ‘and noble Faith, who lived before his coming;
 ‘and, upon obscure Prophecies and mystical Types,
 ‘could raise a Belief.’ Nor can Contempt of the
 positive and ritual Parts of Religion be imputed to
 him, who doubts, whether a good Man would re-
 fuse a poisoned Eucharist; and ‘who would violate
 ‘his own Arm, rather than a Church.’

The Opinions of every Man must be learned
 from himself: Concerning his Practice, it is safest
 to trust the Evidence of others. Where these Testi-
 monies concur, no higher Degree of historical Cer-
 tainty can be obtained; and they apparently concur
 to prove, that *Browne* was a zealous Adherer to the
 Faith of Christ, that he lived in Obedience to his
 Laws, and died in Confidence of his Mercy.

THE

THE LIFE of PETER BURMAN.

PETER BURMAN was born at *Utrecht*, on the 26th Day of *June*, 1668. The Family from which he descended, has for several Generations produced Men of great Eminence for Piety and Learning; and his Father, who was Professor of Divinity in the University, and Pastor of the City of *Utrecht*, was equally celebrated for the Strictness of his Life, the Efficacy and Orthodoxy of his Sermons, and the Learning and Perspicuity of his Academical Lectures.

From the Assistance and Instruction which such a Father would doubtless have been encouraged by the Genius of this Son not to have omitted, he was unhappily cut off at eleven Years of Age, being at that Time by his Father's Death thrown entirely under the Care of his Mother, by whose Diligence, Piety, and Prudence, his Education was so regulated, that he had scarcely any Reason, but filial Tenderness, to regret the Loss of his Father.

He was about this Time sent to the publick School of *Utrecht*, to be instructed in the learned Languages; and it will convey no common Idea of his Capacity and Industry to relate, that he had passed through the Classes, and was admitted into the University in his thirteenth Year.

This Account of the Rapidity of his Progress in the first Part of his Studies, is so stupendous, that, though it is attested by his Friend, Dr. *Osterdyke*, of whom it cannot be reasonably suspected, that he is himself

himself deceived, or that he can desire to deceive others, it must be allowed far to exceed the Limits of Probability, if it be considered, with regard to the Methods of Education practised in our Country, where it is not uncommon for the highest Genius, and most comprehensive Capacity to be entangled for ten Years, in those thorny Paths of Literature, which *Burman* is represented to have passed in less than two; and we must doubtless confess the most skilful of our Masters, much excelled by the Address of the *Dutch* Teachers, or the Abilities of our greatest Scholars, far surpassed by those of *Burman*.

But to reduce this Narrative to Credibility, it is necessary that Admiration should give Place to Inquiry, and that it be discovered what Proficiency in Literature is expected from a Student, requesting to be admitted into a *Dutch* University. It is to be observed, that in the Universities in foreign Countries, they have Professors of Philology, or Humanity, whose Employment it is to instruct the younger Classes in Grammar, Rhetoric, and Languages; nor do they engage in the Study of Philosophy, till they have passed through a Course of Philological Lectures and Exercises, to which in some Places two Years are commonly allotted.

The *English* Scheme of Education, which with regard to academical Studies is more vigorous, and sets literary Honours at a higher Price than that of any other Country, exacts from the Youth, who are initiated in our Colleges, a Degree of Philological Knowledge, sufficient to qualify them for Lectures in Philosophy, which are read to them in *Latin*, and to enable them to proceed in other Studies without Assistance, so that it may be conjectured, that *Burman*, at his Entrance into the University, had no such Skill in Languages, nor such Ability of Composition, as are frequently to be met with in the higher Classes of an *English* School; nor was per-
haps

haps more than moderately skilled in *Latin*, and taught the first Rudiments in *Græc*.

In the University he was committed to the Care of the learned *Grævius*, whose Regard for his Father inclined him to superintend his Studies with more than common Attention, which was soon confirmed and encreased by his Discoveries of the Genius of his Pupil, and his Observation of his Diligence.

One of the Qualities which contributed eminently to qualify *Grævius* for an Instructor of Youth, was the Sagacity by which he readily discovered the predominant Faculty of each Pupil, and the peculiar Designation by which Nature had allotted him to any Species of Literature, and by which he was soon able to determine, that *Burman* was remarkably adapted to classical Studies, and predict the great Advances that he would make, by industriously pursuing the Direction of his Genius.

Animated by the Encouragement of a Tutor so celebrated, he continued the Vigour of his Application, and for several Years, not only attended the Lectures of *Grævius*, but made use of every other Opportunity of Improvement, with such Diligence, as might justly be expected to produce an uncommon Proficiency.

Having thus attained a sufficient Degree of classical Knowledge, to qualify him for Enquiries into other Sciences, he applied himself to the Study of the Law, and published a Dissertation, *de Vicefima Hereditatum*, which he publicly defended under the Professor *Van Muyden*, with such Learning and Eloquence, as procured him great Applause.

Imagining then, that the Conversation of other Men of Learning might be of Use towards his farther Improvement, and rightly judging, that Notions formed in any single Seminary, are for the greatest Part contracted and partial; he went to

Leyden, where he studied Philosophy for a Year, under *M. de Volder*, whose Celebrity was so great that the Schools assigned to the Sciences, which it was his Province to teach, were not sufficient, tho' very spacious, to contain the Audience that crowded his Lectures from all Parts of *Europe*.

Yet he did not suffer himself to be engrossed by Philosophical Disquisitions, to the Neglect of those Studies in which he was more early engaged, and to which he was perhaps by Nature better adapted; for he attended at the same Time *Ryckius's* Explanations of *Tacitus*, and *James Gronovius's* Lectures on the *Greek* Writers, and has often been heard to acknowledge, at an advanced Age, the Assistance which he received from them.

Having thus passed a Year at *Leyden*, with great Advantage, he returned to *Utrecht*, and once more applied himself to Philological Studies, by the Assistance of *Grævius*, whose early Hopes of his Genius, were now raised to a full Confidence of that Excellence at which he afterwards arrived.

At *Utrecht*, in *March* 1688, in the twentieth Year of his Age, he was advanced to the Degree of Doctor of Laws, on which Occasion, he published a learned Dissertation, *de Transgessionibus*, and defended it with his usual Eloquence, Learning and Success.

The Attainment of this Honour was far from having upon *Burman* that Effect which has been too often observed to be produced in others, who having in their own Opinion no higher Object of Ambition, have lapsed into Idleness and Security, and spent the rest of their Lives in a lazy Enjoyment of their Academical Dignities. *Burman* aspired to farther Improvements, and not satisfied with the Opportunities of literary Conversation, which *Utrecht* afforded, travelled into *Switzerland* and *Germany*, where he gained an Increase both of Fame and Learning.

At

At his Return from this Excursion, he engaged in the Practice of the Law, and pleaded several Causes with such Reputation, as might be hoped by a Man who had joined to his Knowledge of the Law, the Embellishments of polite Literature, and the strict Ratioination of true Philosophy, and who was able to employ on every Occasion, the Graces of Eloquence, and the Power of Argumentation.

While *Burman* was hastening to high Reputation in the Courts of Justice, and to those Riches and Honours which always follow it, he was summoned in 1691, by the Magistrates of *Utrecht*, to undertake the Charge of *Collector of the Tenths*, an Office in that Place of great Honour, and which he accepted therefore as a Proof of their Confidence and Esteem.

While he was engaged in this Employment, he married *Eve Clotterboke*, a young Lady of a good Family, and uncommon Genius and Beauty, by whom he had ten Children, of which eight died young, and only two Sons, *Francis* and *Caspar* lived to console their Mother for their Father's Death.

Neither publick Business, nor domestick Cares, detained *Burman* from the Prosecution of his Literary Enquiries, by which he so much endeared himself to *Grævius*, that he was recommended by him to the Regard of the University of *Utrecht*, and accordingly, in 1696, was chosen Professor of Eloquence and History, to which was added, after some Time, the Professorship of the *Greek* Language, and afterwards that of Politicks; so various did they conceive his Abilities, and so extensive his Knowledge.

At his Entrance upon this new Province, he pronounced an Oration upon Eloquence and Poetry.

Having now more frequent Opportunities of displaying his Learning, he rose, in a short Time, to a high Reputation, of which the great Number of his Auditors was a sufficient Proof, and which the

Proficiency of his Pupils shewed not to be accidental or undeserved.

In 1714 he formed a Resolution of visiting *Paris*, not only for the Sake of conferring in Person, upon Questions of Literature, with the learned Men of that Place, and of gratifying his Curiosity with a more familiar Knowledge of those Writers whose Works he admired, but with a View more important, of visiting the Libraries, and making those Enquiries which might be of Advantage to his darling Study.

The Vacation of the University allowed him to stay at *Paris* but six Weeks, which he employed with so much Dexterity and Industry, that he had searched the principal Libraries, collated a great Number of Manuscripts and printed Copies, and brought back a great Treasure of curious Observations.

In this Visit to *Paris* he contracted an Acquaintance, among other learned Men, with the celebrated Father *Montfaucon*, with whom he conversed, at his first Interview, with no other Character than that of a Traveller; but their Discourse turning upon ancient Learning, the Stranger soon gave such Proofs of his Attainments, that *Montfaucon* declared him a very uncommon Traveller, and confessed his Curiosity to know his Name; which he no sooner heard, than he rose from his Seat, and embracing him with the utmost Ardour, expressed his Satisfaction at having seen the Man whose Productions of various Kinds he had so often praised; and, as a real Proof of his Regard, offered not only to procure him an immediate Admission to all the Libraries of *Paris*, but to those in remoter Provinces, which are not generally open to Strangers, and undertook to ease the Expences of his Journey by procuring him Entertainment in all Monastries of his Order.

This Favour *Burman* was hindered from accepting, by the Necessity of returning to *Utrecht* at the usual Time of beginning a new Course of Lectures, to which there was always so great a Concourse of Students, as much encreased the Dignity and Fame of the University in which he taught.

He had already extended, to distant Parts, his Reputation for Knowledge of ancient History by a Treatise *de Vectigalibus Populi Romani*, on the Revenues of the Romans; and for his Skill in Greek Learning, and in ancient Coins, by a Tract called *Jupiter Fulgurator*; and after his Return from *Paris*, he published *Phædrus*, first with the Notes of various Commentators, and afterwards with his own. He printed many Poems, and made many Orations upon different Subjects, and procured an Impression of the Epistles of *Gudius* and *Sarravins*.

While he was thus employed, the Professorships of History, Eloquence, and the Greek Language, become vacant at *Leyden*, by the Death of *Perizonius*, which *Burman's* Reputation incited the Curators of the University to offer him upon very generous Terms, and which, after some Struggles with his Fondness for his native Place, his Friends, and his Collegues, he was prevailed on to accept, finding the Solicitations from *Leyden* warm and urgent, and his Friends at *Utrecht*, though unwilling to be deprived of him, yet not zealous enough for the Honour and Advantage of their University, to endeavour to detain him by great Liberality.

At his Entrance upon this new Professorship, which was conferred upon him in 1715, he pronounced an Oration upon the Duty and Office of a Professor of polite Literature. *De Publici Humanioris Disciplinæ Professoris proprio officio et munere*. And shewed by the Usefulness and Perspicuity of his Lectures, that he was not confined to speculative Notions on that Subject, having a very happy Method

of accommodating his Instructions to the different Abilities and Attainments of his Pupils.

Nor did he suffer the publick Duties of this Station to hinder him from promoting Learning by Labours of a different Kind; for, besides many Poems and Orations which he recited on different Occasions, he wrote several Prefaces to the Works of others, and published many useful Editions of the best *Latin* Writers, with large Collections of Notes from various Commentators.

He was twice Rector, or chief Governor of the University, and discharged that important Office with equal Equity and Ability, and gained by his Conduct in every Station so much Esteem, that when the Professorship of History of the *United Provinces* became vacant, it was conferred on him, as an Addition to his Honours and Revenues, which he might justly claim; and afterwards, as a Proof of the Continuance of their Regard, and a Testimony that his Reputation was still encreasing, they made him Chief Librarian, an Office which was the more acceptable to him, as it united his Business with his Pleasure, and gave him an Opportunity at the same Time of superintending the Library, and carrying on his Studies.

Such was the Course of his Life, till, in his old Age, leaving off his Practice of Walking and other Exercises, he began to be afflicted with the Scurvy, which discovered itself by very tormenting Symptoms of various Kinds; sometimes disturbing his Head with Vertigos, sometimes causing Faintness in his Limbs, and sometimes attacking his Legs with Anguish so excruciating, that all his Vigour was destroyed, and the Power of Walking entirely taken away, till at Length his left Foot became motionless. The Violence of his Pain produced irregular Fevers, deprived him of Rest, and entirely debilitated his whole Frame.

This

This tormenting Disease he bore, though not without some Degree of Impatience, yet without any unbecoming or irrational Déspondency, and applied himself in the Intermision of his Pains to seek for Comfort in the Duties of Religion.

While he lay in this State of Misery he received an Account of the Promotion of two of his Grandsons, and a Catalogue of the King of *France's* Library, presented to him by the Command of the King himself, and expressed some Satisfaction on all these Occasions; but soon diverted his Thoughts to the more important Consideration of his eternal State, into which he passed on the 31st of *March* 1741, in the 73d Year of his Age.

He was a Man of moderate Stature, of great Strength and Activity, which he preserved by temperate Diet, without medical Exactness, and by allotting Proportions of his Time to Relaxation and Amusement, not suffering his Studies to exhaust his Strength, but relieving them by frequent Intermissions; a Practice consistent with the most exemplary Diligence, and which he that omits will find at last, that Time may be lost, like Money, by unseasonable Avarice.

In his Hours of Relaxation he was gay, and sometimes gave Way so far to his Temper, naturally satirical, that he drew upon himself the Ill-will of those who had been unfortunately the Subjects of his Mirth; but Enemies so provoked he thought it beneath him to regard or to pacify; for he was fiery but not malicious, disdained Dissimulation, and in his gay or serious Hours preserved a settled Detestation of Falshood. So that he was an open and undisguised Friend or Enemy, entirely unacquainted with the Artifices of Flatterers, but so judicious in the Choice of Friends, and so constant in his Affection to them, that those with whom he had contracted

Familiarity in his Youth, had for the greatest Part his Confidence in his old Age.

His Abilities, which would probably have enabled him to have excelled in any Kind of Learning, were chiefly employed, as his Station required, on polite Literature, in which he arrived at very uncommon Knowledge, which, however, appears rather from judicious Compilations than original Productions. His Stile is lively and masculine, but not without Harshness and Constraint, nor, perhaps, always polished to that Purity which some Writers have attained. He was at least instrumental to the Instruction of Mankind, by the Publication of many valuable Performances, which lay neglected by the greatest Part of the learned World; and if Reputation be estimated by Usefulness, he may claim a higher Degree in the Ranks of Learning than some others of happier Elocution, or more vigorous Imagination.

The Malice or Suspicion of those who either did not know, or did not love him, had given rise to some Doubts about his Religion, which he took an Opportunity of removing on his Death-bed by a voluntary Declaration of his Faith, his Hope of everlasting Salvation from the revealed Promises of God, and his Confidence in the Merits of our Redeemer, of the Sincerity of which Declaration his whole Behaviour in his long Illness was an incontestable Proof; and he concluded his Life, which had been illustrious for many Virtues, by exhibiting an Example of true Piety.

Of his Works we have not been able to procure a compleat Catalogue; he published,

Quintilianus, 2 vols. 4to.

Valerius Flaccus,

Ovidius, 3 vols. 4to.

Poetae Latini Minores, 2 vols. 4to.

Buchanani Opera, 2 vols. 4to.

Cum Notis
Variorum.

THE

T H E

LIFE OF EDWARD CAVE.

Written in the Year 1754.

J. John
EDMUND CAVE was born at *Newton* in *Warwickshire*, on the 29th Day of *February*, in the Year 1691. His Father was the younger Son of Mr. *Edward Cave*, of *Cave's in the Hole*, a lone House, on the *Street-Road* in the same County, which took its Name from the Occupier; but having concurred with his elder Brother in cutting off the Intail of a small hereditary Estate, by which Act it was lost from the Family, he was reduced to follow in *Rugby* the Trade of a Shoemaker. He was a Man of good Reputation in his narrow Circle, and remarkable for Strength and rustick Intrepidity. He lived to a great Age, and was in his latter Years supported by his Son.

It was fortunate for *Edward Cave*, that having a Disposition to literary Attainments, he was not cut off by the Poverty of his Parents from Opportunities of cultivating his Faculties. The School of *Rugby*, in which he had, by the Rules of its Foundation, a Right to be instructed, was then in high Reputation, under the Reverend Mr. *Holyock*, to whose Care most of the neighbouring Families, even of the highest Rank, entrusted their Sons. He had Judgment to discover, and, for some Time, Generosity to encourage the Genius of young *Cave*, and was so well pleased with his quick Progress in the School, that he declared his Resolution to breed him for the University, and recommend him as a Servitor to some of his Scholars of high Rank. But Prosperity which depends upon the Caprice of others, is of short

short Duration. *Cave's* Superiority in Literature exalted him to an invidious Familiarity with Boys who were far above him in Rank and Expectations; and, as in unequal Associations it always happens, whatever unlucky Prank was played, was imputed to *Cave*. When any Mischief, great or small was done, though perhaps others boasted of the Stratagem when it was successful, yet upon Detection or Miscarriage, the Fault was sure to fall upon poor *Cave*.

At last, his Mistress by some invisible Means lost a favourite Cock; *Cave* was with little Examination stigmatized as the Thief or Murderer; not because he was more apparently criminal than others, but because he was more easily reached by vindictive Justice. From that Time Mr. *Holyock* withdrew his Kindness visibly from him, and treated him with Harshness, which the Crime, in its utmost Aggravation could scarcely deserve, and which surely he would have forborn, had he considered how hardly the habitual Influence of Birth and Fortune is resisted; and how frequently Men, not wholly without Sense of Virtue, are betrayed to acts more atrocious than the Robbery of a Hen-roost, by a Desire of pleasing their Superiors.

Those Reflections his Master never made, or made without Effect, for under Pretence that *Cave* obstructed the Discipline of the School, by selling clandestine Assistance, and supplying Exercises to Idlers, he was oppressed with unreasonable Tasks, that there might be an Opportunity of quarrelling with his Failure; and when his Diligence had surmounted them, no Regard was paid to the Performance. *Cave* bore this Persecution a while, and then left the School, and the Hope of a literary Education, to seek some other Means of gaining a Livelihood.

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He was first placed with a Collector of the Excise. He used to recount with some Pleasure a Journey or two which he rode with him as his Clerk, and relate the Victories that he gained over the Excisemen in grammatical Disputations. But the Insolence of his Mistress, who employed him in servile Drudgery, quickly disgusted him, and he went up to *London* in quest of more suitable Employment.

He was recommended to a Timber Merchant at the *Bank-side*, and while he was there on liking, is said to have given Hopes of great mercantile Abilities; but this Place he soon left, I know not for what Reason, and was bound Apprentice to Mr. *Collins*, a Printer of some Reputation, and deputy Alderman.

This was a Trade for which Men were formerly qualified by a literary Education, and which was pleasing to *Cave*, because it furnished some Employment for his scholastick Attainments. Here therefore he resolved to settle, though his Master and Mistress lived in perpetual Discord, and their House was therefore no comfortable Habitation. From the Inconveniences of these domestick Tumults he was soon released, having in only two Years attained so much Skill in his Art, and gained so much the Confidence of his Master, that he was sent without any Superintendant to conduct a Printing-House at *Norwich*, and publish a weekly Paper. In this Undertaking he met with some Opposition, which produced a publick Controversy, and procured young *Cave* the Reputation of a Writer.

His Master died before his Apprenticeship was expired, and he was not able to bear the Perverseness of his Mistress. He therefore lived out of her House upon a stipulated Allowance, and married a young Widow, with whom he lived at *Bow*. When his Apprenticeship was over, he worked as a Journeyman at the Printing-House of Mr. *Barber*, a

Man

Man much distinguished and employed by the Tories, whose Principles had at that Time so much Prevalence with *Cave*, that he was for some Years a Writer in *Mist's Journal*, which, though he afterwards obtained, by his Wife's Interest, a small Place in the Post-Office, he for some Time continued. But as Interest is powerful, and Conversation, however mean, in Time persuasive, he by Degrees inclined to another Party; in which, however, he was always moderate, though steady and determined.

When he was admitted into the Post-Office he still continued, at his Intervals of Attendance, to exercise his Trade, or to employ himself with some typographical Business. He corrected the *Gradus ad Parnassum*, and was honourably rewarded by the Company of Stationers. He wrote an Account of the Criminals, which had for some Time a considerable Sale; and published many little Pamphlets that Accident brought into his Hands, of which it would be very difficult to recover the Memory. By the Correspondence which his Place in the Post-Office facilitated, he procured Country News-Papers, and sold their Intelligence to a Journalist of *London*, for a Guinea a Week.

He was afterwards raised to the Office of Clerk of the Franks, in which he acted with great Spirit and Firmness; and often stopped Franks which were given by Members of Parliament to their Friends; because he thought such Extension of a peculiar Right illegal. This raised many Complaints, and having stopped, among others, a Frank given to the old Duchess of *Marlborough* by Mr. *Walter Plummer*, he was cited before the House, as for Breach of Privilege, and accused, I suppose very unjustly, of opening Letters to detect them. He was treated with great Harshness and Severity, but declining their Questions by pleading his Oath of Secrecy,

erecy, was at last dismissed. And it must be recorded to his Honour, that when he was ejected from his Office, he did not think himself discharged from his Trust, but continued to refuse to his nearest Friends any Information about the Management of the Office.

By this Constancy of Diligence and Diversification of Employment, he in Time collected a Sum sufficient for the Purchase of a small Printing-Office, and began the *Gentleman's Magazine*, a periodical Pamphlet, of which the Scheme is known wherever the *English* Language is spoken. To this Undertaking he owed the Affluence in which he passed the last twenty Years of his Life; and the Fortune which he left behind him, which though large, had been yet larger, had he not rashly and wantonly impaired it by innumerable Projects, of which I know not that ever one succeeded.

The *Gentleman's Magazine*, which has already subsisted three and twenty Years, and still continues equally to enjoy the Favour of the World, is one of the most successful and lucrative Pamphlets which literary History has upon Record, and therefore deserves, in this Narrative, particular Notice.

Mr. *Cave*, when he formed the Project, was far from expecting the Success which he found; and others had so little Prospect of its Consequence, that though he had for several Years talked of his Plan among Printers and Booksellers, none of them thought it worth the Trial. That they were not restrained by their Virtue from the Execution of another Man's Design, was sufficiently apparent as soon as that Design began to be gainful; for in a few Years a Multitude of Magazines arose, and perished; only the *London Magazine*, supported by a powerful Association of Booksellers, and circulated with all the Art, and all the Cunning of Trade, exempted itself from the general Fate of *Cave's* Invaders,

Invaders, and obtained, though not an equal, yet a considerable Sale.

Cave now began to aspire to Popularity, and being a greater Lover of Poetry than any other Art, he sometimes offered Subjects for Poems, and proposed Prizes for the best Performers. The first Prize was fifty Pounds, for which, being but newly acquainted with Wealth, and thinking the Influence of fifty Pounds extremely great, he expected the first Authors of the Kingdom to appear as Competitors; and offered the Allotment of the Prize to the Universities. But when the Time came, no Name was seen among the Writers that had been ever seen before; the Universities and several private Men rejected the Province of assigning the Prize. At all this Mr. *Cave* wondered for a while, but his natural Judgment, and a wider Acquaintance with the World, soon cured him of his Astonishment, as of many other Prejudices and Errors. Nor have many Men been seen raised by Accident or Industry to sudden Riches, that retained less of the Meanness of their former State.

He continued to improve his Magazine, and had the Satisfaction of seeing its Success proportionate to his Diligence, till in the Year 1751 his Wife died of an Asthma. He seemed not at first much affected by her Death, but in a few Days lost his Sleep and his Appetite, which he never recovered; but after having lingered about two Years, with many Vicissitudes of Amendment and Relapse, fell by drinking acid Liquors into a Diarrhoea, and afterwards into a Kind of lethargick Insensibility, in which one of the last Acts of Reason which he exerted, was fondly to press the Hand which is now Writing this little Narrative. He died on *January 10, 1754*, having just concluded the twenty-third annual Collection.

He was a Man of large Stature, not only tall but bulky, and was, when young, of remarkable Strength
and

and Activity. He was generally healthful, and capable of much Labour and long Application; but in the latter Years of his Life was afflicted with the Gout, which he endeavoured to cure or alleviate by a total Abstinence both from strong Liquors and animal Food. From animal Food he abstained about four Years, and from strong Liquors much longer; but the Gout continued unconquered, perhaps unabated.

His Resolution and Perseverance were very uncommon; whatever he undertook, neither Expende nor Fatigue were able to repress him: but his Constancy was calm, and, to those who did not know him, appeared faint and languid, but he always went forward though he moved slowly.

The same Chilness of Mind was observable in his Conversation; he was watching the minutest Accent of those whom he disgusted by seeming Inattention; and his Visitant was surprized when he came a second Time, by Preparations to execute the Scheme which he supposed never to have been heard.

He was, consistently with this general Tranquillity of Mind, a tenacious Maintainer, though not a clamorous Demander of his Right. In his Youth having summoned his fellow Journeymen to concert Measures against the Oppression of their Masters, he mounted a Kind of Rostrum, and harangued them so efficaciously, that they determined to resist all future Invasions; and when the Stamp Officers demanded to stamp the last half Sheet of the Magazines, Mr. Cave alone defeated their Claim, to which the Proprietors of the rival Magazines would meanly have submitted.

He was a Friend rather easy and constant, than zealous and active; yet many Instances might be given, where both his Money and his Diligence were employed liberally for others. His Enmity was in like Manner cool and deliberate; but though cool

it

it was not insidious, and though deliberate, not pertinacious.

His mental Faculties were slow. He saw little at a Time, but that little he saw with great Exactness. He was long in finding the Right, but seldom failed to find it at last. His Affections were not easily gained, and his Opinion not quickly discovered. His Reserve, as it might hide his Faults, concealed his Virtues: But such he was, as they who best knew him, have most lamented.

A DISSER-

A
DISSERTATION
UPON THE
GREEK COMEDY.

I. **I** WAS in doubt a long Time, whether I should meddle at all with the *Greek Comedy*, both, because the Pieces which remain are very few, the Licentiousness of *Aristophanes*, their Authour, is exorbitant, and it is very difficult to draw from the Performances of a single Poet, a just Idea of *Greek Comedy*. Besides, it seemed that Tragedy was sufficient to employ all my Attention, that I might give a complete Representation of that Kind of Writing, which was most esteemed by the *Athenians* and the wiser *Greeks**, particularly by *Socrates*, who set no Value upon Comedy or comic Actors. But the very Name of that Drama, which in polite Ages, and above all others in our own, has been so much advanced, that it has become equal to Tragedy, if not preferable, incline me to think that I may be partly reproached with an imperfect Work, if, after having gone as deep as I could into the Nature of the *Greek Tragedy*, I did not at least sketch a Draught of the Comedy.

Reasons why
Aristophanes
may be re-
viewed with-
out translat-
ing him en-
tirely.

* There was a Law which forbid any Judge of the *Areopagus* to write Comedy.

I then considered, that it was not wholly impossible to surmount, at least in Part, the Difficulties which had stopt me, and to go somewhat farther than the learned Writers *, who have published in *French* some Pieces of *Aristophanes*; not that I pretend to make large Translations. The same Reasons which have hindered with Respect to the more noble Parts of the *Greek* Drama, operate with double Force upon my present Subject. Though Ridicule, which is the Business of Comedy, be not less uniform in all Times, than the Passions which are moved by tragic Compositions; yet, if Diversity of Manners may sometimes disguise the Passions themselves, how much more greater Change will be made in Jocularities? The Truth is, that they are so much changed by the Course of Time, that Pleasantly and Ridicule become dull and flat much more easily than the Pathetic becomes ridiculous.

That which is commonly known by the term Jocular and Comic, is nothing but a Turn of Expression, an airy Phantom, that must be caught at a particular Point. As we lose this Point, we lose the Jocularity, and find nothing but Dulness in its Place. A lucky Sally, which has filled a Company with Laughter, will have no Effect in Print, because it is shewn single and separate from the Circumstance which gave it Force. Many satirical Jest, found in ancient Books, have had the same Fate; their Spirit has evaporated by Time, and have left nothing to us but Insipidity. None but the most biting Passages have preserved their Points unblunted.

But, besides this Objection, which extends universally to all Translations of *Aristophanes*, and many Allusions of which, Time has deprived us, there are loose Expressions thrown out to the Populace to raise Laughter from corrupt Passions, which are un-

* Madame Dacier, M. Boivin.

worthy of the Curiosity of decent Readers, and which ought to rest eternally in proper Obscurity. Not every thing in this Infancy of Comedy was excellent, at least it would not appear excellent at this Distance of Time, in Comparison of Compositions of the same Kind, which lie before our Eyes; and this is Reason enough to save me the Trouble of translating, and the Reader that of perusing. As for that small Number of Writers who delight in those Delicacies, they give themselves very little Trouble about Translations, except it be to find fault with them; and the Majority of People of Wit, like Comedies that may give them Pleasure, without much Trouble of Attention, and are not much disposed to find Beauties in that which requires long Deductions to find it beautiful. If *Helen* had not appeared beautiful to the *Greeks* and *Trojans* but by Force of Argument, we had never been told of the *Trojan War*.

On the other Side, *Aristophanes* is an Authour more considerable than one would imagine. The History of *Greece* could not pass over him, when it comes to touch upon the People of *Athens*; this alone might procure him Respect, even when he was not considered as a comic Poet. But when his Writings are taken into View, we find him the only Authour from whom may be drawn a just Idea of the Comedy of his Age; and farther, we find in his Pieces, that he often makes Attacks upon the tragic Writers, particularly upon the three Chief, whose valuable Remains we have had under Examination; and, what is yet worse, fell sometimes upon the State, and upon the Gods themselves.

II. These Considerations have deter-
 mined me to follow, in my Representa-
 tion of this Writer, the same Method

The chief
 Heads of this
 Discourse.

which I have taken in several tragic Pieces, which is that of giving an exact Analysis as far as the Matter

would allow, from which I deduce four important Systems. First, Upon the Nature of the Comedy of that Age, without omitting that of *Menander* *. Secondly, Upon the Vices and Government of the *Athenians*. Thirdly, Upon the Notion we ought to entertain of *Aristophanes*, with Respect to *Eschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*. Fourthly, Upon the Jest which he makes upon the Gods. These Things will not be treated in Order, as a regular Discourse seems to require, but will arise sometimes separately, sometimes together, from the View of each particular Comedy, and from the Reflections which this free Manner of Writing will allow. I shall conclude with a short View of the Whole, and so finish my Design.

III. I shall not repeat here what *Madame Dacier*, and so many others before her, have collected of all History of that can be known relating to the History of Comedy. of Comedy. Its Beginnings are as obscure as those of Tragedy, and there is an Appear-

* *Menander*, an *Athenian*, Son of *Diopetes* and *Hegesstrates*, was apparently the most eminent of the Writers of the new Comedy. He had been a Scholar of *Theophrastus*: His Passion for the Women brought Infamy upon him: He was squint-eyed, and very lively. Of the one hundred and eighty Comedies, or, according to *Suidas*, the Eighty which he composed, and which are all said to be translated by *Terence*, we have now only a few Fragments remaining. He flourished about the 115th Olympiad, 318 Years before the Christian Era. He was drowned as he was bathing in the Port of *Pireus*. I have told in another Place, what is said of one *Philemon*, his Antagonist, not so good a Poet as himself, but one who often gained the Prize. This *Philemon* was older than him, and was much in Fashion in the Time of *Alexander the Great*. He expressed all his Wishes in two Lines, 'To have Health, and Fortune, and Pleasure, and never to be in Debt, is all I desire.' He was very covetous, and was pictured with his Fingers hooked, so that he set his Comedies at a high Price. He lived about a hundred Years, some say a hundred and one. Many Tales are told of his Death; *Valerius Maximus* says, that he died with Laughing at a little Incident: Seeing an *Ass* eating his Figs, he ordered his Servant to drive her away; the Man made no great Haste, and the *Ass* eat them all. 'Well done, says *Philemon*, now give her some Wine.' *Apuleius* and *Quintilian* placed this Writer much below *Menander*, but give him the second Place.

ance that we take these two Words in a more extensive Meaning; they had both the same Original, that is, they began among the Festivals of the Vintage, and were not distinguished from one another but by a burlesque or serious Chorus, which made all the Soul and all the Body. But, if we give these Words a stricter Sense, according to the Notion which has since been formed, Comedy was produced after Tragedy, and was in many Respects a Sequel and Imitation of the Works of *Eschylus*. It is in reality nothing more than an Action set before the Sight, by the same Artifice of Representation. Nothing is different but the Object, which is merely Ridicule. This Original of true Comedy will be asily admitted, if we take the Word of *Horace*, who must have known better than us the true Dates of dramatick Works. This Poet supports the System which I have endeavoured to establish in the second Discourse † so strongly as to amount to demonstrative Proof.

Horace † expresses himself thus: ‘*Thespis* is said to have been the first Inventor of a Species of Tragedy, in which he carried about in Carts, Players smeared with the Dregs of Wine, of whom some sung and others declaimed.’ This was the first Attempt both of Tragedy and Comedy; for *Thespis* made use only of one Speaker, without the least Appearance of Dialogue. ‘*Eschylus* afterwards exhibited them with more Dignity. He placed them on a Stage, somewhat above the Ground, covered their Faces with Marks, put Buskins on their Feet, dressed them in trailing Robes, and made them speak in a more lofty Style.’ *Horace* omits Invention of Dialogue, which we learn from *Aristotle* ‡. But, however, it may be well enough inferred from the fol-

† *Greek Theatre*, Part I. Vol. I.

‡ *Hor. Poet.* v. 275.

‡ *Poet.* ch. 4.

lowing Words of *Horace*; this Completion is mentioned while he speaks of *Eschylus*, and therefore to *Eschylus* it must be ascribed: 'Then first appeared the old Comedy, with great Success in its Beginning.' Thus we see that the *Greek* Comedy arose after Tragedy, and by Consequence Tragedy was its Parent. It was formed in Imitation of *Eschylus*, the Inventor of the tragick Drama; or, to go yet higher into Antiquity, had its Original from *Homer*, who was the Guide of *Eschylus*. For, if we credit *Aristotle* §, Comedy had its Birth from the *Margetes*, a satirical Poem of *Homer*, and Tragedy from the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Thus the Design and Artifice of Comedy were drawn from *Homer* and *Eschylus*. This will appear less surprising, since the Ideas of the human Mind are

always gradual, and Arts are seldom invented but by Imitation. The first Idea contains the Seed of the Second; this Second, expanding itself, gives Birth to a Third; and so on. Such is the Progress of the Mind of Man; it proceeds in its Productions Step by Step, in the same Manner as Nature multiplies her Works by imitating, or repeating her own Act, when she seems most to run into Variety. In this Manner it was that Comedy had its Birth, its Increase, its Improvement, its Perfection, and its Diversity.

IV. But the Question is, who was the happy Authour of that Imitation, and that Shew, whether only one like *Eschylus* of Tragedy, or whether they were several? for neither *Horace*, nor any before him, explained this ¶. This Poet only quotes three

Writers

§ Poet. ch. 4.

¶ 'The Alterations, which have been made in Tragedy, were perceptible, and the Authours of them unknown; but Comedy has lain in Obscurity, being not cultivated, like Tragedy, from the Time of its Original: For it was long before the Magistrates began to give comic Chorusses. It was first exhibited by Actors, who played voluntarily, without Orders of the Magistrate. From the Time

Writers who had Reputation in the old Comedy-*Eupolis**, *Cratinus*†, and *Aristophanes*, of whom he says, 'That they, and others who wrote in the same Way, reprehended the Faults of particular Persons with excessive Liberty.' These are probably the Poets of the greatest Reputation, though they were not the first, and we know the Names of many others‡. Among these Three we may be sure that *Aristophanes* had the greatest Character, since not only the King of *Persia* || expressed a high Esteem of him to the *Grecian* Ambassadors, as of a Man extremely useful to his Country, and *Plato* § rated him so high, as to say, that the Graces resided in his Bosom; but likewise because he is the only Writer of whom any Comedies have made their Way down to us, through the Confusion of Times. There are not indeed any Proofs that he was the Inventor of Comedy, properly so called, especially since he had not only Predecessors who wrote in the same

'Time that it began to take some settled Form, we know its Authours, but are not informed who first used Masks, added Prologues, increased the Number of the Actors, and joined all the other Things which now belong to it. The first that thought of forming comic Fables, were *Epicarmus* and *Pbormys*, and consequently this Manner came from *Sicily*: *Crates* was the first *Athenian* that adopted it, and forsook the Practice of gross Raillery that prevailed before.' *Aristot.* ch. 5. *Crates* flourished in the 82d Olympiad, 450 Years before our *Æra*, twelve or thirteen Years before *Aristophanes*.

* *Eupolis* was an *Athenian*; his Death, which we shall mention presently, is represented differently by Authours, who almost all agree that he was drowned. *Eliau* adds an Incident which deserves to be mentioned: He says (Book x. Of Animals), that one *Ageas* of *Eleusis*, made *Eupolis* a Present of a fine Mastiff, who was so faithful to his Master as to worry to death a Slave who was carrying away some of his Comedies. He adds, that when the Poet died at *Egeus*, his Dog staid by his Tomb till he perished by Grief and Hunger.

† *Cratinus* of *Athens*, who was Son of *Callimedes*, died at the Age of Ninety-seven. He composed twenty Comedies, of which nine had the Prize; he was a daring Writer, but a cowardly Warrior.

‡ *Hertelius* has collected the Sentences of fifty *Greek* Poets of the different Ages of Comedy.

|| Interlude of the second Act of the Comedy intituled *The Acbarniens*.

§ Epigram attributed to *Plato*.

Kind, but it is at least a Sign, that he had contributed more than any other to bring Comedy to the Perfection in which he left it. We shall, therefore, not inquire farther, whether regular Comedy was the Work of a single Mind, which seems yet to be unsettled, or of several Cotemporaries, such as these which *Horace* quotes. We must distinguish three Forms which Comedy wore, in Consequence of the Genius of the Writers, or of the Laws of the Magistrates, and the Change of the Government of many into that of few.

The old, middle, and new Comedy. That Comedy, which *Horace* calls the Ancient, and which, according to his Account, was after *Eschylus*, retained something of its original State, and of the Licentiousness which it practised, while it was yet without Regularity, and uttered loose Jokes and Abuse upon the Passers-by from the Cart of *Thespis*. Though it was now properly modelled, as might have been worthy of a great Theatre and a numerous Audience, and deserved the Name of a regular Comedy, it was not yet much nearer to Decency. It was a Representation of real Actions, and exhibited the Dress, the Motions, and the Air, as far as could be done in a Mask, of any one who was thought proper to be sacrificed to publick Scorn. In a City so free, or to say better, so licentious as *Athens* was at that Time, no-body was spared, not even the chief Magistrate, nor the very Judges, by whose voice Comedies were allowed or prohibited. The Insolence of those Performances reached to open Impiety, and Sport was made equally with Men and Gods*. These are the Features by which the greatest Part of the Compositions of *Aristophanes* will be known. In which it may be particularly observed, that not the

* This History of the three Ages of Comedy, and their different Characters, is taken in Part from the valuable Fragments of *Platonius*.

It will be shewn how and in what Sense this was allowed.

least Appearance of Praise will be found, and therefore certainly no Trace of Flattery or Servility.

This Licentiousness of the Poets, to which in some Sort *Socrates* fell a Sacrifice, at last was restrained by a Law. For the Government, which was before shared by all the Inhabitants, was now confined to a settled Number of Citizens. It was ordered, that no Man's Name should be mentioned on the Stage; but poetical Malignity was not long in finding the Secret of defeating the Purpose of the Law, and of making themselves ample Compensation for the Restraint laid upon Authours, by the Necessity of inventing false Names. They set themselves to work upon known and real Characters, so that they had now the Advantage of giving a more exquisite Gratification to the Vanity of Poets, and the Malice of Spectators. One had the refined Pleasure of setting others to guess, and the other that of guessing Right by naming the Masks. When Pictures are so like, that the Name is not wanted, no Body inscribes it. The Consequence of the Law, therefore, was nothing more than to make that done with Delicacy, which was done grossly before; and the Art, which was expected would be confined within the Limits of Duty, was only partly transgressed with more Ingenuity. Of this *Aristophanes*, who was comprehended in this Law, gives us good Examples in some of his Poems. Such was that which was afterwards called the middle Comedy.

The new Comedy, or that which followed, was again an excellent Refinement, prescribed by the Magistrates, who, as they had before forbid the Use of real Names, forbid afterwards real Subjects, and the Train of Chorusses † too much given to Abuse: So that the Poets saw themselves reduced to the Necessity of bringing imaginary Names and Subjects

† Perhaps the Chorus was forbid in the middle Age of the Comedy. *Platonius* seems to say so.

upon

upon the Stage, which at once purified and enriched the Theatre; for Comedy from that Time was no longer a Fury armed with Torches, but a pleasing and innocent Mirror of human Life.

*Chacun peint avec art dans ce nouveau miroir
S'y vit avec plaisir, ou crut ne s'y pas voir !
L'avare des premiers rit du tableau fidelle
D'un avare souvent tracé sur son modèle ;
Et mille fois un fat finement exprimé
Méconnut le portrait sur lui-même formé ॥*

The Comedy of *Menander* and *Terence* is, in Propriety of Speech, the fine Comedy. I do not repeat all this after so many Writers but just to recall it to Memory, and to add to what they have said, something which they have omitted, a singular Effect of publick Edicts appearing in the successive Progress of the Art. A naked History of Poets and of Poetry, such as has been often given, is a mere Body without Soul, unless it be enlivened with an Account of the Birth, Progress, and Perfection of the Art, and of the Causes by which they were produced.

VI. To omit nothing essential which concerns this The *Latin* Part, we shall say a Word of the *Latin* Comedy. When the Arts passed from *Greece* to *Rome*, Comedy took its turn among the rest: But the *Romans* applied themselves only to the new Species, without Chorus or personal Abuse; though perhaps they might have played some Translations of the old or the middle Comedy, for *Pliny* gives an Account of one which was represented in his own Time. But the *Roman* Comedy, which was modelled upon the last Species of the *Greek*, hath nevertheless its different Ages, according as its Authors were rough or polished. The Pieces of *Li-*

nius Andronicus §, more ancient and less refined than those of the Writers who learned the Art from him, may be said to compose the first Age, or the old Roman Comedy and Tragedy. To him you must join *Nevius* his Cotemporary, and *Ennius*, who lived some Years after him. The second Age comprises *Pacuvius*, *Cecilius*, *Accius*, and *Plautus*, unless it shall be thought better to reckon *Plautus* with *Terence*, to make the third and highest Age of the Latin Comedy, which may properly be called the new Comedy, especially with regard to *Terence*, who was the Friend of *Lelius*, and the faithful Copier of *Menander*.

But the *Romans*, without troubling themselves with this Order of Succession, distinguished their Comedies by the Dresses ¶ of the Players. The Robe, called *Prætexta*, with large Borders of Purple, being the formal Dress of Magistrates in their Dignity, and in the Exercise of their Office, the Actors, who had this Dress, gave its Name to the Comedy. This is the same with that called *Trabeata**, from *Trabea*, the Dress of the Consuls in Peace, and the Generals in Triumph. The second Species introduced the Senators not in great Offices, but as private Men; this was called *Toges*, from *Togata*. The last Species was named *Tabernaria*, from the Tunic, or the common Dress of the People, or rather from the mean Houses which were painted on the Scene. There is no Need of mentioning the Farces, which took their Name and Original from *Atella*, an ancient Town of *Campania* in *Italy*, because they differed from the low Comedy only by greater Licentiousness; nor of those which were called *Palliates*, from the *Greek*, a Cloak, in which

§ The Year of Rome 514, the first Year of the 135th Olympiad.

¶ *Prætextæ*, *Togatæ*, *Tabernariæ*.

* *Suet. de Claris Grammat.* says, that *C. Gelissus*, Librarian to *Augustus*, was the Authour of it,

the *Greek* Characters were dressed upon the *Roman* Stage, because that Habit only distinguished the Nation, not the Dignity or Character, like those which have been mentioned before. To say Truth, these are but trifling Distinctions; for, as we shall shew in the following Pages, Comedy may be more usefully and judiciously distinguished, by the general Nature of its Subjects. As to the *Romans*, whether they had, or had not, Reason for these Names, they have left us so little upon the Subject which is come down to us, that we need not trouble ourselves with a Distinction which affords us no solid Satisfaction. *Plautus* and *Terence*, the only Authours of whom we are in Possession, give us a fuller Notion of the real Nature of their Comedy, with respect at least to their own Times, than can be received from Names and Terms, from which we have no real Exemplification.

VII. Not to go too far out of our Way, let us return to *Aristophanes*, the only Poet in whom we can now find the *Greek* Comedy. He is the single Writer, whom the Violence of Time has in some Degree spared, after having buried in Darkness, and almost in Forgetfulness, so many great Men, of whom we have nothing but the Names and a few Fragments, and such slight Memorials as are scarcely sufficient to defend them against the Enemies of the Honour of Antiquity; yet these Memorials are like the last Glimmer of the setting Sun, which scarce afford us a weak and fading Light: Yet from this Glimmer we must endeavour to collect Rays of sufficient Strength to form a Picture of the *Greek* Comedy approaching as near as possible to the Truth.

Of the personal Character of *Aristophanes* little is known; what Account we can give of it must therefore be had from his Comedies. It can scarcely be said with certainty of what Country he was: The

Invectives

The *Greek*
Comedy is
reduced only
to *Aristopha-*
nes.

Invectives of his Enemies so often called in Question his Qualification as a Citizen, that they have made it doubtful. Some said, he was of *Rhodes*, others of *Egena*, a little Island in the Neighbourhood, and all agreed that he was a Stranger. As to himself, he said that he was the Son of *Philip*, and born in the *Cyathænian* Quarter; but he confessed that some of his Fortune was in *Egena*, which was probably the original Seat of his Family. He was, however, formally declared a Citizen of *Athens*, upon Evidence, whether good or bad, upon a decisive Judgment, and this for having made his Judges merry by an Application of a saying of *Telemachus*†, of which this is the Sense: ‘I am, as my Mother tells me, the Son of *Philip*; for my own Part, I know little of the Matter, for what Child knows his own Father?’ This Piece of Merriment did him as much good, as *Archias* received from the Oration of *Cicero* ||, who said that that Poet was a *Roman* Citizen. An Honour which, if he had not inherited by Birth, he deserved for his Genius.

Aristophanes § flourished in the Age of the great Men of *Greece*, particularly of *Socrates* and *Euripides*, both of which he outlived. He made a great Figure during the whole *Peloponnesian* War, not merely as a comick Poet by whom the People were diverted, but as the Censor of the Government, as a Man kept in Pay by the State to reform it, and almost to act the Part of the Arbitrator of the Publick. A particular Account of his Comedies will best let us into his personal Character as a Poet, and into the Nature of his Genius, which is what we are most interested to know. It will, however, not be amiss to prepossess our Readers a little by the Judgments that had been

† *Homer, Odyssey*.

|| *Orat. pro Archia Poeta.*

§ In the 85th Year of the Olympiad, 437 before our *Æra*, and 317 of the Foundation of *Rome*.

passed upon him by the Critics of our own Time, without forgetting one of the Ancients that deserves great Respect.

Aristophanes VIII. *Aristophanes*, says Father *Rapin*, censured and 'is not exact in the Contrivance of his praised.

' Fables; his Fictions are not probable; ' he brings real Characters upon the Stage too coarsely ' and too openly. *Socrates*, whom he ridicules so ' much in his Plays, had a more delicate Turn of ' Burlesque than himself, and had his Merriment ' without his Impudence. It is true, that *Aristophanes* ' wrote amidst the Confusion and Licentiousness of ' the old Comedy, and he was well acquainted with ' the Humour of the *Athenians*, to whom uncommon ' Merit always gave Disgust, and therefore he made ' the eminent Men of his Time the Subject of his ' Merriment. But the too great Desire which he had ' to delight the People by exposing worthy Characters ' upon the Stage, made him at the same Time an ' unworthy Man; and the Turn of his Genius to ' Ridicule was disfigured and corrupted by the Indeli- ' cacy and Outrageousness of his Manners. After ' all, his Pleasantry consists chiefly in new coined ' puffy Language. The Dish of twenty-six Sylla- ' bles, which he gives in his last Scene of his *Fe- ' male Orators*, would please few Tastes in our Days. ' His Language is sometimes obscure, perplexed and ' vulgar, and his frequent Play with Words, his ' Oppositions of contradictory Terms, his Mixture ' of Tragick and Comick, of Serious and Bur- ' lesque, are all flat, and his Jocularities, if you ex- ' amine it to the Bottom, is all false. *Menander* is ' diverting in a more elegant Manner, his Style is ' pure, clear, elevated, and natural, he persuades ' like an Orator, and instructs like a Philosopher; ' and if we may venture to judge upon the Frag- ' ments which remain, it appears that his Pictures ' of civil Life are pleasing, that he makes every one ' speak

‘ speak according to his Character, that every Man
 ‘ may apply his Pictures of Life to himself, because
 ‘ he always follows Nature, and feels for the Per-
 ‘ sonages which he brings upon the Stage. To
 ‘ conclude, *Plutarch*, in his Comparison of these
 ‘ Authours, says, that the Muse of *Aristophanes* is
 ‘ an abandoned Prostitute, and that of *Menander* a
 ‘ modest Woman.

It is evident that this whole Character is taken
 from *Plutarch*. Let us now go on with this Re-
 mark of Father *Rapin*, since we have already spoken
 of the *Latin* Comedy, of which he gives us a De-
 scription.

‘ With respect to the two *Latin* comick Poets,
 ‘ *Plautus* is ingenious in his Designs, happy in his
 ‘ Conceptions, and fruitful of Invention. He has,
 ‘ however, according to *Horace*, some low Jocula-
 ‘ rities, and those smart sayings, which made the
 ‘ Vulgar laugh, made him be pitied by Men of
 ‘ higher Taste. It is true, that some of his Jest
 ‘ are extremely good, but others likewise are very
 ‘ bad. To this every Man is exposed, who is too
 ‘ much determined to make Sallics of Merriment;
 ‘ they endeavour to raise that Laughter by Hyper-
 ‘ boles, which would not arise by a just Representa-
 ‘ tion of Things. *Plautus* is not quite so regular
 ‘ as *Terence* in the Scheme of his Designs, or in the
 ‘ Distribution of his Acts, but he is more simple
 ‘ in his Plot; for the Fables of *Terence* are com-
 ‘ monly complex, as may be seen in his *Andraa*,
 ‘ which contains two Amours. It was imputed as
 ‘ a Fault to *Terence*, that, to bring more Action up-
 ‘ on the Stage, he made one *Latin* Comedy out of
 ‘ two *Greek*; but then *Terence* unravels his Plot
 ‘ more naturally than *Plautus*, which *Plautus* did
 ‘ more naturally than *Aristophanes*; and tho’ *Cæsar*
 ‘ calls *Terence* but one half of *Menander*, because,
 ‘ though he had Softness and Delicacy, there was in
 ‘ him

him some Want of Sprightliness and Strength; yet he has written in a Manner so natural and so judicious, that, though he was then only a Copy, he is now an Original. No Authour has ever had a more exact Sense of pure Nature. Of *Cecilius*, since we have only a few Fragments, I shall say nothing. All that we know of him is told us by *Varrus*, that he was happy in the Choice of Subjects.

Rapin omits many others for the same Reason, that we have not enough of their Works to qualify us for Judges. While we are upon this Subject, it will perhaps not displease the Reader to see here what that Critick's Opinion is of *Lopes de Vega* and *Moliere*. It will appear, that, with respect to *Lopes de Vega*, he is rather too profuse of Praise; that in speaking of *Moliere*, he is too parsimonious. This Piece will, however, be of Use to our Design, when we shall examine to the Bottom what it is that ought to make the Character of Comedy.

No Man has ever had a greater Genius for Comedy than *Lopes de Vega* the Spaniard. He had a Fertility of Wit, joined with great Beauty of Conception, and a wonderful Readiness of Composition; for he has written more than three hundred Comedies. His Name alone gave Reputation to his Pieces; for his Reputation was so well established, that a Work, which came from his Hands, was sure to claim the Approbation of the Publick. He had a Mind too extensive to be subjected to Rules, or restrained by Limits. For that Reason he gave himself up to his own Genius, on which he could always depend with Confidence. When he wrote, he consulted no other Laws than the Taste of his Auditors, and regulated his Manner more by the Success of his Work than by the Rules of Reason. Thus he discarded all Scruples of Unity, and all the Superstition of Probability.

(This

(This is certainly not said with a Design to praise him, and must be connected with that which immediately follows.) 'But as for the most Part, he endeavours at too much Jocularity, and carries Ridicule to too much Refinement; his Conceptions are often rather happy than just, and rather wild than natural; for, by subtilizing Merriment too far, it becomes too nice to be true, and his Beauties lose their Power of striking by being too delicate and acute.

'Among us, nobody has carried Ridicule in Comedy farther than *Moliere*. Our ancient comick Writers brought no Characters higher than Servants, to make Sport upon the Theatre; but we are diverted upon the Theatre of *Moliere* by Marquises and People of Quality. Others have exhibited in Comedy no Species of Life above that of a Citizen; but *Moliere* shews us all *Paris*, and the Court. He is the only Man amongst us, who has laid open those Features of Nature by which he has exactly marked, and may be accurately known. The Beauties of his Pictures are so natural, that they are felt by Persons of the least Discernment, and his Power of Pleasantry received half its Force from his Power of Copying. His Misanthrope is, in my Opinion, the most complete, and likewise the most singular Character that has ever appeared upon the Stage: But the Disposition of his Comedies is always defective some way or another. This is all which we can observe in general upon Comedy.

Such are the Thoughts of one of the most refined Judges of Works of Genius, from which, though they are not all oraculous, some Advantages may be drawn, as they always make some Approaches to Truth.

Madame *Dacier* ¶, having her Mind full of the Merit of *Aristophanes*, expresses herself in this Manner: 'No Man had ever more Discernment than him, in finding out the Ridiculous, nor a more ingenious Manner of shewing it to others. His Remarks are natural and easy, and, what very rarely can be found, with great Copiousness he has great Delicacy. To say all at once, the *Attick* Wit, of which the Ancients made such boast, appears more in *Aristophanes* than in any other that I know of in Antiquity. But what is most of all to be admired in him is, that he is always so much Master of the Subject before him, that, without doing any Violence to himself, he finds a Way to introduce naturally Things which at first appeared most distant from his Purpose, and even the most quick and unexpected of his desultory Sallies appear the necessary Consequence of the foregoing Incidents. This is that Art which sets the Dialogues of *Plato* above Imitation, which we must consider as so many dramtick Pieces, which are equally entertaining by the Action and by the Dialogue. The Style of *Aristophanes* is no less pleasing than his Fancy; for, besides its Clearness, its Vigour, and its Sweetness, there is in it a certain Harmony so delightful to the Ear, that there is no Pleasure equal to that of reading it. When he applies himself to vulgar Mediocrity of Style, he descends without Meanness: When he attempts the Sublime, he is elevated without Obscurity; and no Man has ever had the Art of blending all the different Kinds of Writing so equally together. After having studied all that is left us of *Grecian* Learning, if we have not read *Aristophanes*, we cannot yet know all the Charms and Beauties of that Language.'

¶ Preface to *Plutus*. Paris, 1684.

IX. This

IX. This is a pompous Elogium: But let us suspend our Opinion, and hear that of *Plutarch*, who, being an Ancient, well deserves our Attention, at least after we have heard the Moderns before him. This is then the Sum of his Judgment concerning *Aristophanes* and *Menander*. To *Menander* he gives the Preference, without allowing much Competition. He objects to *Aristophanes*, that he carries all his Thoughts beyond Nature, that he writes rather to the Crowd than to Men of Character; that he affects a Style obscure and licentious, tragical, pompous, and mean, sometimes serious, and sometimes ludicrous, even to Puerility; that he makes none of his Personages speak according to any distinct Character, so that in his Scenes the Son cannot be known from the Father, the Citizen from the Boor, the Hero from the Shopkeeper, or the Divine from the Serving-man. Whereas the Diction of *Menander*, which is always uniform and pure, is very justly adapted to different Characters, rising when it is necessary to vigorous and sprightly Comedy, yet without transgressing the proper Limits, or losing Sight of Nature, in which *Menander*, says *Plutarch*, has attained a Perfection to which no other Writer has arrived. For, what Man, besides himself, has ever found the Art of making a Diction equally suitable to Women and Children, to Old and Young, to Divinities and Heroes? Now *Menander* has found this happy Secret, in the Equality and Flexibility of his Diction, which, though always the same, is nevertheless different upon different Occasions; like a Current of clear Water (to keep closely to the Thoughts of *Plutarch*), which running through Banks differently turned, complies with all their Turns backward and forward, without changing any Thing of its Nature, or its Purity. *Plutarch* mentions it as a Part of the Merit of *Menander*, that he

Plutarch's
Sentiment
upon *Aristo-*
phanes and
Menander.

began very young, and was stopped only by old Age, at a Time when he would have produced the greatest Wonders, if Death had not prevented him. This, joined to a Reflection, which he makes as he returns to *Aristophanes*, shews that *Aristophanes* continued a long Time to display his Powers: For his Poetry, says *Plutarch*, is a Strumpet that affects sometimes the Airs of a Prude, but whose Impudence cannot be forgiven by the People, and whose affected Modesty is despised by Men of Decency. *Menander*, on the contrary, always shews himself a Man agreeable and witty, a Companion desirable upon the Stage, at Table, and in gay Assemblies; an Extract of all the Treasures of *Greece*, who deserves always to be read, and always to please. His irresistible Power of Persuasion, and the Reputation which he has had of being the best Master of Language of *Greece*, sufficiently shews the Delightfulness of his Style. Upon this Article of *Menander*, *Plutarch* does not know how to make an End: He says, that he is the Delight of Philosophers fatigued with Study; that they use his Works as a Meadow enamelled with Flowers, where a purer Air gratifies the Sense; that, notwithstanding the Powers of the other comick Poets of *Athens*, *Menander* has always been considered as possessing a Salt peculiar to himself, drawn from the same Waters that gave Birth to *Venus*. That, on the contrary, the Salt of *Aristophanes* is bitter, keen, coarse, and corrosive; that one cannot tell whether his Dexterity, which has been so much boasted, consists not more in the Characters than in the Expression, for he is charged with playing often upon Words, with affecting antithetical Allusions; that he has spoiled the Copies which he endeavoured to take after Nature; that Artifice in his Plays is Wickedness, and Simplicity, Brutishness; that his Jocularities ought to raise Hisses rather than Laughter; that his Amours have more Impudence

dence than Gaiety; and that he has not so much written for Men of Understanding, as for Minds blackened with Envy and corrupted with Debauchery.

X. After such a Character there seems no need of going further, and one would think that it would be better to bury ever the Memory of so hateful a Writer, that makes us so poor a Recompense for the Loss of *Menander* who cannot be recalled. But, without shewing any Mercy to the indecent or malicious Sallies of *Aristophanes*, any more than to *Plautus* his Imitator, or at least the Inheritor of his Genius, may it not be allowed us to do, with respect to him, what, if I mistake not, *Lucretius* * did to *Ennius* from whose muddy Verses he gathered Jewels? *Enni de stercore gemmas.*

Besides, we must not believe that *Plutarch*, who lived more than four Ages after *Menander*, and more than five after *Aristophanes*, has passed so exact a Judgment upon both, but that it may be fit to re-examine it. *Plato*, the Cotemporary of *Aristophanes*, thought very differently, at least of his Genius, for, in his Piece called the *Entertainment*, he gives that Poet a distinguished Place, and makes him speak, according to his Character, with *Socrates* himself; from which by the Way it is apparent, that this Dialogue of *Plato* was composed before the Time that *Aristophanes* wrote his *Clouds* against *Socrates*. *Plato* is likewise said to have sent a Copy of *Aristophanes* to *Dionysius* the Tyrant, with Advice to read it diligently, if he would attain a complete Judgment of the State of the *Athenian* Republick.

Many other Scholars have thought, that they might depart somewhat from the Opinion of *Plutarch*. *Frischlinus*, for Example, one of the Commentators upon *Aristophanes*, though he justly allows

* *Brumey* has mistaken *Lucretius* for *Virgil*.

his Taste to be less pure than that of *Menander*, has yet undertaken his Defence against the outrageous Censure of the ancient Critick. In the first Place, he condemns without Mercy his Ribaldry and Obscenity. But this Part, so worthy of Contempt, and written only for the lower People, according to the Remark of *Boivin*, bad as it is, after all is not the chief Part which is left of *Aristophanes*. I will not say with *Frischlinus*, that *Plutarch* seems in this to contradict himself, and in reality commends the Poet, when he accuses him of having adapted his Language to the Stage; by the Stage, in this Place, he meant the Theatre of *Farces*, on which low Mirth and Buffoonry was exhibited. This Plea of *Frischlinus* is a mere Cavil; and though the Poet had obtained his End, which was to divert a corrupted Populace, he would not have been less a bad Man, nor less a despicable Poet, notwithstanding the Excuse of his Defender. To be able in the highest Degree to divert Fools and Libertines, will not make a Poet: It is not, therefore, by this Defence that we must justify the Character of *Aristophanes*. The depraved Taste of the Crowd, who once drove away *Cratinus* and his Company, because the Scenes had not low Buffoonry enough for their Taste, will not justify *Aristophanes*, since *Menander* found a Way of changing the Taste by giving a Sort of Comedy, not indeed so modest as *Plutarch* represents it, but less licentious than before. Nor is *Aristophanes* better justified by the Reason which he himself offers, when he says, that he exhibited Debauchery upon the Stage, not to corrupt the Morals, but to mend them. The Sight of gross Faults is rather a Poison than a Remedy.

The Apologist has forgot one Reason, which appears to me essential to a just Account. As far as we can judge by Appearance, *Plutarch* had in his Hands all the Plays of *Aristophanes*, which were at least

least fifty in Number. In these he saw more Licensiousness than has come to our Hands, though in the Eleven that are still remaining, there is much more than could be wished.

Plutarch censures him in the second Place for playing upon Words; and against this Charge *Frischlinus* defends him with less Skill. It is impossible to exemplify this in *French*. But after all, this Part is so little, that it deserved not so severe a Reprehension, especially since amongst those Sayings, there are some so mischievously malignant, that they became proverbial, at least by the Sting of their Malice, if not by the Delicacy of their Wit. One Example will be sufficient: Speaking of the Tax-gatherers, or the Excise-men of *Athens*, he crushes them at once by observing, *non quod essent ταιμιαί, sed λαιμιαί*. The Word *λαιμιαί* signified *walking Spirits*, which, according to the vulgar Notion, devoured Men; this makes the Spirit of the Sarcasm against the Tax-gatherers. This cannot be rendered in our Language; but if any Thing as good had been said in *France* on the like Occasion, it would have lasted too long, and, like many other Sayings amongst us, been too well received. The best is, that *Plutarch* himself confesses that it was extremely applauded.

The third Charge is, a Mixture of tragick and comick Style. This Accusation is certainly true; *Aristophanes* often gets into the Buskin: But we must examine upon what Occasion. He does not take upon him the Character of a tragick Writer; but, having remarked that his Trick of Parody was always well received by a People who liked to laugh at that for which they had been just weeping, he is eternally using the same Craft; and there is scarce any Tragedy or striking Passage known by Memory by the *Athenians*, which he does not turn into Merriment, by throwing over it a Dress of Ridicule and Burlesque, which is done sometimes by changing or

transposing the Words, and sometimes by an unexpected Application of the whole Sentence. These are the Shreds of Tragedy, in which he arrays the comick Muse, to make her still more Comick. *Cratinus* had before done the same Thing; and we know that he made a Comedy called *Ulysses*, to burlesque *Homer* and his *Odyssey*; which shews, that the Wits and Poets are, with respect to one another, much the same at all Times, and that it was at *Athens* as here. I will prove this System by Facts, particularly with respect to the Merriment of *Aristophanes* upon our three celebrated Tragedians. This being the Case, the mingled Style of *Aristophanes* will, perhaps, not deserve so much Censure as *Plutarch* has vented. We have no need of the Travesty of *Virgil*, nor the Parodies of our own Time, nor of the *Lutrin* of *Boileau*, to shew us that this Medley may have its Merit upon particular Occasions.

The same may be said in general of his Obscurity, his Meannesses, and his high Flights, and of all the seeming Inequality of Style, which puts *Plutarch* in a Rage. These Censures can never be just upon a Poet, whose Style has always been allowed to be perfectly *Attick*, and of an *Atticism* which made him extremely delightful to the Lovers of the *Athenian* Taste. *Plutarch*, perhaps, rather means to blame the Chorusses, of which the Language is sometimes elevated, sometimes burlesque, always very poetical, and therefore in Appearance not suitable to Comedy. But the Chorus, which had been borrowed from Tragedy, was then all the Fashion, particularly for Pieces of Satire, and *Aristophanes* admitted them like the other Poets of the old, and perhaps of the middle Comedy; whereas *Menander* suppressed them, not so much in Compliance with his own Judgment, as in Obedience to the publick Edicts. It is not, therefore, this Mixture of Tragick and Comick that will place *Aristophanes* below *Menander*.

The

The fifth Charge is, that he kept no Distinction of Character; that, for Example, he makes Women speak like Orators, and Orators like Slaves: But it appears by the Characters which he ridicules, that this Objection falls of itself. It is sufficient to say, that a Poet who painted, not imaginary Characters, but real Persons, Men well known, Citizens whom he called by their Names, and shewed in Dresses like their own, and Masks resembling their Faces, whom he branded in the Sight of a whole City, extremely haughty and full of Derision; it is sufficient to say, that such a Poet could never be supposed to miss his Characters. The Applause, which his Licentiousness produced, is too good a Justification; besides, if he had not succeeded, he exposed himself to the Fate of *Eupolis*, who in a Comedy, called the *Drowned Man*, having imprudently pulled to Pieces particular Persons, more powerful than himself, was laid hold of, and drowned more effectually than those he had drowned upon the open Stage.

The Condemnation of the Poignancy of *Aristophanes*, as having too much Acrimony, is better founded. Such was the Turn of a Species of Comedy, in which all Licentiousness was allowed; in a Nation which made every Thing a Subject of Laughter, in its Jealousy of immoderate Liberty, and its Enmity to all Appearance of Rule and Superiority; for the Genius of Independancy naturally produces a Kind of Satire more keen than delicate, as may be easily observed in most of the Inhabitants of Islands. If we do not say with *Longinus*, that a popular Government kindles Eloquence, and that a lawful Monarchy stifles it; at least it is easy to discover by the Event, that Eloquence in different Governments takes a different Appearance. In Republicks it is more sprightly and violent, and in Monarchies more insinuating and soft. The same Thing

may be said of Ridicule; It follows the Cast of Genius, as Genius follows that of Government. Thus the Republican Raillery, particularly of the Age which we are now considering, must have been rougher, than that of the Age which followed it, for the same Reason, that *Horace* is more delicate, and *Lucilius* more pointed. A Dish of Satire was always a delicious Treat to human Malignity; but that Dish was differently seasoned, as the Manners were polished more or less. By polished Manners I mean that Good-breeding, that Art of Reserve and Self-restraint, which is the Consequence of Dependence. If one was to determine the Preference due to one of those Kinds of Pleasantry, of which both have their Value, there would not need a Moment's Hesitation, every Voice would join in Favour of the softer, yet without Contempt of that which is rough. *Menander* will, therefore, be preferred, but *Aristophanes* will not be despised, especially since he was the first who quitted that wild Practice of Satirising at Liberty right or wrong, and by a Comedy of another Cast made way for the Manner of *Menander*, more agreeable yet, and less dangerous. There is yet another Distinction to be made between the Acrimony of the one, and the Softness of the other; the Works of the one are acrimonious, and of the other soft, because the one exhibited personal, and the other general Characters; which leaves us still at Liberty to examine, if these different Designs might not be executed with equal Delicacy.

We shall know this by a View of the Particulars; in this Place we say only that the reigning Taste, or the Love of striking Likenesses, might justify *Aristophanes* for having turned, as *Plutarch* says, Art into Malignity, Simplicity into Brutality, Merriment into Farce, and Amour into Impudence; if in any Age a Poet could be excused for painting publick Folly and Vice in their true Colours.

There

There is a Motive of Interest at the Bottom which disposed *Eliau*, *Plutarch*, and many others, to condemn this Poet without Appeal. *Socrates*, who is said to have been destroyed by a poetical Attack, at the Instigation of two Wretches †, has too many Friends among good Men, to have Pardon granted to so horrid a Crime. This has filled them with an implacable Hatred against *Aristophanes*, which is mingled with the Spirit of Philosophy, a Spirit, wherever it comes, more dangerous than any other. A common Enemy will confess some good Qualities in his Adversary; but a Philosopher, made partial by Philosophy, is never at rest till he has totally destroyed him who has hurt the most tender Part of his Heart; that is, has disturbed him in his Adherence to some Character, which, like that of *Socrates*, takes Possession of the Mind. The Mind is the freest Part of Man, and the most Tender of its Liberties: Possessions, Life, and Reputation, may be in another's Power, but Opinion is always independent. If any Man can obtain that gentle Influence, by which he ingratiates himself with the Understanding, and makes a Sect in a Commonwealth, his Followers will sacrifice themselves for him, and nobody will be pardoned that dares to attack him justly or unjustly, because that Truth, real or imaginary, which he maintained, is now become an Idol. Time will do nothing for the Extinction of this Hatred; it will be propagated from Age to Age; and there is no Hope that *Aristophanes* will ever be treated with Tenderness by the Disciples of *Plato*, who made *Socrates* his Hero. Every Body else may, perhaps, confess, that *Aristophanes*, tho' in one Instance a bad Man, may nevertheless be a good Poet; but Distinctions, like these, will not be

† It is not certain, that *Aristophanes* did procure the Death of *Socrates*: But, however, he is certainly criminal for having, in the *Clouds*, accused him publicly of Impiety.

admitted

admitted by Prejudice and Passion, and one or other dictates all Characters, whether good or bad.

As I add my own Reasons, such as they are, for or against *Aristophanes*, to those of *Frischlinus* his Defender, I must not omit one Thing, which he has forgot, and which, perhaps, without taking in the rest, put *Plutarch* out of Humour, which is that perpetual Farce which goes through all the Comedies of *Aristophanes*, like the Character of *Harlequin* on the *Italian Theatre*. What kind of Personages are Clouds, Frogs, Wasps, and Birds? *Plutarch*, used to a comick Stage of a very different Appearance, must have thought them strange Things; and yet stranger must they appear to us, who have a newer Kind of Comedy, with which the *Greeks* were unacquainted. This is what our Poet may be charged with, and what may be proved beyond Refutation. This Charge comprises all the rest, and against this I shall not pretend to justify him. It would be of no Use to say, that *Aristophanes* wrote for an Age that required Shews which filled the Eye, and grotesque Paintings in satirical Performances; that the Crowds of Spectators, which sometimes neglected *Cratinus* to throng *Aristophanes*, obliged him more and more to comply with the ruling Taste, lest he should lose the publick Favour by Pictures more Delicate and less Striking; that in a State, where it was considered as Policy to lay open every Thing that had the Appearance of Ambition, Singularity, or Knavery, Comedy was become a Haranguer, a Reformer, and a publick Counsellor, from whom the People learned to take care of their most valuable Interests; and that this Comedy, in the Attempt to lead and to please the People, claimed a Right to the strongest Touches of Eloquence, and had likewise the Power of personal Painting peculiar to herself. All these Reasons, and many others, would disappear immediately, and my Mouth would

be stopped with a single Word, with which every Body would agree: My Antagonist would tell me, that such an Age was to be pitied, and passing on from Age to Age, till he came to our own, he would conclude flatly, that we are the only Possessors of common Sense; a Determination with which the *French* are too much reproached, and which overthrows all the Prejudice in Favour of Antiquity. At the Sight of so many happy Touches, which one cannot help admiring in *Aristophanes*, a Man might, perhaps, be inclined to lament that such a Genius was thrown into an Age of Fools: But what Age has been without them? And have not we ourselves Reason to fear, lest Posterity should judge of *Moliere* and his Age, as we judge of *Aristophanes*? *Menander* altered the Taste, and was applauded in *Athens*; but it was after *Athens* was changed. *Terence* imitated him at *Rome*, and obtained the Preference over *Plautus*, though *Cæsar* called him but a demi-*Menander*, because he appears to want that Spirit and Vivacity which he calls the *vis comica*. We are now weary of the Manner of *Menander* and *Terence*, and leave them for *Moliere*, who appears like a new Star in a new Course. Who can answer, that in such an Interval of Time as has past between these four Writers, there will not arise another Author, or another Taste, that may bring *Moliere*, in his Turn, into Neglect? Without going further, our Neighbours, the *English*, think he wants Force and Fire. Whether they are right, or no, is another Question; all that I mean to advance is, that we are to fix it as a Conclusion, that comick Authors must grow obsolete with the Modes of Life, if we admit any one Age, or any one Climate, for the sovereign Rule of Taste. But let us talk with more Exactness, and endeavour by an exact Analysis to find out what there is in Comedy, whether of *Aristophanes* and *Plautus*, of *Menander* and *Terence*,

of

of *Moliere* and his Rivals, which is never obsolete, and must please all Ages and all Nations.

Remarkable Difference between the State of Comedy, and other Works of Genius, with Regard to their Duration. XI. I now speak particularly of Comedy; for we must observe, that between that and other Works of Literature, especially Tragedy, there is an essential Difference, which the Enemies of Antiquity will not understand, and which I shall endeavour palpably to shew.

All Works shew the Age in which they are produced; they carry its Stamp upon them; the Manners of the Times are impressed by indelible Marks. If it be allowed, that the best of past Times were rude in Comparison with ours, the Cause of the Ancients is decided against them; and the Want of Politeness, with which their Works are charged in our Days, must be generally confessed. History alone seems to claim Exemption from this Accusation. Nobody will dare to say of *Herodotus* or *Thucydides*, of *Livius* or *Tacitus*, that which has been said without Scruple of *Homer* and the ancient Poets. The Reason is, that History takes the nearest Way to its Purpose, and gives the Characters and Practices of Nations, be they what they will; it has no Dependence upon its Subject, and offers nothing to Examination, but the Art of the Narrative. An History of *China* well written, would please a *Frenchman* as well as one of *France*. It is otherwise with mere Works of Genius, they depend upon their Subjects, and consequently upon the Characters and the Practices of the Times in which they were written; this at least is the Light in which they are beheld. This Rule of Judgment is not equitable; for, as I have said over and over, all the Orators and the Poets are Painters, and merely Painters. They exhibit Nature as it is before them, influenced by the Accidents of Education, which, without changing it intirely, yet give it, in different Ages and

and Climates, a different Appearance; but we make their Success depend in a great Degree upon their Subject, that is, upon Circumstances which we measure by the Circumstances of our own Days. According to this Prejudice, Oratory depends more upon its Subject than History, and Poetry yet more than Oratory. Our Times, therefore, shew more Regard to *Herodotus* and *Suetonius*, than to *Demosthenes* and *Cicero*, and more to all these than to *Homer* or *Virgil*. Of this Prejudice, there are regular Gradations; and to come back to the Point which we have left, we shew, for the same imperceptible Reason, less Regard to tragick Poets than to others. The Reason is, that the Subjects of their Paintings are more examined than the Art. Thus comparing the *Achilles* and *Hippolytus* of *Euripides*, with those of *Racine*, we drive them off the Stage, without considering that *Racine's* Heroes will be driven off, in a future Age, if the same Rule of Judgment be followed, and one Time be measured by another.

Yet Tragedy having the Passions for its Object, is not wholly exposed to the Caprice of our Taste, which would make our own Manners the Rule of human Kind; for the Passions of *Grecian* Heroes are often dressed in external Modes of Appearance that disgust us, yet they break through the Veil when they are strongly marked, as we cannot deny them to be in *Eschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*. The Essence then gets the better of the Circumstance. The Passions of *Greece* and *France* do not so much differ by the particular Characters of particular Ages, as they agree by the Participation of that which belongs to the same Passion in all Ages. Our three tragick Poets will, therefore, get clear by suffering only a little Ridicule, which falls directly upon their Times; but these Times and themselves will be well recompensed by the Admiration which their Art will irresistibly inforce.

Comedy is in a more lamentable Situation ; for, not only its Object is the Ridiculous, which, tho' in reality always the same, is so dependant on Custom as to change its Appearance with Time, and with Place ; but the Art of a comick Writer is, to lay hold of that Species of the Ridiculous which will catch the Spectators of the present Hour, without regard to Futurity. But, though Comedy has attained its End, and diverted the Pit, for which it was written ; if it goes down to Posterity, it is in a new World, where it is no longer known ; it becomes there quite a Foreigner, because there are no longer the same Originals, nor the same Species of the Ridiculous, nor the same Spectators, but a Set of merciless Readers, who complain that they are tired with it, though it once filled *Athens*, *Rome*, or *Paris*, with Merriment. This Position is general, and comprises all Poets and all Ages. To say all at once, Comedy is the Slave of its Subject, and of the reigning Taste ; Tragedy is not subject to the same Degree of Slavery, because the Ends of the two Species of Poetry are different. For this Reason, if we suppose that in all Ages there are Criticks who measure every thing by the same Rule, it will follow, that if the Comedy of *Aristophanes* be become obsolete, that of *Menander* likewise, after having delighted *Athens*, and revived again at *Rome*, at last suffered by the Force of Time. The Muse of *Moliere* has almost made both of them forgotten, and would still be walking the Stage, if the Desire of Novelty did not in Time make us weary of that which we have too frequently admired.

Those who have endeavoured to render their Judgment independant upon Manners and Customs, and of such Men there have been always some, have not judged so severely either of Times, or of Writers ; they have discovered, that a certain Resemblance runs through all polished Ages, which are alike

alike in essential Things, and differ only in external Manners, which, if we except Religion, are Things of Indifference; that wherever there is Genius, Politeness, Liberty, or Plenty, there prevails an exact and delicate Taste, which, however hard to be expressed, is felt by those that were born to feel it; that *Athens*, the Inventress of all the Arts, the Mother first of the *Roman* and then of general Taste, did not consist of stupid Savages; that the *Athenian* and *Augustan* Ages having always been considered as Times that enjoyed a particular Privilege of Excellence, though we may distinguish the good Authours from the bad, as in our own Days, yet we ought to suspend the Vehemence of Criticism, and proceed with Caution and Timidity before we pass Sentence upon Times and Writers, whose good Taste has been universally applauded. This obvious Consideration has disposed them to pause; they have endeavoured to discover the Original of Taste, and have found that there is not only a stable and immutable Beauty, as there is a common Understanding in all Times and Places, which is never obsolete; but there is another Kind of Beauty, such as we are now treating, which depends upon Times and Places, and is therefore changeable. Such is the Imperfection of every Thing below, that one Mode of Beauty is never found without a Mixture of the other, and from these two blended together results what is called the Taste of an Age. I am now speaking of an Age sprightly and polite, an Age which leaves Works for a long Time behind it, an Age which is imitated or criticised when Revolutions have thrown it out of Sight.

Upon this incontestable Principle, which supposes a Beauty universal and absolute, and a Beauty likewise relative and particular, which are mingled thro' one Work in very different Proportions, it is easy to give an Account of the contrary Judgments passed on

Aristophanes. If we consider him only with respect to the Beauties, which, though they do not please us, delighted the *Athenians*, we shall condemn him at once, though even this Sort of Beauty may sometimes have its Original in universal Beauty carried to Extravagance. Instead of commending him for being able to give Merriment to the most refined Nation of those Days, we shall proceed to place that People, with all their Atticism, in the Rank of Savages whom we take upon us to degrade because they have no other Qualifications but Innocence and plain Understanding. But have not we likewise amidst our more polished Manners, Beauties merely fashionable, which make Part of our Writings as of the Writings of former Times; Beauties of which our Self-love now makes us fond, but which, perhaps, will disgust our Grandsons? Let us be more equitable, let us leave this relative Beauty to its real Value more or less in every Age: Or, if we must pass Judgment upon it, let us say that these Touches in *Aristophanes*, *Menander*, and *Moliere*, were well struck off in their own Time; but, that comparing them with true Beauty, that Part of *Aristophanes* was a Colouring too strong, that of *Menander* was too weak, and that of *Moliere* was a peculiar Varnish formed of one and the other, which, without being an Imitation, is itself inimitable, yet depending upon Time, which will efface it by degrees, as our Notions, which are every Day changing, shall receive a sensible Alteration. Much of this has already happened since the Time of *Moliere*, who, if he was now to come again, must take a new Road.

With respect to unalterable Beauties, of which Comedy admits much fewer than Tragedy, when they are the Subject of our Consideration, we must not too easily set *Aristophanes* and *Plautus* below *Menander* and *Terence*. We may properly hesitate with *Boileau*, whether we shall prefer the French Comedy

to the Greek and Latin. Let us only give, like him, the great Rule for pleasing in all Ages, and the Key by which all the Difficulties in passing Judgment may be opened. This Rule and this Key are nothing else but the ultimate Design of the Comedy.

*Etudiez la cour, & connoissez la ville;
L'une & l'autre est toujours en modèles fertile.
C'est par-là que Moliere illustrant ses écrits
Peut-être de son art eût remporté le prix,
Si moins ami du peuple en ses doctes peintures
Il n'eût point fait souvent grimacer ses figures,
Quitte pour le bouffon l'agréable & le fin,
Et sans bonte à Terence allié Tabarin. ||*

In Truth, Aristophanes and Plautus united Buffoonery and Delicacy in a greater Degree than Moliere; and for this they may be blamed. That which then pleased at Athens, and at Rome, was a transitory Beauty, which had not sufficient Foundation in Truth, and therefore the Taste changed. But, if we condemn those Ages for this, what Age shall we spare? Let us refer every Thing to permanent and universal Taste, and we shall find in Aristophanes at least as much to commend as censure.

XII. But before we go on to his Works, Tragedy more uniform than Comedy. it may be allowed to make some Reflections upon Tragedy and Comedy. Tragedy, though different according to the Difference of Times and Writers, is uniform in its Nature, being founded upon the Passions which never change. With Comedy it is otherwise. Whatever Difference there is between Eschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, between Corneille and Racine, between the French and the Greeks, it will not be found sufficient to constitute more than one Species of Tragedy.

|| Boileau Art. Poet. chant. 3.

The Works of those great Masters are, in some Respects, like the Sea-nymphs, of whom *Ovid* says, 'That their Faces were not the same, yet so much alike that they might be known to be Sisters.'

*Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen, qualem decet esse sororum.*

The Reason is, that the same Passions give Action and Animation to them all. With respect to the Comedies of *Aristophanes* and *Plautus*, *Menander* and *Terence*, *Moliere* and his Imitators, if we compare them one with another, we shall find something of a family Likeness, but much less strongly marked, on Account of the different Appearance which Ridicule and Pleasantry take from the different Manners of every Age. They will not pass for Sisters, but for very distant Relations. The Muse of *Aristophanes* and *Plautus*, to speak of her with Justice, is a Bacchanal at least, whose malignant Tongue is dipped in Gall, or in Poison dangerous as that of the Aspick or Viper; but whose Bursts of Malice, and Sallies of Wit, often give a Blow where it is not expected. The Muse of *Terence*, and consequently of *Menander*, is an artless and unpainted Beauty, of easy Gaiety, whose Features are rather Delicate than Striking, rather Soft than Strong, rather Plain and Modest than Great and Haughty, but always perfectly Natural.

*Ce n'est pas un portrait, une image semblable:
C'est un fils, un amant, un pere véritable.*

The Muse of *Moliere* is not always plainly dressed, but takes Airs of Quality, and rises above her original Condition, so as to attire herself gracefully in magnificent Apparel. In her Manners she mingles Elegance with Foolery, Force with Delicacy, and Grandeur

Grandeur or even Haughtiness with Plainness and Modesty. If sometimes, to please the People, she gives a Loose to Farce, it is only the gay Folly of a Moment, from which she immediately returns, and which lasts no longer than a slight Intoxication. The First might be painted encircled with little Satyrs, some grossly Foolish, the others Delicate, but all extremely Licentious and Malignant; Monkeys always ready to laugh in your Face, and to point out to indiscriminate Ridicule, the Good and the Bad. The Second may be shewn encircled with Geniuses full of Softness and of Candour, taught to please by Nature alone, and whose honeyed Dialect is so much the more insinuating, as there is no Temptation to distrust it. The last must be accompanied with the delicate Laughter of the Court, and that of the City somewhat more coarse, and neither the one nor the other can be separated from her. The Muse of *Aristophanes* and of *Plautus* can never be denied the Honour of Sprightliness, Animation, and Invention; nor that of *Menander* and *Terence* the Praise of Nature and of Delicacy; to that of *Moliere* must be allowed the happy Secret of uniting all the Piquancy of the former, with a peculiar Art which they did not know. Of these three Sorts of Merit, let us shew to each the Justice that is due, let us in each separate the pure and the true from the false Gold, without approving or condemning either the one or the other in the Gross. If we must pronounce in general upon the Taste of their Writings, we must indisputably allow, that *Menander*, *Terence*, and *Moliere*, will give most Pleasure to a decent Audience, and consequently that they approach nearer to the true Beauty, and have less Mixture of Beauties purely relative, than *Plautus* and *Aristophanes*.

If we distinguish Comedy by its Subjects, we shall find three Sorts among the *Greeks*, and as many

among the *Latins*, all differently dressed: If we distinguish it by Ages and Authours, we shall again find three Sorts; and we shall find three Sorts a third Time if we regard more closely the Subject. As the ultimate and general Rules of all these Sorts of Comedy are the same, it will, perhaps, be agreeable to our Purpose to sketch them out before we give a full Display of the last Class. I can do nothing better on this Occasion than transcribe the twenty-fifth Reflection of *Rapin* upon Poetry in particular.

General Rules of Comedy. **XIII.** Comedy, says he §, is a Representation of common Life: Its End is to shew the Faults of particular Characters on the Stage, to correct the Disorder of the People by the Fear of Ridicule. Thus Ridicule is the essential Part of a Comedy. Ridicule may be in Words, or in Things; it may be Decent, or Grotesque. To find what is Ridiculous in every Thing, is the Gift merely of Nature; for all the Actions of Life have their bright and their dark Sides; something serious, and something merry. But *Aristotle*, who has given Rules for drawing Tears, has given none for raising Laughter; for this is merely the Work of Nature, and must proceed from Genius, with very little Help from Art or Matter. The *Spaniards* have a Turn to find the Ridicule in Things much more than we: And the *Italians*, who are natural Comedians, have a better Turn for expressing it; their Language is more proper for it than ours, by an Air of Drollery which it can put on, and of which ours may become capable when it shall be brought nearer to Perfection. In short, that agreeable Turn, that Gaiety which yet maintains the Delicacy of its Character without falling into Dulness

or into Buffoonry, that elegant Raillery which is the Flower of fine Wit, is the Qualification which Comedy requires. We must, however, remember that the true artificial Ridicule, which is required on the Theatre, must be only a Transcript of the Ridicule which Nature affords. Comedy is naturally written, when, being on the Theatre, a Man can fancy himself in a private Family, on a particular Part of the Town, and meets with nothing but what he really meets with in the World; for it is no real Comedy in which a Man does not see his own Picture, and find his own Manners and those of the People among whom he lives. *Menander* succeeded only by this Art among the *Greeks*: And the *Romans*, when they sat at *Terence's* Comedies, imagined themselves in a private Party; for they found nothing there which they had not been used to find in common Company. The great Art of Comedy is to adhere to Nature without Deviation; to have general Sentiments and Expressions which all the World can understand: For the Writer must keep it always in his Mind, that the coarsest Touches after Nature will please more than the most Delicate with which Nature is inconsistent. However, low and mean Words should never be allowed upon the Stage, if they are not supported with some Kind of Wit. Proverbs and vulgar Smartnesses can never be suffered, unless they have something in them of Nature and Pleasantry. This is the universal Principle of Comedy; whatever is represented in this Manner must please, and nothing can ever please without it. It is by Application to the Study of Nature alone that we arrive at Probability, which is the only infallible Guide to theatrical Success: Without this Probability every Thing is defective, and that which has it, is beautiful: He that follows this, can never go wrong; and the most common

Faults of Comedy proceed from the Neglect of Propriety, and the Precipitation of Incidents. Care must likewise be taken that the Hints, made use of to introduce the Incidents, are not too strong, that the Spectator may enjoy the Pleasure of finding out their Meaning. But commonly the weak Place in our Comedy is the untying of the Plot, in which we almost always fail, on Account of the Difficulty which there is in disintangling of what has been perplexed. To perplex an Intrigue is easy, the Imagination does it by itself; but it must be disintangled merely by the Judgment, and is, therefore, seldom done happily: And he that reflects a very little, will find that most Comedies are faulty by an unnatural Catastrophe. It remains to be examined whether Comedy will allow Pictures larger than the Life, that this Strength of the Strokes may make a deeper Impression upon the Mind of the Spectators; that is, if a Poet may make a covetous Man more covetous, and a peevish Man more impertinent and more troublesome than he really is. To which I answer, that this was the Practice of *Plautus*, whose Aim was to please the People; but that *Terence*, who wrote for Gentlemen, confined himself within the Compass of Nature, and represented Vice without Addition or Aggravation. However, these extravagant Characters, such as the *Citizen turned Gentleman*, and the *Hypocondriack Patient* of *Moliere*, have lately succeeded at Court, where Delicacy is carried so far; but every thing, even to provincial Interludes, is well received if it has but Merriment, for we had rather laugh than admire. These are the most important Rules of Comedy.

Three Sorts XIV. These Rules, indeed, are common to the three Kinds which I have in my Mind; but it is necessary to distinguish each from the rest, which may be done by Diversity of Matter,

Matter, which always makes some Diversity of Management. The old and middle Comedy simply represented real Adventures; In the same Way some Passages of History and of Fable might form a Class of Comedies, which should resemble it without having its Faults; such is the *Amphitryon*. How many moral Tales, how many Adventures ancient and modern, how many little Fables of *Esop*, of *Phædrus*, of *Fontaine*, or some other ancient Poet, would make pretty Exhibitions, if they were all made use of as Materials by skilful Hands? And have we not seen some like *Timon the Man Hater*, that have been successful in this Way? This Sort chiefly regards the *Italians*. The ancient Exhibition called a Satyre, because the Satyrs played their Part in it, of which we have no other Instance than the *Cyclops* of *Euripides*, has, without doubt, given Occasion to the pastoral Comedies, for which we are chiefly indebted to *Italy*, and which are there more cultivated than in *France*. It is, however, a Kind of Exhibition that would have its Charms, if it was touched with Elegance and without Meanness; it is the Pastoral put into Action. To conclude, the new Comedy, invented by *Menander*, has produced the Comedy properly so called in our Times. This is that which has for its Subject general Pictures of common Life, and feigned Names and Adventures, whether of the Court or of the City. This third Kind is incontestably the most Noble, and has received the strongest Sanction from Custom. It is likewise the most Difficult to perform, because it is merely the Work of Invention, in which the Poet has no Help from real Passages, or Persons, which the tragick Poet always makes use of. Who knows but by deep Thinking, another Kind of Comedy may be invented wholly different from the Three which I have mentioned; such is the Fruitfulness of Comedy: But its Course is already too wide for the Discovery of new Fields

to

to be wished, and on Ground where we are already so apt to Stumble, nothing is so dangerous as Novelty imperfectly understood. This is the Rock on which Men have often Split in every Kind of Pursuit, to go no further, in that of Grammar and Language: It is better to endeavour after Novelty in the Manner of expressing common Things than to hunt for Ideas out of the Way, in which many a Man loses himself. The ill Success of that odd Composition *Tragick Comedy*, a Monster wholly unknown to Antiquity, sufficiently shews the Danger of Novelty in Attempts like these.

Whether Tragedy or Comedy be the harder to write. XV. To finish the Parallel of the two Dramas, a Question may be revived equally common and important, which has been oftener proposed than well decided: It is, whether Comedy or Tragedy be most easy or difficult to be well executed. I shall not have the Temerity to determine positively a Question which so many great Geniuses have been afraid to decide: But if it be allowed to every literary Man to give his Reasons for and against a mere Work of Genius, considered without respect to its good or bad Tendency, I shall in a few Words give my Opinion, drawn from the Nature of the two Works, and the Qualifications they demand. *Horace* ¶ proposes a Question nearly of the same Kind: 'It has been enquired, whether a good Poem be the Work of Art or Nature: For my Part, I do not see much to be done by Art without Genius, nor by Genius without Knowledge. The one is necessary to the other, and the Success depends upon their Co-operation.' If we should endeavour to accommodate Matters in Imitation of this Decision of *Horace*, it were easy to say at once, that supposing two Geniuses equal, one Tragick and the other Co-

mick, supposing the Art likewise equal in each, one would be as easy or difficult as the other; but this, though satisfactory in the simple Question put by *Horace*, will not be sufficient here. Nobody can doubt but Genius and Industry contribute their Part to every thing valuable, and particularly to good Poetry. But, if Genius and Study were to be weighed one against the other, in order to discover which must contribute most to a good Work, the Question would become more curious, and, perhaps, very difficult of Solution. Indeed, though Nature must have a great Part of the Expence of Poetry, yet no Poetry lasts long that is not very correct: The Balance, therefore, seems to incline in Favour of Correction. For is it not known, that *Virgil* with less Genius than *Ovid*, is yet valued more by Men of exquisite Judgment; or, without going so far, *Boileau*, the *Horace* of our Time, who composed with so much Labour, and asked *Moliere* where he found his Rhyme so easily, has said, 'If I write four Words, I shall blot out three;' has not *Boileau*, by his polished Lines, retouched and retouched a thousand Times, gained the Preference above the Works of the same *Moliere*, which are so natural and produced by so fruitful a Genius! *Horace* was of that Opinion, for when he is teaching the Writers of his Age the Art of Poetry, he tells them in plain Terms, that *Rome* would excel in Writing as in Arms, if the Poets were not afraid of the Labour, Patience, and Time required to polish their Pieces. He thought every Poem was bad that had not been brought ten times back to the Anvil, and required that a Work should be kept nine Years, as a Child is nine Months in the Womb of its Mother, to restrain that natural Impatience which combine with Sloth and Self-love to disguise Faults; so certain is it that Correction is the Touch-stone of Writing.

The Question propos'd comes back to the Comparison which I have been making between Genius and Correction, since we are now engaged in enquiring whether there is more or less Difficulty in writing Tragedy or Comedy: For as we must compare Nature and Study one with another, since they must both concur more or less to make a Poet; so if we will compare the Labours of two different Minds in different Kinds of Writing, we must, with regard to the Authours, compare the Force of Genius, and with respect to the Composition, the Difficulties of the Task.

The Genius of the tragick and comick Writer will be easily allowed to be remote from each other. Every Performance, be what it will, requires a Turn of Mind which a Man cannot confer upon himself: It is purely the Gift of Nature, which determines those who have it, to pursue, almost in spite of themselves, the Taste which predominates in their Minds. *Pascal* found in his Childhood, that he was a Mathematician, and *Vandyke* that he was born a Painter. Sometimes this internal Direction of the Mind does not make such evident Discoveries of itself; but it is rare to find *Corneilles* who have lived long without knowing that they were Poets. *Corneille* having once got some Notion of his Powers, tried a long Time on all Sides to know what particular Direction he should take. He had first made an Attempt in Comedy, in an Age when it was yet so gross in *France* that it could give no Pleasure to polite Persons. *Melite* was so well received when he dress'd her out, that she gave rise to a new Species of Comedy and Comedians. This Success, which encouraged *Corneille* to pursue that Sort of Comedy of which he was the first Inventor, left him no Reason to imagine, that he was one Day to produce those Master-pieces of Tragedy, which his Muse displayed afterwards with so much Splendor; and yet

yet less did he imagine, that his comick Pieces, which for want of any that were preferable, were then very much in Fashion, would be eclipsed by another Genius * formed upon the *Greeks* and *Romans*, and who would add to their Excellencies Improvements of his own, and that this modish Comedy, to which *Corneille*, as to his Idol, dedicated his Labours, would quickly be forgot. He wrote first *Medea*, and afterwards the *Cid*, and, by that prodigious Flight of his Genius, he discovered, tho' late, that Nature had formed him to run in no other Course but that of *Sophocles*. Happy Genius that, without Rule or Imitation, could at once take so high a Flight! Having once, as I may say, made himself an Eagle, he never afterwards quitted the Path, which he had worked out for himself, over the Heads of the Writers of his Time. Yet he retained some Traces of the false Taste which infected the whole Nation; but even in this, he deserves our Admiration, since in Time he changed it completely by the Reflections he made, and those he occasioned. In short, *Corneille* was born for Tragedy, as *Moliere* for Comedy. *Moliere*, indeed, knew his own Genius sooner, and was not less happy in procuring Applause, though it often happened to him as to *Corneille*,

L'Ignorance Et l'Erreur à ses naissantes pièces!
En habit de Marquis, en robes de Comtesses,
Vinssent pour diffamer son chef-d'œuvre nouveau,
Et secouer la tête à l'endroit le plus beau.

But, without taking any farther Notice of the Time at which either came to the Knowledge of his own Genius, let us suppose that the Powers of Tragedy and Comedy were as equally shared between *Moliere* and *Corneille*, as they are different in their own Nature, and then nothing more will remain than to compare

* *Moliere*,

the

the several Difficulties of each Composition, and to rate those Difficulties together which are common to both.

It appears, first, that the tragick Poet has in his Subject an Advantage over the Comick, for he takes it from History, and his Rival, at least in the more elevated and splendid Comedy, is obliged to form it by his own Invention. Now, it is not so easy as it might seem to find comick Subjects capable of a new and pleasing Form; but History is a Source, if not inexhaustible, yet certainly so copious as never to leave the Genius a-ground. It is true, that Invention seems to have a wider Field than History: Real Facts are limited in their Number, but the Facts which may be feigned have no End; but though, in this respect, Invention may be allowed to have the Advantage, is the Difficulty of Inventing to be accounted as nothing? To make a Tragedy, is to get Materials together, and to make use of them like a skilful Architect; but to make a Comedy, is to build like *Esop* in the Air. It is in vain to boast that the Compass of Invention is as wide as the Extent of Desire: Every thing is limited, and the Mind of Man like every thing else. Besides, Invention must be in Conformity to Nature; but distinct and remarkable Characters are very rare in Nature herself. *Moliere* has got hold on the principal Touches of Ridicule. If any Man should bring Characters less strong, he will be in danger of Dulness. Where Comedy is to be kept up by subordinate Personages, it is in great Danger. All the Force of a Picture must arise from the principal Persons, and not from the Multitude clustered up together. In the same Manner, a Comedy, to be good, must be supported by a single striking Character, and not by Underparts.

But, on the contrary, tragick Characters are without Number, though of them the general Out-lines

are

are limited; but Dissimulation, Jealousy, Policy, Ambition, Desire of Dominion, and other Interests and Passions, are various without End, and take a thousand different Forms in different Situations of History; so that as long as there is Tragedy, there may be always Novelty. Thus the jealous and dissembling *Mithridates*, so happily painted by *Racine*, will not stand in the Way of a Poet who shall attempt a jealous and dissembling *Tiberius*. The stormy Violence of an *Achilles* will always leave Room for the stormy Violence of *Alexander*.

But the Case is very different with Avarice, trifling Vanity, Hypocrisy, and other Vices, considered as ridiculous. It would be safer to double and treble all the Tragedies of our greatest Poets, and use all their Subjects over and over, as has been done with *Oedipus* and *Sophonisba*, than to bring again upon the Stage in five Acts a *Miser*, a *Citizen turned Gentleman*, a *Tartuffe*, and other Subjects sufficiently known. Not that these popular Vices are less capable of Diversification, or are less varied by different Circumstances, than the Vices and Passions of Heroes; but that if they were to be brought over again in Comedies, they would be less distinct, less exact, less forcible, and, consequently, less applauded. Pleasantry and Ridicule must be more strongly marked than Heroism and Pathos, which support themselves by their own Force. Besides, though these two Things of so different Natures could support themselves equally in equal Variety, which is very far from being the Case; yet Comedy, as it now stands, consists not in Incidents, but in Characters. Now it is by Incidents only that Characters are diversified, as well upon the Stage of Comedy, as upon the Stage of Life. Comedy, as *Moliere* has left it, resembles the Pictures of Manners drawn by the celebrated *La Bruyere*. Would any Man after him venture to draw them over again,

he

he would expose himself to the Fate of those who have ventured to continue them. For Instance, what could we add to his Character of the *Absent Man*? Shall we put him in other Circumstances? The principal Strokes of Absence of Mind will always be the same; and there are only those striking Touches which are fit for a Comedy, of which the End is painting after Nature, but with Strength and Sprightliness like the Designs of *Callot*. If Comedy were among us what it is in *Spain*, a Kind of Romance, consisting of many Circumstances and Intrigues, perplexed and disentangled, so as to surprise; if it was nearly the same with that which *Corneille* practised in his Time; if, like that of *Terence*, it went no farther than to draw the common Portraits of simple Nature, and shew us Fathers, Sons, and Rivals; notwithstanding the Uniformity, which would always prevail as in the Plays of *Terence*, and probably in those of *Menander*, whom he imitated in his four first Pieces, there would always be a Resource found either in Variety of Incidents, like those of the *Spaniards*, or in the Repetition of the same Characters in the Way of *Terence*: But the Case is now very different, the Publick calls for new Characters and nothing else. Multiplicity of Accidents, and the laborious Contrivance of an Intrigue, are not now allowed to shelter a weak Genius that would find great Conveniences in that Way of Writing. Nor does it suit the Taste of Comedy, which requires an Air less constrained, and such Freedom and Ease of Manners as admits nothing of the Romantick. She leaves all the Pomp of sudden Events to the Novels, or little Romances, which were the Diversion of the last Age. She allows nothing but a Succession of Characters resembling Nature, and falling in without any apparent Contrivance. *Racine* has likewise taught us to give to Tragedy the same Simplicity of Air and Action; he has endeavoured

to

to disentangle it from that great Number of Incidents, which made it rather a Study than Diversion to the Audience, and which shew the Poet not so much to abound in Invention, as to be deficient in Taste. But, notwithstanding all that he has done, or that we can do, to make it simple, it will always have the Advantage over Comedy in the Number of its Subjects, because it admits more Variety of Situations and Events, which give Variety and Novelty to the Characters. A Miser, copied after *Nazarene*, will always be the Miser of *Plautus* or *Moliere*; but a *Nero*, or a Prince like *Nero*, will not always be the Hero of *Racine*. Comedy admits of so little Intrigue, that the Miser cannot be shewn in any such Position as will make his Picture new; but the great Events of Tragedy may put *Nero* in such Circumstances as to make him wholly another Character.

But, in the second Place, over and above the Subjects, may we not say something concerning the final Purpose of Comedy and Tragedy? The Purpose of the one is to divert, and the other to move; and of these two, which is the easier? To go to the Bottom of those Purposes; to move is to strike those Strings of the Heart which is most natural, Terror and Pity; To divert is to make one laugh, a Thing which indeed is natural enough, but more delicate. The Gentleman and the Rustick have both Sensibility and Tenderness of Heart, perhaps in greater or less Degree; but as they are Men alike, the Heart is moved by the same Touches. They both love likewise to send their Thoughts abroad, and to expand themselves in Merriment; but the Springs which must be touched for this Purpose, are not the same in the Gentleman and the Rustick. The Passions depend on Nature, and Merriment upon Education. The Clown will laugh at a Wagghery, and the Gentleman only at a Stroke of delicate Conceit. The Spectators of a Tragedy, if they have but a

little Knowledge, are almost all on a Level; but with respect to Comedy, we have three Classes, if not more, the People, the Learned, and the Court. If there are certain Cases in which all may be comprehended in the Term of People, this is not one of those Cases. Whatever Father *Rapin* may say about it, we are more willing even to admire than to laugh. Every Man that has any Power of Distinction, laughs as rarely as the Philosopher admires; for we are not to reckon those Fits of Laughter which are not incited by Nature, and which are given merely to Complaisance, to Respect, Flattery, and good Humour; such as break out at Sayings which pretend to Smartness in Assemblies. The Laughter of the Theatre is of another Stamp. Every Reader and Spectator judges of Wit by his own Standard, and measures it by his Capacity, or by his Condition: The different Capacities and Conditions of Men make them diverted on very different Occasions. If, therefore, we consider the End of the tragick and comick Poet, the Comedian must be involved in much more Difficulties, without taking in the Obstructions to be encountered equally by both, in an Art which consists in raising the Passions, or the Mirth of a great Multitude. The Tragedian has little to do but to reflect upon his own Thoughts, and draw from his Heart those Sentiments which will certainly make their Way to the Hearts of others, if he found them in his own. The other must take many Forms, and change himself almost into as many Persons, as he undertakes to satisfy and divert.

It may be said, that, if Genius be supposed equal, and Success supposed to depend upon Genius, the Business will be equally easy and difficult to one Author and to the other. This Objection is of no Weight; for the same Question still recurs, which is, whether of these two Kinds of Genius is more valuable or more rare. If we proceed by Example,

and not by Reasoning, we shall decide I think in Favour of Comedy.

It may be said, that, if merely Art be considered, it will require deeper Thoughts to form a Plan just and simple; to produce happy Surprises without apparent Contrivance; to carry a Passion skilfully thro' its Gradations to its Height; to arrive happily to the End by always moving from it, as *Ithaca* seemed to fly *Ulysses*; to unite the Acts and Scenes; and to raise by insensible Degrees a striking Edifice, of which the least Merit shall be Exactness of Proportion. It may be added, that in Comedy this Art is infinitely less, for there the Characters come upon the Stage with very little Artifice or Plot; The whole Scheme is so connected that we see it at once, and the Plan and Disposition of the Parts make a small Part of its Excellence, in Comparison of a Gloss of Pleasantry diffused over each Scene, which is more the happy Effect of a lucky Moment, than of long Consideration.

These Objections, and many others, which so fruitful a Subject might easily suggest, it is not difficult to refute: And if we were to judge by the Impression made on the Mind by Tragedies and Comedies of equal Excellence, perhaps, when we examine those Impressions, it will be found that a Sally of Pleasantry, which diverts all the World, required more Thought than a Passage which gave the highest Pleasure in Tragedy; and to this Determination we shall be more inclined when a closer Examination shall shew us, that a happy Vein of Tragedy is opened and effused at less Expence, than a well-placed Witticism in Comedy has required merely to assign its Place.

It would be too much to dwell long upon such a Digression; and as I have no Business to decide the Question, I leave both that and my Arguments to the Taste of each particular Reader, who will find

what is to be said for or against it. My Purpose was only to say of Comedy, considered as a Work of Genius, all that a Man of Letters can be supposed to deliver without departing from his Character, and without palliating in any Degree the corrupt Use which has been almost always made of an Exhibition which in its Nature might be innocent; but has been vicious from the Time that it has been infected with the Wickedness of Men. It is not for publick Exhibitions that I am now Writing, but for literary Inquiries. The Stage is too much frequented, and Books too much neglected. Yet it is to the Literature of *Greece* and *Rome* that we are indebted for that valuable Taste, which will be insensibly lost by the affected Negligence which now prevails of having Recourse to Originals. If Reason has been a considerable Gainer, it must be confessed that Taste has been somewhat a Loser.

To return to *Aristophanes*: So many great Men of Antiquity, through a long Succession of Ages, down to our Times, have set a Value upon his Works, that we cannot naturally suppose them contemptible, notwithstanding the essential Faults with which he may be justly reproached. It is sufficient to say, that he was esteemed by *Plato* and *Cicero*; and to conclude by that which does him most Honour, but still falls short of Justification, the strong and sprightly Eloquence of *St. Chrysostom* drew its Support from the masculine and vigorous Atticism of this sarcastic Comedian, to whom the Father paid the same Regard as *Alexander* to *Homer*, that of putting his Works under his Pillow, that he might read them at Night before he slept, and in the Morning as soon as he awaked.

*** This *Dissertation upon the Greek Comedy* was translated from the *French* of *Brumoy*, and printed in *Mrs. Lennox's Translation of the Greek Theatre*, 1759.

GENERAL CONCLUSION

T O

BRUMOY'S GREEK THEATRE.

I. **T**HUS I have given a faithful Extract of the Remains of *Aristophanes*. That I have not shewn them in their true Form, I am not afraid that any Body will complain. I have given an Account of every Thing as far as it was consistent with moral Decency. No Pen, however Cynical or Heathenish, would venture to produce in open Day the horrid Passages which I have put out of Sight; and instead of regretting any Part that I have suppressed, the very Suppression will easily shew to what Degree the *Athenians* were infected with Licentiousness of Imagination and Corruption of Principles. If the Taste of Antiquity allows us to preserve what Time and Barbarity have hitherto spared, Religion and Virtue at least oblige us not to spread it before the Eyes of Mankind. To end this Work in an useful Manner, let us examine in a few Words the four Particulars which are most Striking in the eleven Pieces of *Aristophanes*.

Summary of
the four Ar-
ticles treated
of in this Dis-
course.

II. The First is the Character of the ancient Comedy, which has no Likeness to any Thing in Nature. Its Genius is so wild and strange, that it scarce admits a Definition. In what Class of Comedy must we place it? It appears to me to be a Species of Writing by it-
self.

Character of
ancient Co-
medy.

358 GENERAL CONCLUSION to

self. If we had *Phrynicus*, *Plato*, *Eupolis*, *Critinus*, *Ameipias*, and so many other celebrated Rivals of *Aristophanes*, of whom all that we can find are a few Fragments scattered in *Plutarch*, *Athenias* and *Suidas*, we might compare them with our Poet, settle the general Scheme, observe the minuter Differences, and form a complete Notion of their comick Stage. But for want of all this we can fix only on *Aristophanes*, and it is true that he may be in some Measure sufficient to furnish a tolerable Judgment of the old Comedy; for if we believe him, and who can be better credited? he was the most daring of all his Brethren the Poets, who practised the same Kind of Writing. Upon this Supposition we may conclude, that the Comedy of those Days consisted in an Allegory drawn out and continued; an Allegory never very regular, but often ingenious, and almost always carried beyond strict Propriety, of Satire keen and biting, but diversified, sprightly, and unexpected; so that the Wound was given before it was perceived. Their Points of Satire were Thunderbolts, and their wild Figures, with their Variety and Quickness, had the Effect of Lightning. Their Imitation was carried even to Resemblance of Persons, and their common Entertainments was a Parody of rival Poets joined, if I may so express it, with a Parody of Manners and Habits.

But it would be tedious to draw out to the Reader that which he will already have perceived better than myself. I have no Design to anticipate his Reflections; and therefore shall only sketch the Picture, which he must finish by himself: He will pursue the Subject farther, and form to himself a View of the common and domestick Life of the *Athenians*, of which this Kind of Comedy was a Picture, with some Aggravation of the Features: He will bring within his View all the Customs, Manners, and Vices,

Vices, and the whole Character of the People of *Athens*. By bringing all these together he will fix in his Mind an indelible Idea of a People in whom so many Contrarieties were united, and who in a Manner that can scarce be expressed, connected Nobility with the Cast of *Athens*, Wisdom with Madness, Rage for Novelty, with a Bigotry for Antiquity, the Politeness of a Monarchy with the Roughness of a Republick, Refinement with Coarseness, Independence with Slavery, Haughtiness with servile Compliance, Severity of Manners with Debauchery, a Kind of Irreligion with Piety. We shall do this in reading; as in travelling through different Nations we make ourselves Masters of their Characters by combining their different Appearances, and reflecting upon what we see.

III. The Government of *Athens* makes The Govern-
ment of the
Athenians. a fine Part of the ancient Comedy. In most States the Mystery of Government is confined within the Walls of the Cabinet; even in Commonwealths it does not pass but through five or six Heads, who Rule those that think themselves the Rulers. Oratory dares not touch it, and Comedy still less. *Cicero* himself did not speak freely upon so nice a Subject as the *Roman* Commonwealth; but the *Athenian* Eloquence was informed of the whole Secret, and searches the Recesses of the human Mind, to fetch it out and expose it to the People. *Demosthenes*, and his Cotemporaries, speak with a Freedom at which we are astonished, notwithstanding the Notion we have of a popular Government, yet at what Time but this did Comedy adventure to claim the same Rights with civil Eloquence? The *Italian* Comedy of the last Age, all daring as it was, could for its Boldness come into no Competition with the Antient. It was limited to general Satire, which was sometimes carried so

far, that the Malignity was overlooked in an Attention to the wild Exaggeration, the unexpected Strokes, the pungent Wit, and the Malignity concealed under such wild Flights as became the Character of *Harlequin*. But though it so far resembled *Aristophanes*, our Age is yet at a great Distance from his, and the *Italian* Comedy from his Scenes. But with Respect to the Liberty of censuring the Government, there can be no Comparison made of one Age or Comedy with another. *Aristophanes* is the only Writer of his Kind, and is for that Reason of the highest Value. A powerful State set at the Head of *Greece*, is the Subject of his Merriment, and that Merriment is allowed by the State itself. This appears to us an Inconsistency; but it is true that it was the Interest of the State to allow it, though not always without Inconveniency. It was a Restraint upon the Ambition and Tyranny of single Men, a Matter of great Importance to a People so very jealous of their Liberty. *Cleon*, *Alcibiades*, *Lamachus*, and many other Generals and Magistrates, were kept under by Fear of the comick Strokes of a Poet so little cautious as *Aristophanes*. He was once indeed in Danger of paying dear for his Wit. He professed, as he tells us himself, to be of great Use by his Writings to the State; and rated his Merit so high as to complain that he was not rewarded. But, under Pretence of this publick Spirit, he spared no Part of the publick Conduct, neither was Government, Councils, Revenues, popular Assemblies, secret Proceedings in Judicature, Choice of Ministers, the Government of the Nobles, or that of the People spared.

The *Acharnians*, the *Peace*, and the *Birds*, are eternal Monuments of the Boldness of the Poet, who was not afraid of censuring the Government for the obstinate Continuance of a ruinous War,
for

for undertaking new ones, and feeding itself with wild Imaginations, and running to Destruction as it did for an idle Point of Honour.

Nothing can be more reproachful to the *Athenians* than his Play of the *Knights*, when he represents under an Allegory that may be easily seen through, the Nation of the *Athenians* as an old doating Fellow tricked by a new Man, such as *Cleon* and his Companions, who were of the same Stamp.

A single Glance upon *Lyfistrata*, and the *Female Orators*, must raise Astonishment when the *Athenian* Policy is set below the Schemes of Women, whom the Authour makes ridiculous for no other Reason than to bring Contempt upon their Husbands, who held the Helm of Government.

The *Wasps* is written to expose the Madness of People for Lawsuits and Litigations, and a Multitude of Iniquities are laid open.

It may easily be gathered, that notwithstanding the wise Laws of *Solon*, which they still professed to follow, the Government was falling into Decay, for we are not to understand the Jest of *Aristophanes* in the literal Sense. It is plain that the Corruption, though we should suppose it but half as much as we are told, was very great, for it ended in the Destruction of *Athens*, which could scarce raise its Head again, after it had been taken by *Lyfander*. Though we consider *Aristophanes* as a comick Writer who deals in Exaggeration, and bring down his Stories to their true Standard, we still find that the Fundamentals of their Government fail in almost all the essential Points. That the People were inveigled by Men of Ambition; that all Councils and Decrees had their Original in factious Combinations; that Avarice and private Interest animated all their Policy to the Hurt of the Publick; that their Revenues were ill managed, their Allies improperly treated; that

that their good Citizens were sacrificed, and the bad put in Places; that a mad Eagerness for judicial Litigation took up all their Attention within, and that War was made without, not so much with Wisdom and Precaution, as with Temerity and good Luck; that the Love of Novelty and Fashion in the Manner of managing the publick Affairs was a Madness universally prevalent; and that *Melanthius* says in *Plutarch*, the Republick of *Athens* was continued only by the perpetual Discord of those that managed its Affairs. This remedied the Dishonour by preserving the Equilibrium, and was kept always in Action by Eloquence and Comedy.

This is what in general may be drawn from the reading *Aristophanes*. The Sagacity of the Readers will go farther: They will compare the different Forms of Government by which that tumultuous People endeavoured to regulate or increase the Democracy, which Forms were all fatal to the State, because they were not built upon lasting Foundations, and had all in them the Principles of Destruction. A strange Contrivance it was to perpetuate a State by changing the just Proportion which *Solon* had wisely settled between the Nobles and the People; and by opening a Gate to the skilful Ambition of those who had Art or Courage enough to force themselves into the Government by means of the People, whom they flattered with Protections that they might more certainly crush them.

The tragick IV. Another Part of the Works of Poets rallied. *Aristophanes* are his pleasant Reflections upon the most celebrated Poets: The Shafts which he lets fly at the three Heroes of Tragedy, and particularly at *Euripides*, might incline the Reader to believe that he had little Esteem for those great Men; and that probably the Spectators that applauded him were of his Opinion. This Conclusion would not

not be just, as I have already shewn by Arguments, which, if I had not offered them, the Reader might have discovered better than I. But that I may leave no Room for Objections, and prevent any Shadow of Captiousness, I shall venture to observe, that Posterity will not consider *Racine* as less a Master of the *French* Stage because his Plays were ridiculed by Parodies. Parody always fixes upon the best Pieces, and was more to the Taste of the *Greeks* than to ours. At present the high Theatres give it up to Stages of inferior Rank; but in *Athens* the comick Theatre considered Parody as its principal Ornament, for a Reason which is worth examining. The ancient Comedy was not like ours, a remote and delicate Imitation; it was the Art of gross Mimickry, and would have been supposed to have missed its Aim, had it not copied the Mein, the Walk, the Dress, the Motions of the Face of those whom it exhibited. Now Parody is an Imitation of this Kind; it is a Change of Serious to Burlesque, by a slight Variation of Words, Inflection of Voice, or an imperceptible Art of Mimickry. Parody is to Poetry as a Masque to a Face. As the Tragedies of *Eschylus*, of *Sophocles*, and of *Euripides*, were much in Fashion, and were known by Memory to the People, the Parodies upon them would naturally strike and please, when they were accompanied by the Grimaces of a good Comedian, who mimicked with Archness a serious Character. Such is the Malignity of human Nature; we love to laugh at those whom we esteem most, and by this make ourselves some Recompence for the unwilling Homage which we pay to Merit. The Parodies upon these Poets made by *Aristophanes* ought to be considered rather as Encomiums than Satires. They give us Occasion to examine whether the Criticisms are just or not in themselves: But what is more Important, they afford

afford no Proof that *Euripides* or his Predecessors wanted the Esteem of *Aristophanes*, or his Age. The Statues raised to their Honour, the Respect paid by the *Athenians* to their Writings, and the careful Preservation of those Writings themselves, are immortal Testimonies in their Favour, and make it unnecessary for me to stop any longer upon so plausible a Solution of so frivolous an Objection.

Frequent Ri- V. The most troublesome Difficulty,
dicule of the and that which, so far as I know, has
Gods, not yet been cleared to Satisfaction, is the contemptuous Manner in which *Aristophanes* treats the Gods. Though I am persuaded in my own Mind that I have found the true Solution of this Question, I am not sure that it will make more Impression than that of *M. Boivin*, who contents himself with saying, that every thing was allowed to the comick Poets; and that even Atheism was permitted to the Licentiousness of the Stage: That the *Athenians* applauded all that made them laugh; and believed that *Jupiter* himself laughed with them at the smart Sayings of a Poet. Mr. *Collier*, an *Englishman*, in his Remarks upon their Stage, attempts to prove that *Aristophanes* was an open Atheist. For my Part I am not satisfied with the Account either of one or the other, and think it better to venture a new System, of which I have already dropt some Hints in this Work. The Truth is, that the *Athenians* professed to be great Laughers; always ready for Merriment on whatever Subject. But it cannot be conceived that *Aristophanes* should, without Punishment, publish himself an Atheist, unless we suppose that Atheism was the Opinion likewise of the Spectators, and of the Judges commissioned to examine the Plays; and yet this cannot be suspected of those who boasted themselves the most religious Nation, and naturally the most Superstitious of all

Greece.

Greece. How can we suppose those to be Atheists who passed Sentence upon *Diagoras*, *Socrates*, and *Alcibiades*, for Impiety? These are glaring Inconsistencies. To say like *M. Boivin*, for sake of getting clear of the Difficulty, that *Alcibiades*, *Socrates*, and *Diagoras*, attacked Religion seriously, and were therefore not allowed, but that *Aristophanes* did it in jest, or was authorised by Custom, would be to trifle with the Difficulty, and not to clear it. Though the *Athenians* loved Merriment, it is not likely that if *Aristophanes* had professed Atheism, they would have spared him more than *Socrates*, who had as much Life and Pleasantry in his Discourses, as the Poet in his Comedies. The pungent Raillery of *Aristophanes*, and the Fondness of the *Athenians* for it, are therefore not the true Reason why the Poet was spared when *Socrates* was condemned. I shall now solve the Question with great Brevity.

The true Answer to this Question is given by *Plutarch* in his Treatise of reading of the Poets. *Plutarch* attempts to prove that Youth is not to be prohibited the Reading of the Poets; but to be cautioned against such Parts as may have bad Effects. They are first to be prepossessed with this leading Principle, that Poetry is false and fabulous. He then enumerates at length the Fables which *Homer* and other Poets have invented about their Deities; and concludes thus: ‘When therefore there is
 ‘ found in poetical Compositions any Thing strange
 ‘ and shocking, with respect to Gods, or Demi-
 ‘ Gods, or concerning the Virtue of any excellent
 ‘ and renowned Characters, he that should receive
 ‘ these Fictions as Truth would be corrupted by an
 ‘ erroneous Opinion: But he that always keeps in
 ‘ his Mind the Fables and Allusions, which it is the
 ‘ Business of Poetry to contrive, will not be injured
 ‘ by these Stories, nor receive any ill Impressions
 ‘ upon

‘ upon his Thoughts, but will be ready to censure himself, if at any Time he happens to be afraid, lest *Neptune* in his Rage should split the Earth, and lay open the infernal Regions.’ Some Pages afterwards, he tells us, ‘ That Religion is a Thing difficult of Comprehension, and above the Understanding of Poets; which it is, says he, necessary to have in Mind when we read their Fables.’

The *Pagans* therefore had their Fables, which they distinguished from their Religion; for no one can be persuaded that *Ovid* intended his *Metamorphoses* as a true Representation of the Religion of the *Romans*. The Poets were allowed their Imaginations about their Gods, as Things which have no Regard to the publick Worship. Upon this Principle, I say, as I said before, there was amongst the *Pagans* two Sorts of Religion; one a Poetical, and a real Religion: One Practical, the other Theatrical; a Mythology for the Poets, a Theology for Use. They had Fables, and a Worship, which though founded upon Fable, was yet very different.

Diagoras, *Socrates*, *Plato*, and the Philosophers of *Athens*, with *Cicero*, their Admirer, and the other pretended wise Men of *Rome*, are Men by themselves. These were the Atheists with respect to the Ancients. We must not therefore look into *Plato*, or into *Cicero* for the real Religion of the *Pagans*, as distinct from the Fabulous. These two Authours involve themselves in the Clouds, that their Opinions may not be discovered. They durst not openly attack the real Religion; but destroyed it by attacking Fable.

To distinguish here with Exactness the Agreement or Difference between Fable and Religion is not at present my Intention: It is not easy † to shew with

† See *St. Paul* upon the Subject of the *Ignoto Deo*.

Exactness what was the *Athenian* Notion of the Nature of the Gods whom they worshipped. *Pu-
tarch* himself tells us, that this was a Thing very difficult for the Philosophers. It is sufficient for me that the Mythology and Theology of the Ancients were different at the Bottom: That the Names of the Gods continued the same; and that long Custom gave up one to the Caprices of the Poets, without supposing the other affected by them. This being once settled upon the Authority of the Ancients themselves, I am no longer surpris'd to see *Jupiter, Minerva, Neptune, Bacchus*, appear upon the Stage in the Comedy of *Aristophanes*; and at the same Time receiving Incense in the Temples of *Athens*. This is, in my Opinion, the most reasonable Account of a Thing so obscure; and I am ready to give up my System to any other, by which the *Athenians* shall be made more consistent with themselves; those *Athenians* who sat laughing at the Gods of *Aristophanes* while they condemned *Socrates* for having appeared to despise the Gods of his Country.

VI. A Word is now to be spoken of *The Mimi* and the *Mimi*, which had some Relation to *Pantomimes*. Comedy. This Appellation was, by the *Greeks* and *Romans*, given to certain dramatick Performances, and to the Actors that played them. The Denomination sufficiently shews, that their Art consisted in Imitation and Buffoonery. Of their Works, nothing, or very little, is remaining; so that they can only considered by the Help of some Passages in Authors; from which little is to be learned that deserves Consideration. I shall extract the Substance, as I did with respect to the Chorus, without losing Time, by defining all the different Species, or producing all the Quotations which would give the Reader more Trouble than Instruction. He that desires fuller Instruction may read *Vossius, Valois, Saumaises,*

Saumaifes, and *Gataker*, of whose Compilations; however learned, I should think it Shame to be the Authour.

The *Mimi* had their Original from Comedy, of which at its first Appearance they made a Part; for their mimick Actors always played and exhibited grotesque Dances in the Comedies. The Jealousy of Rivalship afterwards broke them off from the comick Actors, and made them a Company by themselves. But to secure their Reception, they borrowed from Comedy all its Drollery, Wildness, Grossness, and Licentiousness. This Amusement they added to their Dances, and they produced what are now called Farces, or Burlettos. These Farces had not the Regularity or Delicacy of Comedies; they were only a Succession of single Scenes contrived to raise Laughter; formed or unravelled without Order and without Connexion. They had no other End but to make the People laugh. Now and then there might be good Sentences, like the Sentences of *P. Syrus*, that are yet left us: But the Ground-work was low Comedy; and any Thing of greater Dignity drops in by Chance. We must however imagine that this odd Species of the Drama rose at length to somewhat a higher Character, since we are told that *Plato* the Philosopher laid the *Mimi* of *Sophron* under his Pillow, and they were found there after his Death. But in general we may say with Truth, that it always discovered the Meanness of its Original, like a false Pretension to Nobility, in which the Cheat is always discovered through the Concealment of fictitious Splendor.

These *Mimi* were of two Sorts, of which the Length was different, but the Purposes the same. The *Mimi* of one Species were short; those of the other longer, and not quite so Grotesque. These two Kinds were subdivided into many Species, distinguished

tinguished by the Dresses and Characters, such as shews Drunkards, Physicians, Men, and Women.

Thus far of the *Greeks*. The *Romans* having borrowed of them the more noble Shews of Tragedy and Comedy were not content till they had their Rhapsodies. They had their *Planipedes*, who played with flat Soles, that they might have the more Agility; and their *Sannions*, whose Head was shaved, that they might Box the better. There is no need of naming here all who had a Name for these Diversions among the *Greeks* and *Romans*. I have said enough, and perhaps too much of this Abortion of Comedy, which drew upon itself the Contempt of good Men, the Censures of the Magistrates, and the Indignation of the Fathers of the Church. ||

Another Set of Players were called *Pantomimes*: These were at least so far preferable to the former, that they gave no Offence to the Ears. They spoke only to the Eyes; but with such Art of Expression, that without the Utterance of a single Word, they represented, as we are told, a complete Tragedy or Comedy, in the same Manner as dumb *Harlequin* is exhibited on our Theatres. These *Pantomimes* among the *Greeks* first mingled Singing with their Dances; afterwards, about the Time of *Livius Andronicas*, the Songs were performed by one Part, and the Dances by another. Afterwards, in the Time of *Augustus*, when they were sent for to *Rome*, for the Diversions of the People, whom he had enslaved, they played Comedies without Songs or vocal Utterance; but by the Sprightliness, Activity,

|| It is the Licentiousness of the *Mimi* and *Pantomimes*, against which the Censure of the Holy Fathers particularly breaks out, as against a Thing irregular and indecent, without supposing it much connected with the Cause of Religion.

and Efficacy of their Gestures; or, as *Sidonius Apollinaris* expresses it, *clausis faucibus, et loquente gestu*, they not only exhibited Things and Passions, but even the most delicate Distinctions of Passions, and the slightest Circumstances of Facts. We must not however imagine, at least in my Opinion, that the *Pantomimes* did literally represent regular Tragedies or Comedies by the mere Motions of their Bodies. We may justly determine, notwithstanding all their Agility, their Representations would at last be very incomplete: Yet we may suppose, with good Reason, that their Action was very lively; and that the Art of Imitation went great Lengths, since it raised the Admiration of the wisest Men, and made the People mad with Eagerness. Yet when we read that one *Hylus* the Pupil of one *Pylades*, in the Time of *Augustus*, divided the Applauses of the People with his Master, when they represented *Oedipus*, or when *Juvenal* tells us that *Bathillus* played *Leda*, and other Things, of the same Kind, it is not easy to believe that a single Man, without speaking a Word, could exhibit Tragedies or Comedies, and make Starts and Bounds supply the Place of vocal Articulation. Notwithstanding the Obscurity of this whole Matter, one may know what to admit as certain, or how far a Representation could be carried by Dance, Posture, and Grimace. Among these artificial Dances, of which we know nothing but the Names, there was as early as the Times of *Aristophanes* some extremely Indecent. These were continued in *Italy* from the Time of *Augustus*, long after the Emperors. It was a publick Mischief, which contributed in some Measure to the Decay and Ruin of the *Roman* Empire. To have a due Detestation of these licentious Entertainments, there is no need of any Recourse to the Fathers; the wiser *Pagans* tell us very plainly what they thought of them,

them. I have made this mention of the *Mimi* and *Pantomimes* only to shew how the most Noble of publick Spectacles were corrupted and abused, and to conduct the Reader to the End through every Road, and through all the Bye-paths of human Wit, from *Homer* and *Eschylus* to our own Time.

VII. That we may conclude this Work by applying the Principles laid down at the Beginning, and extend it through the Whole, I desire the Reader to recur to that Point where I have represented the human Mind as Beginning the Course of the Drama. The Chorus was first a Hymn to *Bacchus*, produced by Accident; Art brought it to Perfection, and Delight made it a publick Diversion. *Thespis* made a single Actor play before the People; this was the Beginning of theatrical Shews. *Eschylus*, taking the Idea of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, animated, if I may so express it, the epick Poem, and gave a Dialogue in Place of simple Recitation, puts the Whole into Action, and sets it before the Eyes, as if it was a present and real Transaction: He gives the Chorus § an Interest in the Scenes, contrives Habits of Dignity and theatrical Decorations. In a Word, he gives both to Tragedy; or, more properly, draws it from the Bosom of the epick Poem. She made her Appearance sparkling with Graces, and displayed such Majesty as gained every Heart at the first View. *Sophocles* considers her more nearly, with the Eyes of a Critick, and finds that she has something still about her rough and swelling: He divests her of her false

Wandrings of
the human
Mind in the
Birth and
Progress of
theatrical
Representa-
tions.

§ *Eschylus*, in my Opinion, as well as the other Poets his Contemporaries, retained the Chorus, not merely because it was the Fashion, but because examining Tragedy to the Bottom, they found it not rational to conceive, that an Action great and splendid, like the Revolution of a State, could pass without Witnesses.

Ornaments, teaches her a more regular Walk, and more familiar Dignity. *Euripides* was of Opinion, that she ought to receive still more Softness and Tenderness; he teaches her the new Art of Pleasing by Simplicity, and gives her the Charms of graceful Negligence; so that he makes her stand in Suspence, whether she appears most to Advantage in the Dress of *Sophocles* sparkling with Gems, or in that of *Euripides*, which is more Simple and Modest. Both indeed are elegant; but the Elegance is of different Kinds, between which no Judgment as yet has decided the Prize of Superiority.

We can now trace it no farther; its Progress amongst the *Greeks* is out of Sight. We must pass at once to the Time of *Augustus*, where *Apollo* and the Muses quitted their ancient Residence in *Greece*, to fix their Abode in *Italy*. But it is vain to ask Questions of *Melpomene*; she is obstinately Silent, and we only know from Strangers her Power amongst the *Romans*. *Seneca* endeavours to make her speak; but the gaudy Shew with which he rather loads than adorns her, makes us think that he took some Phantom of *Melpomene* for the Muse herself.

Another Flight, equally rapid with that to *Rome*, must carry us through Thousands of Years, from *Rome* to *France*. There in the Time of *Lewis XIV.* we see the Mind of Man giving Birth to Tragedy a second Time, as if the *Greek* Tragedy had been utterly forgot. In the Place of *Eschylus*, we have our *Rotrou*. In *Corneille*, we have another *Sophocles*, and in *Racine* a second *Euripides*. Thus is Tragedy raised from her Ashes, carried to the utmost Point of Greatness, and so dazzling that she prefers herself to herself. Surprised to see herself produced again in *France* in so short a Time, and nearly in the same Manner as before in *Greece*, she is disposed to believe that her Fate is to make a short Transition

fiction from her Birth to her Perfection, like the Goddess that issued from the Brain of *Jupiter*.

If we look back on the other Side to the Rise of Comedy, we shall see it hatched by *Margites* from the *Odyssey* of *Homer*, in Imitation of her eldest Sister; but we see her under the Conduct of *Aristophanes* become Licentious and Petulant, taking Airs to herself which the Magistrates were obliged to crush. *Menander* reduced her to Bounds, taught her at once Gaiety and Politeness, and enabled her to correct Vice, without shocking the Offenders. *Plautus*, amongst the *Romans*, to whom we must now pass, united the earlier and the later Comedy, and joined Buffoonery with Delicacy. *Terence*, who was better instructed, received Comedy from *Menander*, and surpassed his Original, as he endeavoured to copy it. And lastly, *Moliere* produced a new Species of Comedy, which must be placed in a Class by itself, in Opposition to that of *Aristophanes*, whose Manner is likewise peculiar to himself.

But such is the Weakness of the human Mind, that when we review the Successions of the Drama a third Time, we find Genius falling from its Height, forgetting itself, and led astray by the Love of Novelty, and the Desire of striking out new Paths. Tragedy degenerated in *Greece* from the Time of *Aristotle*, and in *Rome* after *Augustus*. At *Rome* and *Athens* Comedy produced *Mimi*, Pantomimes, Burlettas, Tricks, and Farces, for the Sake of Variety; such is the Character, and such the Madness of the Mind of Man. It is satisfied with having made great Conquests, and gives them up to attempt others, which are far from answering its Expectation, and only enables it to discover its own Folly, Weakness, and Deviations. But why should we be tired with standing still at the true Point of Perfection, when it is attained? If Eloquence be

wearied, and forgets herself a while, yet she soon returns to her former Point: So will it happen to our Theatres if the *French* Muses will keep the *Greek* Models in their View, and not look with Disdain upon a Stage whose Mother is Nature, whose Soul is Passion, and whose Art is Simplicity: A Stage, which, to speak the Truth, does not perhaps equal ours in Splendor and Elevation, but which excels it in Simplicity and Propriety, and equals it at least in the Conduct and Direction of those Passions which may properly affect an honest Man and a Christian.

For my Part, I shall think myself well recompenced for my Labour, and shall attain the End which I had in View, if I shall in some little Measure revive in the Minds of those who purpose to run the Round of polite Literature, not an immoderate and blind Reverence, but a true Taste of Antiquity: Such a Taste as both feeds and polishes the Mind, and enriches it by enabling it to appropriate the Wealth of Foreigners, and to exert its natural Fertility in exquisite Productions; such a Taste as gave the *Racine's*, the *Moliere's*, the *Boileau's*, the *Fontaine's*, the *Patru's*, the *Peleffons*, and many other great Geniuses of the last Age, all that they were, and all that they will always be; such a Taste as puts the Seal of Immortality to those Works in which it is discovered; a Taste so Necessary, that without it we may be certain that the greatest Powers of Nature will long continue in a State below themselves; for no Man ought to allow himself to be flattered or seduced by the Example of some Men of Genius, who have rather appeared to despise this Taste than to despise it in Reality. It is true that excellent Originals have given Occasion without any Fault of their own to very bad Copies. No Man ought severely to ape either the Antients or the Moderns: But if it was necessary to run into an Extreme

treme of one Side or the other, which is never done by a judicious and well-directed Mind, it would be better for a Wit, as for a Painter, to enrich himself by what he can take from the Ancients, than to grow poor by taking all from his own Stock; or openly to affect an Imitation of those Moderns whose more fertile Genius has produced Beauties peculiar to themselves, and which themselves only can display with Grace: Beauties of that peculiar Kind, that they are not fit to be imitated by others; tho' in those who first invented them they may be justly esteemed, and in them only.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM
LONDON
The following is a list of the
specimens of the genus
which have been
examined by the
British Museum
Natural History
Department
and are now in the
possession of the
British Museum
Natural History
Department
The specimens are
now in the
possession of the
British Museum
Natural History
Department

